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TO

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII.

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Lydia Huntley Sigourney

"SHE SANG ALONE, E'ER WOMANHOOD HAD KNOWN
THE GIFT OF SONG, WHICH FILLS THE AIR TODAY.
TENDER AND SWEET, A MUSIC ALL HER OWN,
MAY FITLY LINGER WHERE SHE KNELT TO PRAY."

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

SEPTEMBER, 1902

VOL. XXVII NO. 1

The Door-Step of New England

By Joseph Kennard Wilson

“PLYMOUTH ROCK, of course.” Certainly not. The historic rock under the canopy at the foot of Cole’s Hill shall be the corner stone if you please; and all honor to it. But it was discovered a little too late to play the part of a door-step. Thirteen years before the light foot of Mary Chilton touched its rugged surface, a broad ledge one hundred and fifty miles and more to the eastward had echoed the tread of the feet of the first settlers of New England. That the settlement there and then made was not permanent, abates no jot nor tittle of the claim. The stone which has lain at the door has a right to its name of “door-step,” even after its function of welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest has ceased, and the

house itself has been deserted and dismantled. By this test, when we look for New England’s door-step, the place where first stood the forerunners of the race which has dominated this western world, we must turn to the Maine, and not the Massachusetts coast, and find it not at Plymouth, but at Popham.

It is a story unknown to many, and forgotten by other many. It is told in a few sentences in some of our histories, and quite overlooked in others. It is of no great and lasting importance—like the Jamestown story, or the Plymouth story; yet as a veritable bit of the history of colonization in New England, it is of exceeding interest, and ought not to be allowed to perish from national remembrance.

At the islanded mouth of that great waterway of Maine which George



"THUNDEROUS SURF BREAKING UPON THE SHORE"

Weymouth in 1605 called "the most excellent and beneficyall river of Sachedahoc," but which we more prosaically call the Kennebec, we find the site of this original settlement. Nature has been very lavish in her gifts to the chosen spot, scattering charms in such profusion and variety as to constitute it, as it has been termed, "a unique corner of the earth"—one of the most delightful bits of the everywhere delightful Maine coast-line. Here are tall pines, singing somniferous songs under the breath of the western breezes; and wind-strewn sand dunes; and great gray rock ledges; and quiet reaches of a sheltered bay; and miles of broad, hard beaches; and thunderous surf breaking upon the shore; and, as final gift, almost whimsical in the incongruity of its position and relations, a beautiful fresh water lake forty feet above the level of the sea, and only a few hundred feet from it. It is small wonder that they who have once

seen this favored spot remember it with delight, and return to it with alacrity.

Here lies the little village of Popham Beach; for nine months in the year a quiet hamlet of a score or more of families, but from June to September the home of a flourishing summer colony, which fills up its two or three hotels and its quarter of a hundred un-



pretentious but pleasant cottages. The people of the village are of the original



A FRESH WATER LAKE FORTY FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA, AND ONLY A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM IT

Maine stock, and exemplify most of the characteristics usually assumed in the name "Yankee." Among these are a sturdy independence, temperance, and a thrift which, if it does not make them rich, at least keeps them from abject poverty. Said an old-time resident to the writer, "I don't know a Popham man who is what you would call a drinking man." And almost in the same breath he continued, as though in sequence to his former statement, "Popham has never sent a pauper to the town farm." Family names are few, for the inhabitants have frequently intermarried. Address the next man you meet as "Oliver." (Better prefix "Captain," for many of these quiet-mannered men have made their voyages in "deep water," and have handled their crews of men.) If he doesn't respond to "Oliver," try "Spinney." If that doesn't strike him right, give him another chance,

with "Perkins." If that doesn't touch him, it is safe to ask him where he came from, and how long he is going to stay, for it's long odds that he is a stranger in town.

The point of contact of this secluded village with the busy world is the ship-building city of Bath, thirteen miles away on the river. During the winter the only means of communication is a daily "stage," which illustrates in itself a curious law of evolution. Starting from Popham Beach in the early morning as a "top buggy," with one seat, under which the mail bag is tucked away, it arrives in Bath as a properly constituted stage or mail wagon, with two or three seats, and with its name and destination painted on its side, and drawn by two horses. On the return trip the law works in the inverse order, and that which leaves the city as stage, crawls into the little seaside hamlet in the gloaming as plain, one-horse

buggy. The effect is atmospheric, no doubt; the sea air contracts, while the breezes of the inland tend to expansion. Whether the law works automatically in the case of the traveller, fitting him without volition of his own to his changing environment, or whether each step of the development means abrupt, and possibly grumbling, change on his part from one vehicle to another, it is not the purpose of this paper to disclose. It must be allowed to science to have some secrets.

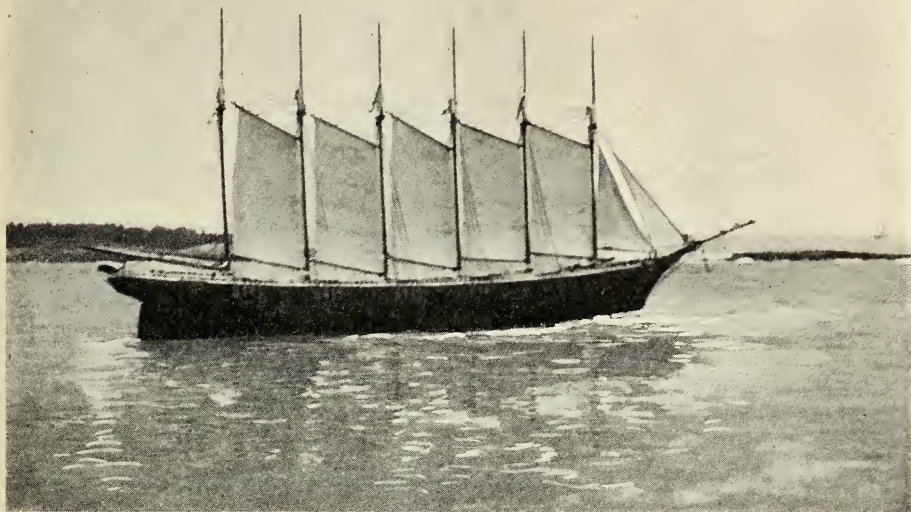
But in the summer Popham Beach is almost metropolitan, so many and so easy are its means of communication with "the regions beyond." For, not only does its all-the-year-round stage still pursue its devious way, but the great boats of the Kennebec Line poke their noses in at its wharf twice each day, on their way to and from Boston, while a saucy little craft with a somewhat profane pro-syllable,—the "Damarin"—makes two trips daily to Bath. It is one of the most delightful of all river trips, that between the two places. The Kennebec has been called a "melancholy" river. Perhaps "stately" or "dignified," would describe it more exactly. It is not a river to take liberties with; not one of your mouthy, frothy, frolicsome streams, continually tumbling over itself and laughing at its own clumsiness. It is sober and sedate; it takes itself seriously, as one of the great waterways of a great State; it attends strictly to business, and rolls its floods along in the most matter-of-fact and business-like way imaginable. Up and down it go all manner of craft. Here is a fleet of ice-laden schooners, drawn by a puffing tug, carrying a bit of Maine's winter breath for the cooling of sultry New York or Philadel-

phia, or a string of coal barges bound in with materials for tempering that self-same winter's breath. Now there rushes by you the elegant yacht of the millionaire, just crossing the bows of the dingy-sailed catboat of a local fisherman. Perhaps you may be so fortunate as to meet the latest-built torpedo boat, fresh from the Bath shipyards, out for a trial spin; or one of the



THE TORPEDO BOAT "BIDDLE" MAKING THIRTY MILES AN HOUR

only two six-masted schooners in the world—the "Eleanor A. Percy" or the "George W. Wells"—stretching out its great length like leviathan of old. It is a constantly changing panorama of charming views. And you will enjoy it all the more if you are lucky enough to get an invitation into the pilot house of the "Damarin," and to have Captain Perkins for a cicerone and interpreter. "Captain Jimmie," as almost every one hereabouts calls him, has sailed these waters from boyhood, and what he



THE ELEANOR A. PERCY

doesn't know about the river, with what is in it, or on it, or under it, would make, if written out, a remarkably small volume.

Two institutions at Popham serve to keep the general Government constantly in mind—the fort and the Life Saving Service station. Since 1812 an old brick fort, scarcely more than a shelter for riflemen, has stood on the point of land near the site of the ancient Fort St. George. In 1861 the Government began the erection here of a granite fortification, to which the name of Fort Popham was given, in honor of the president of the original colony. The work was never completed—probably never will be. The structure belongs to a bygone age of warfare. A single shot from the "Oregon's" thirteen-inch guns would shiver its walls like window glass. It would be folly to spend good money in fin-

ishing that which can never be of practical use. In the meantime it is a distinct addition to the attractions of the place, lending picturesqueness and dignity with its frowning walls and threatening guns. Formerly its grounds were open to visitors; but according to the later regulations regarding Government Reservations, its gates are now kept closed and locked; possibly to keep the guns from "going off," as a speculative summer boarder has remarked. The fort is garrisoned; but when one sees that garrison on parade, he is reminded of "Sam." "Sam," queried an interested friend; "Sam, where are your father and mother?" "Ain't got none, boss," was the answer. "No fader, no mudder, only jist Sam. When yo' shakes Sam, yo' shakes all dar is ob us." If any one were brave enough to "shake" Sergeant Richardson, he would thereby cause the whole

United States force at Fort Popham to tremble; for all alone, and by the unaided might of his own right arm, the Sergeant "holds the fort" by the waters of the blue Kennebec.

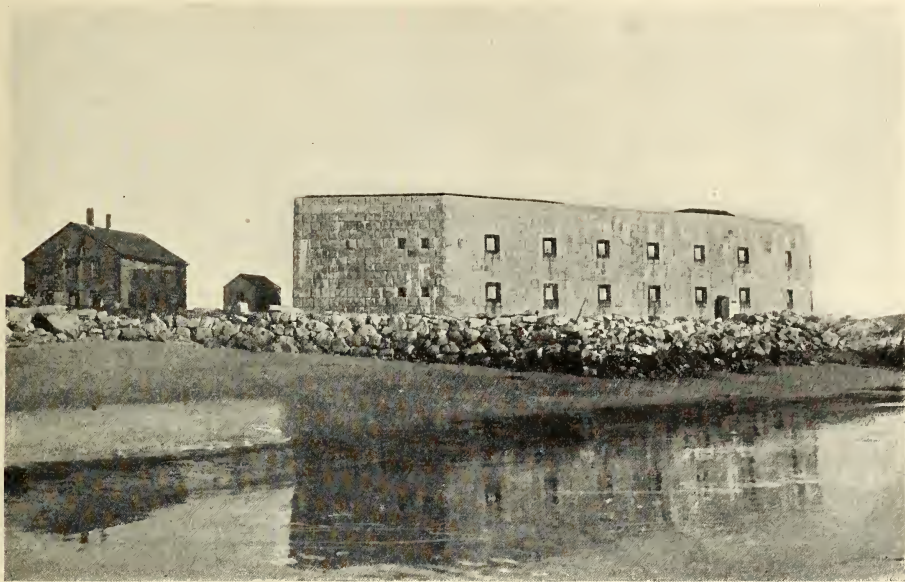
The other Government institution is the Hunnewell's Beach station of the



United States Life Saving Service, established in 1883. It belongs to the First District, which covers all of Maine, and most of the New Hampshire coast; fourteen stations in all, ten of which are in Maine, between "Kittery Point and Quoddy Head." The service extends through eleven months in each year, beginning at midnight, July 31, and ending at midnight, June 30, the following year. It is taken for granted that self-respecting masters of vessels will observe these dates, and will not allow their ships to be wrecked or to come to grief in these waters during the unguarded month of July. Uncle Sam is not rich enough to protect his coasts all the year 'round, and must take some chances. To him who sees the Popham shores only in the summer time, it seems almost ridiculous to think of planting a station and crew here. But these waters are capable

of kicking up quite "a bobbery," when the east winds are let loose in the winter. There are rocks with sharp teeth, and cunningly concealed shoals hereabouts, and the position of the life savers is not the sinecure that it might appear. They were called out ten times last year, in two instances taking the crews from vessels hopelessly wrecked. This is perhaps a fair average of their yearly work since the establishment of the station. The crew are men "born and raised" in this neighborhood, and are fine specimens of the native Maine coast-wise dweller—half sailor and half landsman, and equally at home on land or sea. Captain Zenas H. Spinney has been in service here for seventeen years; six as surfman, and eleven as station keeper.

But the scenic and social interest of this charming little village will ever, in the thoughtful mind, be subordinated to the historic interest. On Popham sands one is walking with the historic past. From time immemorial this peninsula, called Sabino, or Sebenaqua, from the name of the Indian prince claiming lordship in this region, was a favorite resort of the red men, numerous relics of whom have been found here, in the shape of arrow and spear heads, stone utensils, earthen pottery, etc. It is claimed also with apparent reason that the Norsemen landed here eight centuries ago. But we are chiefly concerned with the fact that this point of land is preëminently the place of "first things" in the colonization of New England. The first settlement on the shores of the new world north of the James river; the first religious service on the mainland; the first town meeting; the first fort; the first ship built on this continent; the



FORT POPHAM

first English grave in the soil of America,—all these are in Popham's claim to primacy, and are established by the evidence in the case. It is quite beyond reasonable doubt that here "thirteen years before the landing at Plymouth, a fair town of fifty houses, protected by an intrenched twelve-gun fort, with a church and a stated minister, enlivened with the hum and clatter of busy artisans in a shipyard, had planted the civilization, commerce, and Christianity of Europe on the shores of the 'Ancient Dominions of Maine.'"

The story goes back to 1607, when George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert arrived off the mouth of the Sagadahoc, or Kennebec, in two vessels, with a company of "100 landmen," or more, to establish a plantation in these western wilds. The colonization fever was then running high in England, and King James I. had just granted (April, 1606) charters to two companies, di-

viding between them that portion of the new world lying between the thirty-fourth and the forty-fifth parallels of latitude—the parallels of Cape Fear, North Carolina, and Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine. By the terms of these charters, the first, or London Company, was to undertake the settlement of the southern portion of Virginia, as the whole land was then called; and the second, or Plymouth Company, was to confine its operations to the northern section. The London Company was apparently more energetic than its competitor, and in December, 1606, sent out three vessels with about one hundred persons. These reached their destination in safety, and May 13, 1607, landed upon the banks of the James river, and began to lay the foundations of Jamestown.

Five months after the sailing of this party, the Plymouth Company despatched an expedition to the territory

assigned to it. In the year 1875 a manuscript journal of this expedition was found in the library of the Lambeth Palace, England, which gives valuable and doubtless authentic information concerning the voyage and the planting of the colony. Its inscription is as follows:

In the nam of God, Amen.

The Relation of a Voyage unto New England.

Began from the *Lizard*, y^e first of June, 1607

By Captⁿ. Popham in y^e ship y^e Gift,

&

Captⁿ. Gilbert in y^e Mary & John:

Written by.....

& found amongst y^e Papers of y^e truly
Wor^dfull:

Sr. Fernando Gorges, Knt.

by me

William Griffith.

As is seen by the inscription, the name of the writer is not given. Whoever he was, he seems to have had first-hand sources of information, from which fact it is supposed that he was an officer on one of the ships; while certain incidental references appear to support the conjecture that he was none other than James Davies, the captain of the "Mary and John."

The ship called in this inscription "The Gift" is elsewhere given its full name—"The Gift of God." It was a "fly boat," flat bottomed and light of draught, with stem and stern fashioned almost alike; somewhat after the model of a Holland canal boat. The "Mary and John" is supposed to have been the larger of the two, but both were doubtless small and slow; the day of ocean liners and cup racers had not yet dawned.

The leader of the expedition and president of the colony, was George Popham, a kinsman of Sir John Popham, the Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

land, and one of the principal promoters of the enterprise. The second in command was Raleigh Gilbert, son of the intrepid navigator and explorer, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and nephew of the great Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sailing from Plymouth June 1, the two ships reached the Maine coast in August. The "Relation" says, "Thurs-daye in the mornynge breacke of the day beinge the xiiijth of Auguste the Illand of Sutquin (Seguin) bore north of us nott past halff a leage from us the whch Illand lyeth ryght beffore the mouth of the ryver of Sagadehocke South from ytt near 2 leags." Here they encountered the weather which has become proverbial in those parts, and which has given the name of "stormy Seguin" to this outer sentinel of the Kennebec; and it was not until Sunday, August 16, that they were able to enter the river. Anchoring near its mouth, they spent the next two days in exploring the region, and in deciding upon a suitable place for the settlement. The choice finally fell upon a spot "at the very mouth or entry of the Ryver of Sagadehocke on the West Syd of the Ryver beinge almost an Illand of a good bygness." Here they landed on Wednesday, August 19. When all were on shore, religious services were held according to the ancient Anglican forms, and a sermon was "delyvred by our preacher," the Reverend Richard Seymour. Following this the colonists were called together, and "our pattent was red wth the orders and Lawes thearin prescrybed, and then we returned aboard our Ships again."

Surely a memorable day's work! The first landing made, the first religious service held, the first town meeting assembled on New England soil.



"STORMY SEGUIN" THE OUTER SENTINEL OF THE KENNEBEC

The immediate need of the infant colony was, of course, the fortification of the chosen site. On the very next day after landing, therefore, the whole company set to work at digging the intrenchments for what was afterwards called Fort St. George, in honor of the patron saint of England. Scarcely less imperative was the need of a vessel of some sort, with which to navigate these waters after the two ships which had brought them over should have returned home. Without it, they would have been practically prisoners on their narrow peninsula. Accordingly work was begun at once upon the building of a small shallop, under the direction of a shipwright of the company, "one Digby of London"; and presently there was launched from the rude stocks "a pretty Pynnace of about some thirty tonne, which they called the Virginia"—the first vessel of any description built by white men in the western world.

Judging from the "Relation," the life of the colony was commonplace and uneventful. Mention is made of no great or striking events or experiences, but of such matters as the labor on the ship and the fortifications, exploration of the surrounding regions by land and water, fishing, and treating with the "Sallvages," who seemed on the whole friendly enough, but somewhat wary. And there are days together when the narration reminds one of the "F. W. D." of the boy's diary, which meant, being interpreted, "Forget what did." As, e. g., "The 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21th 22th nothings happened but all Labored harde about the fort & the storehouse for to land our wyttails" (victuals?). The last entry is made under date of Sept. 26 and ends very abruptly. It is supposed that a leaf of the record is lost here; and also that early in October the "Mary and John" returned to England, bearing with it not merely the "Relation," for the pa-



MOUTH OF THE KENNEBEC RIVER

trons of the enterprise, for whose information it was doubtless written, but also its author.

The remainder of the story of the colony's life is given in Wm. Strachey's "Historie of Travaile into Virginia Brittania," written about 1618. It is a short story and soon told. The building of the town progressed rapidly, so that before snow fell "they had fully finished the fort, trencht and fortified yt with 12 pieces of ordinaunce, and built fifty howses thearin, besides a church and a storehowse." Then came a winter of unusual severity, both in Europe and in America. Strachey says that "the frost was so vehemant that noe boat could stir on any business." Feb. 5, 1608, President Popham died, and was succeeded in office by Raleigh Gilbert who had been second in command from the beginning. Perhaps matters were not so satisfactory under his administration; perhaps the hearts of the colonists had been eaten out of them by

the fierce cold; perhaps they were not of that stern stuff to which the difficult service of patient waiting is possible. At all events, when Captain Davies returned the following summer with supplies, he found the colony utterly demoralized. Letters which he brought informed Gilbert of the death of his brother, whose heir he was, making necessary his return to England; and the rest refused to remain longer upon this inhospitable coast. Accordingly, in October, fourteen months after the landing, "they all ymbarqued in this new-arrived shipp and in the new pynnace, the Virginia, and sett saile for England. And this was the end of that northerne colony uppon the river Sachadehoc."

But a single year's struggling life, which seems to have left little trace, or none, upon the subsequent colonization of New England; yet it deserves more of a place in history than is usually given it. If not of commanding importance, it is at least of exceeding

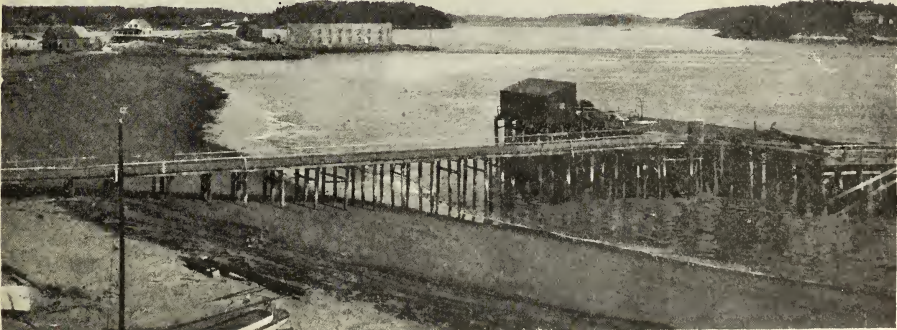
interest to know the exact spot where the foot of the Anglo-Saxon race first rested upon the shores of that land which it was "afterward to receive for an inheritance."

A little more than a generation ago public attention was called to, and public interest awakened in this historic site and event by the announcement of the Government's intention to name its new fortification at the mouth of the Kennebec, Fort Popham, after the colony's first president. Taking advantage of this quickened interest the Maine Historical Society arranged for the celebration of this first occupancy of New England soil, at Fort Popham, on August 29, (corresponding to August 19, O. S.) 1862. The plans were successfully carried out and several thousand people assembled near the site of the ancient Fort St. George at the appointed time. The

exercises included religious service conducted after the ancient Anglican forms, historical papers and addresses, and, of course, the inevitable banquet, with its accompanying speeches. The most significant part of the programme that day, however, was the part that was left uncompleted. A massive block of granite, weighing six tons, and measuring six feet in length, by four in width, and three in thickness, had been prepared, bearing on its polished surface this inscription:

The First Colony
On the Shore of New England
was founded here
August 19th, O. S., 1607,
under
George Popham.

It was intended that this stone should be placed above the arch of the principal entrance of the fort, and the records of the celebration speak of the "flourish of music and thunder of can-



THE VILLAGE OF POPHAM BEACH

non" which greeted the proclamation of the fact that it had been thus placed. Yet the truth is that the laying of the stone was ceremonial and not actual. It was never put in the niche prepared for it, but lies to-day, as it has lain for forty years, on the ground behind one of the buildings within the Government Reservation, with its face turned to the wall, like a picture rejected, or a schoolboy in disgrace. Even its inscription is well-nigh hidden from sight in its present position. "The best laid schemes of mice and men"—and governments and historical societies—"gang aft a-gley." The neglected memorial at Fort Popham is but another illustration of the truth of the

familiar words. There is little reason to expect that the original intention will ever be carried out. The fort will probably never be completed. And unless some historical society, or some individual interested in the beginnings of our national history; takes up the matter, this stone of remembrance will continue in its neglect, and this historic site will remain unmarked. It may be that a new crusade is needed for the rescuing of this ancient spot from oblivion, and the erection of a suitable memorial. On Plymouth's shore stands the magnificent statue of "Faith." On Popham's sands might fittingly be reared a column to commemorate, at least, "Attempt!"

Endeavor

By Lanta Wilson Smith

A BIT of landscape, rugged, rude, and wild;
 Long, sloping hills, with granite boulders piled;
 A tangled woodland, deep and dark and lone;
 A barren pasture filled with brush and stone.
 In this rough setting lies a tiny space
 Where patient toil has left heroic trace:
 A fertile meadow, velvet-smooth and green,
 Writes "brave endeavor" on the lonely scene.

Along life's pathway, rugged, steep, or bare,
 What hands have toiled to make some portion fair.
 What God-like patience has made glad the way,
 And spread the living green 'mid walls of gray.
 What hearts, to sacrifice and duty wed,
 Have lived for others while the swift years sped.
 With fadeless light their one grand purpose glows:
 To make life's desert blossom like the rose.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney

By Grace Lathrop Collin

Illustrated from photographs made by special permission of the Director of the Connecticut Historical Society Rooms, Hartford, where the originals are.

SHE lived in the sweet old days that have come down to us steeped in the fragrance of lavender and box-bordered garden beds, with the traditions of low, broad rooms, set about with majestic mahogany furniture, of customs more formal than the stiffest of fiddle-back chairs, and of manners unfailing in courtliness. Then New York state was a recently settled region, and in New England to travel on the Sabbath was considered an offence.

In those days, "to be extant in the evening was a condition of being not contemplated for childhood," and the excellent Miss Hannah More cheered weary mothers with the assurance, "I do not dislike extreme vivacity in children." Upon the request of condescending elders, little girls with shining ringlets, in muslin gowns with ribbon sashes passed over the left shoulder; or little boys, in skeleton jackets and ankle trousers, were accustomed to recite "How doth the little busy bee," or "Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs."

When the little girls became young ladies, as they did in incredibly early teens, they could sing, perhaps accompanied by the guitar,

"The Distracted Lady," "Indulgent Parents Dear," or "The Ghost of Pompey to his Wife Cornelia"—ballads acceptable for their delicacy of sentiment. In the libraries of those of refined mind, among the calf-bound volumes of *The Spectator* or the pamphlet sermons of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, were such "pleasing and elegant" books as "The Christian Keepsake," with heavily embossed cover; or perhaps in a series of tiny volumes, "The Voice of Flowers," with a tinted engraving frontispiece of a bouquet consisting of one stocky pink rosebud, three blossoms of eglantine and four violets, tied with a blue ribbon, and with their stems neatly trimmed apparently with one snip of the scissors.

To-day our activities run in other channels, our thoughts express themselves in other phrases. To us of the younger generation that period has become history. On the title-pages, already slightly yellowed about the edges, of many a soberly bound volume, there has come down to us the name of one of the personages and recorders of that history,—Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney. And we, looking back from the present to the past, may perhaps be interested, or in the old



MRS. SIGOURNEY'S BIRTHPLACE

style, "edified," in a study of the occupations, ambitions and the outlook upon life, of this, one of the first of our literary women.

Lydia Howard Huntley was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on September 1, 1791. Her father, Ezekiel Huntley, born in the neighboring village of Franklin, was of Scotch descent. He had served throughout the Revolution in one of the first regiments organized in Connecticut. Her mother, Sophia Wentworth, was of a family which, though limited in pecuniary resources, stretched its pedigree back through the royal and Tory governors of New Hampshire, to the gifted Earl of Strafford, the hapless friend of Charles I. At the time of Lydia's birth, and for fourteen years thereafter, the Huntleys' home was beneath the roof of Mrs. Daniel Lathrop, an aged widow, of whose farm lands Mr. Huntley was apparently general manager.

Lydia was an only child. From her babyhood she seems to have been a model little girl, one of those docile-tempered children to whom it either never occurs to be naughty or who are endowed with a precocious sense of moral responsibility.

The great pleasure of her simple, frugal childhood seems to have been in the companionship, not of other children, but of Mrs. Lathrop. Upon her she lavished the wealth of a childish admiration, and felt amply repaid by Mrs. Lathrop's gentle enjoyment of the presence of this fair-browed, well-behaved little girl. At an astoundingly early age she showed that she had a good memory and a receptive mind. In her fourth year she was able to repeat the whole of the "Assembly of the Divines' Catechism"; although, as she comments mildly in her old age ("Letters of Life"), "From such an elaborate body of divinity it could be scarcely expected that much gain would accrue to the understanding, at so immature a period." When a timid little thing of four years she was sent to school, where she was always obedient and diligent. Her first teacher was a terrifying dame, with heavy tread and immense black silk calash. Next little Lydia attended the district school, where in spelling she went above the broad-shouldered country boys. This was followed by a school for needlework, conducted by a gentler instructress. Next an English lady taught her in what were termed the higher branches, including music, painting and embroidery. Then came an earnest-minded gentleman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, a grave, silver-haired and erudite son of Erin. After his tuition, Lydia was raised to the dignity of attending the brick schoolhouse, on the green plain near the meeting-house. This school Lydia left, that she might be one of a select circle of

twenty-five, under the guidance of a young gentleman, the secret of whose sway was in his earnest piety and consistent example. His successor was "a religious character, a ripe scholar," and of so "great amenity of manners and disposition," that the "'Exercises of Lindley Murray' he rendered especially delightful in daily lessons." "What is strictly called school education" then "found a pause at the early age of thirteen." Yet it is doubtless in all sincerity and not altogether without reason that a biographical dictionary of the time states that Mrs. Sigourney enjoyed especial educational advantages. For, in her phraseology, "a thorough course of History and Mental Philosophy coalesced agreeably with household industry." Also at different times and with the student temperament of which she was undoubtedly the unaffected possessor, she studied Latin with a venerable instructor, French with an aged nobleman banished by the Buonaparte dynasty, and Hebrew with two clerical gentlemen. At two boarding schools, furthermore, she applied herself to the finger-works accounted accomplishments in those days.

The first grief of her life came to her when fourteen, in the death of Mrs. Daniel Lathrop, whose memory Mrs. Sigourney held in most tender gratitude throughout her life. Upon Mrs. Lathrop's death the Huntleys moved to a neighboring house, where the tranquil routine was continued,—the spinning, baking and brewing being occasionally enlivened by sleighing parties, dancing lessons and singing school.



BUST OF MRS. SIGOURNEY

(Connecticut Historical Society Rooms)

It must have been when Lydia was a girl of about sixteen that her childish ambition of being a teacher was realized. In "Letters to My Pupils" she tells them that, "In the most cherished and vivid pencillings of fancy I was ever installed in the authority and glory of a schoolmistress, counselling, explaining, or awarding premiums, always listened to, regarded and obeyed." In a schoolroom fitted up at home, she taught, delightedly, two little girls. In the succeeding year, with her beloved friend and comrade, Miss Ann Maria Hyde, she left Norwich to attend a finishing school in Hartford. The next fall, reinforced by this newly acquired knowledge, Miss Huntley and Miss Hyde opened a

school for young ladies on the Up-town Plain in Norwich. This proved so successful that the following year they transferred their schoolroom to a building in the business part of the town,—in Chelsea, near the Landing. Here, as one of the pupils has written, were passed dove-like days. The mornings were devoted to the useful, the afternoons to the ornamental branches. "There was the supervision of fancy-work," Mrs. Sigourney recalls, "the brilliant filigree from its first inception; the countless shades of embroidery; the movements of pencil and paint-brush, from the simplest flowers to the landscape, the group and the human face divine; the nameless varieties of wrought muslin; and also the elaborate construction of fine linen shirts with their appendant ruffles."

But as the severity of successive winters was felt the school was closed. Then, impelled by pure love of teaching, Lydia Huntley formed classes in the neighborhood of her home, a favorite being of colored children. These were discontinued, at the suggestion of Mr. Daniel Wadsworth of Hartford, the earliest and most influential of her patrons, who advised that she should come to his larger and more closely settled town. So in 1814, when she was about twenty-three, Lydia Huntley opened her Hartford school. This was carried on with a romantic enthusiasm for the next five years. At the time of writing "Letters of Life," in 1864, Mrs. Sigourney mentions with quiet pride the forty-fifth reunion of her pupils,

with their children, which had occurred within the year. It is pleasant, too, from so keen a critic as President Dwight, to read these words of commendation (*The New Englander*, 1866), "She was, as we think she fully proves herself by her story, a valuable, inspiring, interesting, self-sacrificing and loving instructor."

In 1819 she married a Hartford merchant, Mr. Charles Sigourney, a widower with three children, all under twelve. The location of the Sigourney house was then regarded as on the outskirts of the town, and combined convenience with elegance in a remarkable degree; in its lofty ceilings, marble mantelpieces, folding-doors and windows reaching to the floor Mrs. Sigourney took an innocent delight. Now, alas, the patrician aspect of its tall columns and broad gable is quite lost behind high bill-boards, and the extensive lawn is cut by the tracks of the steam railroad.

Eight years after her marriage a daughter, Mary, was born; and two years later a son, Andrew. Soon after this Mrs. Sigourney's father and mother left the Norwich farmhouse to live with their daughter, and to receive her care. Of her devotion to them we learn from others, that she placed her parents in one of the best apartments of her elegant home, and that, while to outsiders the aged couple seemed plain, simple folk, she required the most punctilious deference as their due from all. About six years later Mrs. Huntley died, aged sixty-three; soon after the two Misses Sigourney married and left the home their



OAKLAND PLACE

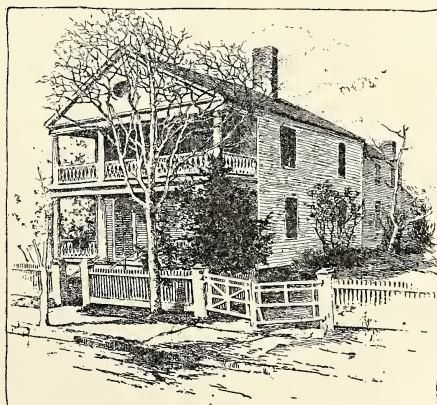
THE SIGOURNEY HOUSE AS IT APPEARED IN 1840

(Connecticut Historical Society Rooms, Hartford)

stepmother had made for them; and a few years later her father died, aged eighty-seven. Owing to business troubles, after eighteen years' residence in this house, the Sigourneys moved to a smaller one, nearer the centre of the town, on High Street, where they soon were comfortably settled. This house has since been torn down.

In 1840, about two years after this change, Mrs. Sigourney, urged by a physician, made the grand tour of her life, to Europe. Since her first memorable journey, when a child of fourteen, she had travelled by stage-coach from Norwich to Hartford, she had been for the most part, as she expresses it, stationary. True, she had visited Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and had even got as far south as Jamestown, Virginia, and had journeyed with friends to

Niagara and through the Valley of the Wyoming,—wanderings duly incorporated in "Pocahontas" (1841), "Scenes in my Native Land" (1844), "The Western Home" (1854), and other books. But this was an absence of nearly a year, "which gave time and facility for exploration of the



THE SIGOURNEYS' SECOND HOUSE

more interesting parts of England, Scotland and France,—as recorded in "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" (1842). It is gratifying to find that Mrs. Sigourney, to whom the amenities of life meant so much, was, by the consent of all, at home or abroad, a conspicuous object of attention and honor. In England she visited the families of Wordsworth, Joanna Baillie, the poet Rogers and Miss Edgeworth. She was presented at Court. In France she was received with marked courtesies by the La Fayette family and at the Court of Louis Philippe. At her departure the Queen of the French gave her a diamond bracelet.

She returned to take up the quiet, busy routine of her life, marked, like every woman's, with so little that can be told of to the world, and yet with so much that is noble and pure, and quite as essential to the world's happiness as any of the more conspicuous works on which men pride themselves. In 1849 perhaps the keenest grief of her life came to her in the death, at the age of nineteen, of her only son. Five years after his death her husband died. The death of her stepson, which followed soon, rendered her yet more desolate; and the marriage of her daughter left her quite alone.

Her remaining years, about ten in number, she spent alone. Within these she prepared at least six of her fifty-six books; and no one knows how many of the two thousand and more short articles which she found time and inclination to write in a life which, the pursuit of literature entirely omitted, would seem sufficiently full. Yet those who knew

her tell us that she was never hurried or perturbed in manner. Hers was ever a gracious presence, whether in her vine-covered cottage, dispensing simple, graceful hospitality to guests, who still remember the little suppers, where her bees furnished the honey and her garden the flowers; or performing the literary tasks which, although it is difficult to conceive of her as a business woman, contributed to her support during the latter part of her life.

Her literary career, she repeats often, was a happy one. "I ought to speak with more emphasis of the encouragement kindly addressed to me since first, as a timid waif, I ventured into regions then seldom traversed by the female foot." Letters of appreciation reached her from the King of Prussia, the Empress of Russia and the Queen of France. Her books were widely read both in England and in the United States. All New Englanders seem to have been familiar with them, although it was to the states of New York and Pennsylvania that she was mainly indebted for the remuneration of intellectual toil. But the opinion of her native town outweighed in her judgment the dicta of all outlying regions; and it was always a grief to Mrs. Sigourney that Norwich, "beautiful Norwich, whose varied scenery reveals sometimes the Caledonian wilderness, and at others the tender softness of the vale of Tempe," kept silence, when "I would fain have laid my honors at her feet." It is indeed to be regretted that the tribute to so gentle a soul should not have come in her

lifetime. To-day her bust stands in one of the buildings of the academy, at whose anniversary her song was rejected, and an autograph letter is carefully preserved. "I have no other claim," she said, with wistful humor, "to the title of prophet, save the absence of honor in my own country."

But it was not only through her literary labors that Mrs. Sigourney was known. Always a tithe at least of her income was devoted to charities. In "Traits of the Aborigines of America" (1822), a poem in blank verse, of five cantos, the "Advertisement" reads, "The avails of this work are devoted exclusively to religious charities." Indeed, all her books written, as they are, "with the hope of disseminating some cheering thought or hallowed principle," might be regarded as among her charities. Her whole life was one of active and earnest philanthropy. The poor, the sick, the deaf-mute, the blind, the idiot, the slave and the convict were objects of her constant care and benefaction. During her married life she economized in her wardrobe and personal luxuries that she might be able to relieve the needy. A Hartford physician of the time has said that he found Mrs. Sigourney's cups and baskets in all directions and oftener than from any other hand. "What object of benevolence is at present the most interesting to you?" she writes to a friend, serene in the conviction that every woman is as charitably inclined as herself. Still another offshoot from the root of benevolence was her habit of expressing appreciation and good-will toward all who

approached her. Testimony is borne that even as she was more demonstrative than was the custom concerning her affections, so was she reticent concerning her dislikes. As she quaintly phrases it in "The Daily Counsellor":

"Speak well of all; 'twill be a medicine
Unto thine own frail heart.

Think well of all:

Nor let thy friendship at the foibles start
That appertain to our humanity—
True Love hath in itself the principle
Of patience unto death."

She died on June 10, 1865, at the age of seventy-four, loving and loved by all in the town which had been her home for more than fifty years. The bell tolled for an hour at sunset on the day of her death, while multitudes thronged the house, that they might look once more upon her face.

"Such was her work," President Dwight has said, "one that was so faithfully and well accomplished, that it deserves to be spoken of with all honor by those who read her recorded history." "Few persons living," Peter Parley says in his "Recollections," "have exerted a wider influence than Mrs. Sigourney; no one that I now know can look back upon a long and earnest career of such unblemished beneficence."

Every work of her life is so directly inspired by what one of her reviewers terms domestic piety, that to separate what might be termed literary works from those which fall under other headings is an ungrateful task. Also, for many of us, the row of her books, on glass-screened, mahogany-cased shelves, has hoarded within their faded, dun-colored

covers associations so tender that the volumes seem of quite another order than that submitted to literary criticism. There still clings to them the atmosphere of gentle dignity surrounding a teacher of the old school; so that for the second generation following her pupils to hold independent opinion concerning these productions is little less than an impertinence. There seems an implied discourtesy in considering the work of such an authoress in a purely impersonal manner. The attitude of a contemporary commentator, who suggests that to compare her earlier with her later work might not be indelicate, seems much more decorous. So intimately, also, is her literary work associated with her personality, that criticism upon the one might seem to involve the other, as if in admitting Mrs. Sigourney's diction artificial we were finding fault with her household management. With many a gentlewoman who has undertaken, as Mrs. Sigourney phrases it, *the book business*, this complete disassociation seems well-nigh impossible, and yet the first obvious merit of Mrs. Sigourney's books is that they stand the test of being regarded as contributions to literature. Taken from their setting they still have interest. Thus the highest tribute which we can render her is to offer a serious consideration of her work, "with that frankness of criticism," to quote her words, "by which we lady writers have too seldom an opportunity of profiting."

She lived and wrote in a significant period of our literary history. About 1760 there was an æsthetical

thaw. There had been no such word as *play* in the dictionary of New Englanders. They had worked hard on their stony soil and read hard in their stony books of doctrine. To peruse works of the imagination was considered an idle waste of time,—indeed as partaking somewhat of the nature of sin. But the growing taste of Connecticut was no longer satisfied with Dr. Watts's moral lyrics. Milton and Dryden, Thomson and Pope, were read and admired; *The Spectator* was quoted as the standard of style and of good manners. In Mr. Stedman's "American Literature" we find that "It was not until peace for a second time (1812) became a habit, that the imagination of the young people, assured of nationality, slowly found expression upon the printed page. The earliest promise of an American school may be said to begin with the second quarter of the nineteenth century." The first of Mrs. Sigourney's books, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was published in 1815, or, as the advertisement reads, in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America. Thus she was one of the charter members, as it were, of this initial literary association.

Its members worked with a vigor that made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in discrimination. To the pursuit of letters the men seem to have transferred all the energy they would have used in ploughing a stony hillside field; the women all the diligence with which they knitted and sewed and baked. Notably among them all, Mrs. Sigourney, in the words of M. Vapereau's "Diction-

naire Universel des Contemporains," *produisait avec une facilité peut-être exuberante*. That she wrote too much is to obvious to need comment; but that she was able to accomplish such tremendous results may well be a matter of wonder. Doubtless it was due to her habit of industry, hereditary and cultivated; but much more to the serenity of soul for which she always strove, and which, in so marvellous a measure, she attained. Thus, among "Detached Thoughts," in her earliest book, she says, "If you yield to difficulties, you encourage weakness of mind and prepare yourself to be often overcome and held in bondage. If you were an inhabitant of Russia or Lapland, would you say, 'I cannot go out to my usual occupations because the snow falls or the ice has covered the streets?' . . . Disagreeable circumstances will meet us in the passage of human life, and we must be prepared to sacrifice to them neither our self-possession nor our inward repose." And in "Letters to Young Ladies," "Calmness and equanimity are excellent virtues in our sex . . . in the routine of domestic life. Our business is among trifles. But . . . suffer not the heart to be fixed on trifles."

To her, as to her companion workers, writing seemed merely a new occupation closely akin both in method and in kind to the other occupations which filled their days. In *The Muse* she tells,—

"So, singing along, with a buoyant tread,
I drew out a line as I drew out a thread,"

and in a biographical chapter, "How to obtain time to appease editorial

appetites and not neglect my house-keeping tactics was a study. I found the employment of knitting congenial to the contemplation and treatment of the slight themes that were desired. This habit of writing *currente calamo* is fatal to literary ambition. It prevents the labor of thought by which intellectual eminence is acquired. If there is any kitchen in Parnassus, my Muse has surely officiated there as a woman of all work and an aproned waiter." Yet to atone for this disadvantage, Mrs. Sigourney seems to find ample compensation in the words of one who embodied the traits of nature and of feeling in a vehicle of the most enchanting simplicity, Miss Edgeworth. "Mrs. Sigourney appears to have the power of writing extempore on passing events. . . . Addison could not. Gray could not. Mrs. Sigourney's friends will doubtless be ready to bear testimony that she can. . . . Certainly as regards poetic gifts, they who give promptly give twice."

In the London *Athenæum* of 1839 is one of the most fair-minded and appreciative of any of her contemporary notices: "The American writers think too lightly of poetry. Instinct and genius and spirit are all very well. . . . Mrs. Sigourney is not without spirit. She can be eloquent at times. . . . If she would give us a page yearly instead of a column, and take the time for writing it when she feels most in the mood, she might do herself justice." But fancy a person with Mrs. Sigourney's traditions acting upon this kindly advice and waiting for a mood! Or fancy how poorly the

one page as the result of a year's work would figure in a record such as hers, now in the possession of the Connecticut Historical Society:

Aggregate during spring, 1861.

Pages written	1,100
Lines of poetry	850
Volumes read	18
Garments made	51
Calls and visits exchanged...	600
Letters exchanged	600

Hartford, Friday, May 31, 1861. Holy Father, increase my industry, and its beneficent results.—L. H. S.

Surely, the watchword of the times was Industry; and nothing could rouse greater scepticism concerning the truth of familiar maxims about genius and perseverance than a study of the fruits of their labors. At the time, and for years later, criticism seems to have been based upon the amount rather than upon the quality of the production. Lamentable proof of this is found in forms of anthologies of poetesses; for example, in the "Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams (1861), of the ninety-three names in all, twenty-five are born after 1750. In "The Female Poets of America," by T. B. Read (1855), there are eighty-six names, the earliest being born after 1760. In looking back, through the perspective of the many intervening years, these poetesses appear in so solid a phalanx that it is difficult to realize that they were in fact widely scattered both as to time and place. But Mrs. Sigourney's view of the situation, "I adventured on what was in those times and in that part of the country a novel enterprise for a female," is shared by others not personally concerned. The

editors of "The National Portrait Gallery" (1839), wherein her portrait appears between John W. Francis, M. D., and Winfield Scott, major general U. S. A., say, "At that time there were few attempts at authorship among Americans. . . . Rarely had a female writer trusted any evidence of her literary taste to the press." On this point President Dwight, too, has said: "She was among the first of American women to venture within the poetic field; and while she has led the way, she deserves not only the praise awarded to a pioneer, but the praise of a fair measure of success." But best of all is Whittier's quatrain, on the tablet in Christ Church, Hartford:

"She sang alone, e'er womanhood had known

The gift of song, which fills the air to day.

Tender and sweet, a music all her own,
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray."

In the early years of the nineteenth century the closest approach to a literary standard in the United States seems to have been the imitation of the literary fashions then prevailing in England. Thus the favorite method of complimenting Mrs. Sigourney was to rank her with some popular English writer, with Mrs. Steele or Mrs. Barbauld. *The Christian Register* (1845) praises her *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands* as having all the charms which characterize the works of William Howitt, and her sobriquet of *The American Hemans*, with *Blackwood's Magazine* of 1834 as authority, "in that she is the best of all the American

Bonds for use, Henry Thoreau, My Great and Myself O. Bangsford 1865									
Summer Week 1865									
June									
Days	Lines	Vol.	Payments	Subscriptions	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial
1	100	70	1	0	15	85	18	22	40
2	70	20	1	0	15	60	24	21	45
3	70	70	2	0	25	75	14	16	50
4	70	0	0	0	27	63	15	7	50
5	90	40	1	0	10	81	25	10	55
6	100	100	1	0	28	87	24	100	200
7	100	100	1	0	28	87	24	100	200
July									
10	100	100	0	0	10	70	13	7	30
12	70	15	3	0	10	10	12	10	30
20	70	25	2	0	10	10	22	15	40
21	90	100	0	0	10	10	22	15	40
22	90	100	0	0	10	10	22	15	40
August									
13	100	20	0	0	10	20	10	20	30
14	100	110	0	0	10	20	22	23	45
17	100	0	0	0	10	20	25	15	40
24	100	40	0	0	10	20	10	30	30
31	100	30	0	0	10	20	10	30	30
Sept	450	100	2	0	10	71	109	17	195
Oct	1200	600	12	0	10	1025	248	199	540
Aggregate for the last 12 months									
Days	Lines	Vol.	Payments	Subscriptions	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial
10	1000	600	12	0	10	300	405		
11	1000	1150	600	15	4	460	635		
12	1000	850	10	51	0	600	600		
13	1200	600	12	0	10	1025	540		
14	1200	600	12	0	10	1025	540		
Memoranda of Employment									
September									
1	70	70	0	0	10	44	15	15	30
2	40	50	0	0	10	32	10	10	20
3	40	50	0	0	10	32	10	10	20
4	100	90	0	0	10	60	5	15	30
5	100	90	0	0	10	60	5	15	30
6	100	90	0	0	10	60	5	15	30
October									
1	30	60	0	0	10	64	18	12	30
2	35	0	1	0	15	45	22	8	30
3	65	0	1	0	10	44	16	14	30
4	100	150	0	0	10	10	26	10	30
5	100	200	0	0	10	200	26	10	30
November									
1	60	40	0	0	10	52	20	20	40
2	60	0	0	0	10	32	12	12	30
3	80	0	2	0	10	62	16	14	30
4	100	60	0	0	10	42	15	15	30
5	100	100	0	0	10	100	26	10	30
December									
1	60	40	0	0	10	52	20	20	40
2	60	0	0	0	10	32	12	12	30
3	80	0	2	0	10	62	16	14	30
4	100	60	0	0	10	42	15	15	30
5	100	100	0	0	10	100	26	10	30
Aggregate for the last 12 months									
Days	Lines	Vol.	Payments	Subscriptions	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial	Editorial
10	1000	600	12	0	10	300	405		
11	1000	1150	600	15	4	460	635		
12	1000	850	10	51	0	600	600		
13	1200	600	12	0	10	1025	540		
14	1200	600	12	0	10	1025	540		

"MEMORANDA OF EMPLOYMENTS"—1860-1—KEPT BY MRS. SIGOURNEY

(Connecticut Historical Society Rooms)

poetesses," is referred to frequently and pridefully. In general reviewers agreed in considering it praiseworthy that she should pour out poetry with the same felicity as prose, and in commending the unexceptionable moral character of her writings. Perhaps the typical attitude toward her work is shown in *The North American Review* of 1835: "While she pleases the fancy, she elevates the heart. Whenever, instead of limiting her range to that portion of the atmosphere which can be traversed with a light and careless wing, she shall prepare herself for a more adventurous flight, she cannot fail to gain a permanent

place in the public favor." Illustrating the taste of the time, the judgment of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of 1845 is interesting, that her work is marked by "an entire freedom from the affectation which forms the besetting sin of the rising generation"; or the comment in *Hours at Home*, in 1865, that "Resisting the general tendency to inflation . . . she adhered to the pure standard of our best English classics, and aided to educate a pure and classic use of our mother tongue." If the Aikins, who in her youth were regarded as the standards of polite literature, as it has been said, were indeed her models, Mrs. Sigourney should be congratulated

upon her success. In *The Pictorial Calendar* (1843), by Dr. John Aikin, "the commencement of the gnat's life of buoyancy" is described. But Mrs. Sigourney tells us of a family horse, "whose mild temper and obesity were never disturbed by ambition of precedence!" In the *Life of Addison* (1854) Miss Lucy Aiken remarks that "Steele must have been destitute of patrimony"; but Mrs. Sigourney offers as her motive for teaching, "Though my parents' mode of life was in their apprehension entirely consistent with comfort, I desired that they might feel free to indulge in a larger expenditure."

It was upon a literary wilderness that Mrs. Sigourney entered. No precepts of the time served as guides. No straight pathways, hedged in by prejudices in favor of the English of Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible, or of respect for the Eternal Verities, lay before her untrained feet. Untrained, indeed, for it must be remembered that her very varied school education stopped when she was a child of thirteen, and that her own literary tastes were both as restricted and as catholic as those of the time. "There were literally no children's books attainable by me. Young, with his sententious 'Night Thoughts,' initiated me into the poetry of my native language; Addison's 'Spectator' and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' were the most amusing volumes in the library. Harvey's 'Reflections Among the Tombs,' and Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' supplied the imagination with pleasant food." "That our native tongue well expresses force and energy we see in the writings of Johnson, Young and Milton; that it

can move with ease, gracefulness and beauty, Addison, Beattie and Blair have taught us." What wonder then that Mrs. Sigourney's literary course seems to have followed one of her childhood's joys, in "chasing meteors o'er the lea."

It is as a poetess that Mrs. Sigourney is chiefly known, although of her fifty-six books the majority are in prose. But at the time her verse seems to have been much more popular, or at least to have been considered more of an achievement. To us there seems little originality in any of it. Its merit seems dependent rather upon that of the poem upon which Mrs. Sigourney, for the time being, modelled her style. These models were chosen from what lay convenient to her hand, even as a good housewife makes a cake from what she has in the house. Thus Mrs. Sigourney's "Friendship with Nature" suggests Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; "Bell of the Wreck," Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George"; "Grasmere and Rydal Water" is after the manner of Wordsworth's "Excursion"; "Thoughts at the Grave of Sir Walter Scott" is in his favorite ballad metres; "The Elm Trees" reminds one of Hood's "I Remember, I Remember"; and "Connecticut River," of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Her pure taste, delicate imagination, piety, and what, in our opinion, is an indispensable attribute of a true poet, her good sense, won esteem. This commendable common-sense had a way of cropping out, now and then, like ledges of New England granite, in her most flowery passages. Thus in "Gossip with a Spring Bouquet," in "The Voice of Flowers" (1845), she says,—

"Narcissus pale!

Had you a mother, child, who kept you
close
Over your needle or your music books?
And never bade you sweep a room, or
make
A pudding in the kitchen?"

It is apparently in the same utilitarian spirit that her innumerable obituary pieces, whatever their theme, are cast in verse form; notable among these is her tribute to Mary Lyon, true rather than poetical:

"'Twas not thine

To train the butterflies who sport and
flaunt,
In gaudy joyaunce 'mid the summer flowers,—
And when the Frost King cometh,
shrink away
And disappear. It was not thine to train
For silken indolence, or proud display,
The talkers and not doers. Thou didst
make
Thy life the exponent of thy creed, and
show
The feasibility of theory,
By eloquent example."*

Many chapters of her books are part poetry, part prose. Thus in "Scenes in My Native Land," the verse on Niagara, which is generally chosen, by the way, by critics of the time, to illustrate her loftiest style, leads off,—

"Oh! full of glory and of majesty,
With all thy terrible apparel on,
High Priest of Nature, who within the
veil,
Mysterious, unapproachable dost dwell,
With smoke of incense ever streaming
up.
And round thy breast, the folded bow of
heaven,
Few are our words before thee."

This outburst is balanced by,—

"Transfixed by his emotions, the casual visitant . . . scarcely recollects that the tributaries of this river or strait cover a surface of 150,000 miles."

Plainly enough, poetry is not her native element.

Of her prose, the examples quoted here and there illustrate the style which she considered suitable for ears polite, which is so full of absurd affectations that it is a dialect rather than the English language. And did her work stop here, with imitative verse and artificial prose, we should consider Mrs. Sigourney interesting as an author of her time, and for it, but without a link to bind her in comradeship with those who have written for all time; even as a quaintly fashioned garment has charm as epitomizing the manners and costume of a bygone day, but cannot be regarded as a pattern. But the interesting part of Mrs. Sigourney's writings lies in the fact that, although broken in upon by "graceful and elegant expressions"; cut short to make room for flowery platitudes; fragmentary at the best,—there are evidences that she had latent capabilities which, if but properly exercised, could have rendered her work as free from the popular affectations of her time as though published yesterday.

In the first place, I venture to assert that Mrs. Sigourney, when not impressed by the dignity of her vocation, had a mild sense of humor. True, at her door must be laid "To a Shred of Linen," with the fatal phrase,—

"Methinks I scan

Some idiosyncrasy, that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case."

*From manuscript in possession of Connecticut Historical Society.

But consider this informal description of a singing-school-taught choir, rendering the anthem,—

"No bolts to drive their guilty souls
To fiercer flames below."

"Off led the treble, having the air, and expending *con spirito* upon 'fiercer,' about fourteen quavers. After us came the tenors, in a more dignified manner, bestowing their principal emphasis on 'flames.' 'No bolts, no bolts,' shrieked a sharp counter of boys, whose voices were in the transition stage. But when a heavy bass, like claps of thunder, kept repeating 'below,' and finally all parts took up the burden, till, in full diapason, 'guilty souls' and 'fiercer flames' reverberated from wall to arch, it was altogether too much for Puritanic patience."

Then there are bits of description done with a delicacy and firmness of touch, save where marred by her foibles of style, which show that she might have been one of the idyllists of New England. In "Connecticut Forty Years Since" (1824), Mrs. Sigourney outlines the scene of a "warm spell" in winter, when spots of tufted green appear as the wet snow sinks into the black soil, and the air has again a sweet earthy smell. Then comes a blizzard. The elm trees are almost bent double under their heavy load of sleet and snow, the fences are drifted over, the house-walls banked, the windows and doors blockaded; and the road smooth and white till beaten again into pathways by heavy sledges, drawn by a score of oxen. With a loving but picturesque regard for detail, she recalls also the living room of Mrs. Lathrop:

"That low-browed apartment, with all its appointments, is before me. . . . I see its highly polished wainscot, crimson moreen curtains, the large brass andirons, with their silvery brightness, the clean

hearth, on which not even the white ashes of the consuming hickory were suffered to rest, the rich, dark shade of the furniture, unpolluted by dust, and the closet where the open door revealed its wealth of silver cans, tankards and flagons."

Obviously, Mrs. Sigourney was mistress of two literary styles. The one, which she naïvely terms "the language of books"; the other, which she usually introduces with the phrase,—and we can imagine her coughing apologetically behind her slim hand,— "to employ the vernacular speech." It happens that she describes a New England farmhouse in each style. In the chapter on "Privileges of Age," in "Past Meridian" (1854), we have it thus:

"Traits of agricultural life, divested of its rude and sordid toils, were pleasantly visible. A smooth-coated and symmetrical cow ruminated over her clover-meal. A faithful horse, submissive to the gentlest rein, protruded his honest face through the barn window. A few brooding mothers were busy with the nurture of their chickens, while the proud father of the flock told, with a clarion voice, his happiness."

Here is the other, from "Myrtis and Other Etchings and Sketchings":

"Cousin Jehoshaphat Jones, have a little patience. Everything in its right place. I guess you had better hear first consarning my dealings at the minister's. My business was to dig in the garden, and to chop wood, and to take care of the dumb critters, which consisted of an old horse, quite lean in flesh, and a cow with balls at her horns, 'cause she routed down fences when she could get a chance, and a flock of hens, which it was a power of trouble to watch and scare out of the neighbors' corn."

The least fragmentary example of this honest style of hers, which ranks her with any realist in rural New England dialect and temper, is found

in a few pages in "Connecticut Forty Years Since." The scene describes Farmer Larkin, who has returned as tenant to Mrs. Lathrop's farm, where he had "driv team when a leetle boy," coming to pay his respects to his landlady. Finding it impossible to approach her by keeping to the bare floor surrounding the rug, he exclaims,—

"I must tread on the kiverlid. . . . Your ha-ath, too, is as clean as a cheeny tea-cup, Ma'am. I hate to put my coarse huffs on it. But I ha'n't been used to seein' kiverlids spread on the floor to walk on. We are glad to get 'em to kiver us up with a nights. This looks like a boughten one. 'Tis exceedin' cur'ous. They must have had a-plenty many treadles in the loom that wove this.'"

"In response to Mrs. Lathrop's inquiries as to the welfare of his family, he replies,

"All stout and hearty, thank 'e, Ma'am, as plump as partridges, and swarmin' round like bees. Molly's the oldest on 'em and as fat as butter. She'll be fourteen years old, come the tenth of February, and that will be Sabba-day arter next. She weighs about twice as much as you do, ma'am, I guess. She's rather more stocky than her mother, and I hope will be as smart for bizness. She'll spin her run o' tow-yarn or woollen, afore dinner; and she has wove six yards a day, of yard-wide sheetin'. She takes in weavin', when anybody will hire it done, and so buys herself her bettermost clo'es, which is a help to me. Jehoiakim, the oldest boy—he's named after his gran-daddy—and is a stout, stirrin' youngster. He'll hoe near about as much corn in an hour as I can; and cold winter days, he'll chop and sled wood through the snow, without frettin' a bit. But I s'pose 'tain't right and fittin' to brag about my children, Ma'am.

"They all go to the deestrick school, more than ha-af o' the winter; though it's nigh upon two mild from the house. In the summer time it's kept a leetle spell by

a woman—and then the younger ones go, to keep 'em out o' the way o' them who are glad to work at home. I s'pose they l'arn somethin' about readin' and sewin'. But Tim, the third child, he's the boy for l'arnin'. He took a prodigious likin' to books, when he was a baby; and if you only showed him one, he'd put it rite into his mouth and stop squallin'. He ain't but eleven year old now; and when he gets a newspaper, there's no *whoa* to him, no more than to the black ox when he sees the haystack, till he's read it clear through, advertisements and all. The master says that he's the smartest of all the boys about spellin', and now he takes to cipherin' marvellously. So that I don't know but that some time or other he may be hired to keep our deestrick school. But I hope my heart ain't lifted up with pride, at sich great prospects, for I know that "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble."'"

It has been said that Mrs. Sigourney's besetting sins were complacency, artificiality and vanity. In her autobiographical "Letters of Life" (1864) her attitude toward her own literary work is complacent only in viewing its accomplishment; and that results naturally from a sense of duty done, and expresses itself in a universal kindness that is surely praiseworthy. Her artificiality, too, seems to be, as it were, itself artificial. Under her affectations lies an unimpeachable sincerity of character. Further, without tempering justice with mercy, we may change the reproach of vanity into the more accurate inordinate love of praise. Herein lies both the weakness of her character and the consequent weakness of her work.

From her babyhood she had been noted for her goodness. When a schoolgirl she was the monitress; when a young lady, a pattern of decorum; when married, a model help-

meet; when a writer, an authoress of whom America was proud. She was good because it was good to be good, she was good by nature, and she was good by choice; because the results of goodness brought her her dearest possession,—a meed of praise. True, she was in the main a hack writer, and the greater number of her work are potboilers. But aside from this, the star to which she hitched her wagon, in the pathless literary field which she entered as a girl of twenty and left as a woman of seventy, was approbation, popular and immediate. She did not want to obtain fame as either eccentric or strong-minded, but as a sort of literary Lady Bountiful. In her nature there was a warmth, a romanticism, an æsthetic yearning for all that is graceful and lovable, which found no other means of gratification than in being accommodating. She dreaded to be called *queer*, and she loved to be thanked and to be called *nice*, with all the feminine implication of the words. So she followed the fashion of the moment with a docility broken only in a few brief passages. And she had her reward.

But, the pity of it! True, in our lamentations over her defects, we

should remember that she lived in an age characterized by production rather than by criticism, and that therefore, in spite of her occasional flashes of art, she may have been proudest of the work that we condemn; we have no reason to think that she forsook methods which she knew to be good, for those which she knew to be worthless. Whereas, we, living in an age characterized by criticism rather than by production, are judging her work by standards of whose existence she was either ignorant or oblivious, by dogmas of taste flatly contradicted since the years when Mrs. Sigourney wrote, with a care "for ears polite"; and if we laugh at her unquestioning adoption of prevailing modes, in these days when the most mild mannered of our citizens joy in the clash of swords and ring of shield, we are laughing at ourselves. Yet, is there not a grim humor in the situation, of this dainty, plucky little lady of letters, capable of writing with simplicity and vividness and veracity, being thus influenced by a passing literary fashion? And has not the work of Mrs. Sigourney its significance in the literary history of our country?



A Closed Account

By Helen B. Smith

MISS LAVINIA sat in her favorite rocking chair looking about her familiar room. Somehow everything looked strange to her. She had left the little gray house less than an hour before, and since then sentence of death had been pronounced upon her. Not an imminent death, but a certain one, and she sat there trying to adjust her mind to this new point of view.

She had expected to live to old age, like her long-lived ancestors—her father and grandfather and mother were well in the eighties when they let go of life, and she was only fifty-five. She had always been a well, strong woman, but in the past year there had been queer flutterings and pains in her left side which had sent her at last to the doctor. After close listenings and many questions, he sat back in his chair and looked at her gravely.

"Well?" she said quietly.

"Miss Lavinia," he answered, in his slow, kind way, "I should answer some women differently, but I know you are a brave woman. Shall I be plain with you?"

Her hands tightened on the arms of her chair, but she said instantly, "I want the truth."

"You shall have it. There is a serious trouble with your heart, which means—the end. It may

come at any time, but it will probably be delayed somewhat."

"How long?"

"Possibly several years. I should judge not more than two or three."

Miss Lavinia was silent for a moment, then she said, fervently, "Thank the Lord! That bridge is crossed."

"But I hope you will not cross the bridge for a long time. I may be mistaken."

"That wasn't what I had in mind," she said briefly, but made no further explanation, only stepping back to say, "I wish you wouldn't tell anybody; I don't want to be watched and pitied."

Now, in her quiet home, she thought over her visit and rejoiced in spirit, for it meant to her a great deliverance. She looked round upon her old-fashioned belongings. "You are old, all of you," she said to them, "but there ain't going to be any old age for me, thank the Lord!"

She thought of her father's and mother's lives; hard and mercilessly bare, stripped of all pleasant things, to make provision, poor at best, for the ever-threatening "old age." They had succeeded, to the extent of dying quietly in their own home in the knowledge that they could be buried by their own money, and that their daughter

would inherit the little gray house, unincumbered, and six hundred dollars in the savings bank. And this was the reward for over fifty years of unremitting toil. Since their death, Miss Lavinia had faithfully served in the old bondage.

There are various kinds of economy, but no one knows what the word really means, until he knows the self-respecting, soul-racking economy of our smaller New England towns, where the people are too near together for the utter going without possible to scattered farms, and not near enough together to be indifferent to each other.

Miss Lavinia was past master of this sad science. She knew the very fewest pieces of kindling wood that would start her fire, and how to nurse its small life to the greatest length. She made her own lamp-lighters, and in winter the match which lighted her morning fire was the only one used through the day. She carefully straightened bent pins and needles, and saved every end of thread. When she had butter on her bread, which was seldom, it was spread out to a mere film, and her tea leaves were steeped again and again. Her wardrobe was the hardest to manage, but she dyed and turned and cobbled and darned, and managed to look respectable, and only those who practised the same rites recognized the signs of distress.

By dint of this sort of thing and the doing of whatever her hands found to do, helped out by the income from her six hundred dollars, she had managed to live—rather to keep alive—without encroaching

upon her principal. But she had an innate sense of breadth and beauty, and her life had been a daily crucifixion, which was now ended.

She went into her tiny bedroom and took her bank book from its hiding place. What a story it told, with its pitiful entries of two and three dollars. But when she looked at the total she was almost awed. How could she ever spend it all?

The old clock slowly told off five strokes, reminding her of supper time. As she passed it she laid her hand on it and looked up to its familiar face. She felt a new affection for this old friend.

From lifelong habit she took the smallest stick in the box to replenish her fire, but after a moment she followed it with the largest. Then she emptied the teapot, though the leaves had been steeped only twice, and brewed herself a fresh cup. It had been her custom to sit without a light until her early bedtime; but as dusk came on she lighted her lamp, turned the wick up to a generous flame, built up her fire and sat down before it with a comfortable sense of plenty.

The next morning she woke as to a new life. The old grinding poverty was like a bad dream now past. She who had lived on a hundred dollars a year now had six hundred to spend in two or three years. Yes, and more, for she could raise four or five hundred on the little gray house. A thousand dollars! What wealth!

She entered into the enjoyment of her prosperity at once by hailing the passing butcher cart and buying herself a bit of meat. Later she

took the little money she had left, went to the grocery and bought coffee and butter and fruit, things she had often longed for. She stopped on the way home and left two of the largest oranges with a neighbor who was sick and poor. Oh, but this was the very luxury of wealth, to be able to give to others!

Filled with this new and exquisite joy, Miss Lavinia trod lightly homeward, dined sumptuously, and turned her attention to the needs of her wardrobe. She sat a long time with pencil and paper, anxiously adding and subtracting, but the next day she who had drawn her tiny dividends with trembling forebodings, boldly drew twenty-five dollars from her principal and went shopping.

Having the instincts of a lady, her first thought was of her hands and feet. She bought a pair of neat shoes—not too good, for they would not be needed so very long—and some soft gray gloves, the first good gloves she had ever owned. Then to the milliner's. Really, Miss Lavinia was learning her lesson very readily.

The milliner came forward, smilingly, for though she expected no enrichment, she knew and liked her customer.

"I see you have your spring bonnets in the window, and I suppose it is time I was thinking of mine," she said, easily, as if a new bonnet each season was the natural order of things. "How much is that one?" indicating a tasteful bonnet on one of the standards.

"That is six dollars. The straw is fine and the ribbon extra quality."

"Oh," said Miss Lavinia in dismay, "haven't you anything cheaper?"

"I've got a bonnet here, somewhere, that we trimmed for the doctor's wife, last spring. Then she went into mourning for her brother and didn't want it."

Rummaging among her boxes she produced a gray straw trimmed with soft silk and violets. "There, that might have been made for you," setting it on her customer's head and deftly tying the shining ribbons. "It suits you to a T," and she turned her around to a mirror.

Miss Lavinia looked and could not help seeing how perfectly the modest bonnet framed her pretty gray hair. "How much?" she asked in a very small voice.

"Well, seeing it's you, and the bonnet is a little out of style, I'll call it three dollars."

To Miss Lavinia, whose one bonnet had been worn, with few changes, for ten years, it seemed radiantly fresh, and she promptly took out her worn pocketbook. When she reached home she carefully dusted a stand by the window, set her new bonnet upon it, laid the gloves beside it, and sat down and feasted her eyes. How pretty they were, and how perfectly they suited each other! This was the first æsthetic gratification of her life, and she had a sense of being fed more than by her good dinner.

That night she lay awake a long time, pondering a fearsome step. It seemed like flying in the face of Providence, but the nibble she had had whetted her appetite. The next morning she took a trolley for

the city, some ten miles distant, and returned with a large box.

On the beautiful May Sunday following, the congregation of the Cranfield Baptist Church experienced a distinct shock, for as the people turned after the benediction there came from Miss Lavinia's humble sitting under the gallery a well dressed lady in a quiet gray suit, with irreproachable bonnet and gloves. Was it? No, it *could* not be! It certainly *was* Miss Lavinia! Church etiquette forbade surrounding her and demanding the how and when, but it did not prevent sundry nudgings and smiles and raised eyebrows. A good many people shook hands with her, and on her way home several dropped behind her to inspect her at leisure. It was really a triumph in a small way.

Over their Sunday dinner the doctor's wife told him about it. "And how she managed it beats me," she finished, "for everybody knows she has the merest pittance. Either she has come into money or she is losing her mind and using up what she has. Somebody ought to look into it."

"I knew a man once," remarked the doctor mildly, reaching for another biscuit, "who amassed a fortune by minding his own business. It's worth trying. My dear, I don't believe there's another woman in town who can make biscuits like these."

One of the keenest sorrows of Miss Lavinia's poverty had been its loneliness. The chill barrenness of the little gray house and her anxious face had not drawn her neigh-

bors, and as she could not invite others to her table, she had declined her few invitations. She had nothing to give. Even her small friendly services had their material value and were paid for in one way or another.

But now things were changed. She occasionally asked a neighbor to tea, or carried a loaf of bread to some poor, overworked mother. The bunches of sage and spearmint from her little garden, which, heretofore, she had sold, now she gave away, and she often did little neighborly kindnesses, for which she would take no pay. She subscribed for a religious weekly, and instead of the dollar a year which, out of her poverty, she had given to missions, she now gave five. People wondered, for it had become known in some mysterious way that she was using up her principal; but the one man who understood made no sign.

One day, driving his rounds, he overtook Miss Lavinia a little way out of the town and brought her in. "I don't see any one who seems to enjoy life more than you do," he said, looking at the peaceful face beside him.

"I am just finding out how good life can be."

"Do you find it so pleasant that you would wish it prolonged?"

"If it could be as it is now. But to be old and poor and dependent—oh, I would rather die to-day!"

He did not answer at once, and a terrible fear seized her. "You don't mean," she gasped,—“you don't mean that I have got to have an old age after all?"

He marked her fluttering breath and the veins throbbing in her temple, and said gently, "I see no reason, Miss Lavinia, to change the opinion I gave you a year ago. May I ask if you have enough to carry you through?"

"I have three hundred dollars left. I've spent a great deal of money this year." She looked at him as if expecting blame, but the good man's smile reassured her.

"The money has been well spent. You know what it has done for you, and I often find traces of it among my poor patients. When you need more come to me. I will lend you the value of your place and you can will it to me, and nobody need know anything about it till afterward;" and he set Miss Lavinia down at her gate with her one great anxiety smoothed away.

One July Sunday, as she sat reading her Bible, she came to the words, "There shall be no more sea." "No more sea," she repeated to herself. "I did hope that some of the things I haven't had here I should get there. But that settles it. If there ain't going to be any ocean I never shall see it. And I always wanted to." Was it chance that, in her very next week's paper, an advertisement caught her eye of board at moderate rates in a small fishing village some two hours' ride from Cranfield?

Miss Lavinia called it a providence, and immediately wrote a letter.

When it was known that she was going to the seashore, her part of the town fairly rocked. Some thought she should be forcibly de-

tained, but she quietly made her few preparations, and one day stood, for the first time, at the ocean's edge. North, east, and south, to the horizon, stretched the undulating green plain. Miss Lavinia gazed and gazed entranced. At last out of her starved experience leaped the words, "Oh, how *good* it seems to see something there is *enough of*." Later its power and beauty and majesty laid hold upon her so that when at a week's end she journeyed back to Cranfield, she took with her something which she kept to the very end, and whenever the minister read about "the wonders of the deep," she had only to close her eyes to feel the salt breeze in her face and see again the wondrous shining vision. 49/55

In her years of loneliness she had longed for a bird or a cat,—anything she could talk to,—but the tiny expense of its food could not be thought of. Now, as if to prove the words, "To him that hath shall be given," she opened her door one morning upon a half-starved yellow kitten. Miss Lavinia welcomed it as a gift from Heaven, and under her generous feeding and tender care it developed into a purring ball of happiness, the very apple of her eye. It was an ever fresh delight to her to see the little yellow head against the window when she returned from an errand, and to hear the scampering little feet about the rooms that had been so deadly still. She held long one-sided conversations with it, and Goldie's affection and cunning ways furnished her with a constant theme. Life had grown very full and rich.

So the quiet, happy days slipped away until nearly three years had gone, and Miss Lavinia found herself saying each morning, "I wonder if it will come to-day." There was no shadow of fear, only a profound thankfulness that lent a tender gravity to her face and an added kindness to her manner. The new year was approaching and she felt a deep longing to gather her friends about her—while she could. So, some who had grown near to her were bidden, and she busied herself in hospitable preparations. New Year's day was darkened early by Goldie's tragic death. A stray dog fell upon the happy creature sitting on the sunny doorstep and shook its life out under Miss Lavinia's very eyes. She tried to go to its rescue, but a terrible pain through her heart and a mortal weakness chained her to her chair.

She made a brave effort to greet her friends cheerfully, but their New Year's greetings seemed a mockery with Goldie gone, and

they, noticing her pale face, left her early.

The next morning her neighbors noticed that no smoke came from her chimney, and when repeated knockings brought no response, an entrance was forced and Miss Lavinia was found lying in her bed with still, peaceful face. She had entered, indeed, upon her Happy New Year.

All traces of the evening's gathering had been removed, and the little gray house was in perfect order. On her bureau was a paper telling where her will and bank-book and graveclothes could be found and giving a few directions for her burial.

When her will was opened it was found that the little house was left to Dr. Geer, and after dividing her few personal belongings among her friends, it provided that the Cranfield Baptist Church should have all that remained. When Miss Lavinia was buried and all her debts paid the residuary legatee received six dollars.



Wenina

By Lucy M. Sawyer

ALL day long through the burning heat the troop pushed on. The night before they had camped on the low ground, and the number of men added to the sick list the next morning had warned the captain to brave the heat of the day in search of a village, rather than risk another night in the swamps. Encouraging the men by leading the way himself through the tangled vines and underbrush, he was rewarded toward evening by suddenly coming upon a small sugar plantation. Scouts were immediately sent ahead and soon the bearer of the white flag was demanding the inhabitants of the little village to surrender.

But there had been no need of any such precaution. All the men of the place, down to the boys large enough to carry a gun, were away with the army which was to drive the hated white stranger from the islands. The few old men who were left, together with the women and children, ran and hid themselves in their miserable huts, out of which they could be enticed only after long arguments by the troops, and after being convinced that they were not to be led out and shot, but that all the men wanted was food and lodging. An hour after the detachment had entered the village every woman in Bereo was preparing food for the strangers, but not with-

out many an anxious glance at the intruders.

Night settled down, and sentinels having been posted, the troops were indulging in a well earned rest, with the exception of Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Graham. They had taken possession of the hut of the chief of the village, now guarded by his daughter, a girl of sixteen, and the old grandfather. All overtures of peace on the part of the two men toward the old patriarch had been unavailing, and not a word of response could they get from the man whose son was now a hunted wanderer, with a price on his head, and whose village had been twice entered and despoiled by the white troops. In silence he watched them eat, and after partaking of his own meal, retired to a corner of the room, and gradually sank into slumber.

Wenina, meanwhile, went about her accustomed work, and now that the white men had eaten, and there was no immediate sign that she and her grandfather were to be massacred, her fear gradually wore away, and she listened curiously to the strange language of the bearded man and his smooth faced friend. After her work was finished she sat down in the doorway of the hut, apparently watching the road, but with one eye constantly on the strangers. They were poring over an old map, and from places

they mentioned now and then she gathered that they were trying to trace the nearest route to the coast.

Suddenly the Captain turned and spoke to her in her own tongue.

"Do you know anything about the country around here?" he asked, more gruffly than he really meant to; but these Filipinos had caused him many weary days' marches.

Wenina turned her head slightly, but remained as silent as though he had spoken to her in English.

"You try her, Graham," he said, after he had waited in vain for her to speak.

Lieutenant Graham smiled, and turning to the girl said softly, "Señora, you will take cold if you sit there with the dew falling. Won't you come in and talk with us awhile?"

The girl turned her head, and slowly surveyed the Lieutenant. Then with a sudden blush she rose, and closing the door, seated herself in a low chair which he drew up to the table round which they were seated.

"Ask her about the route," the Captain said to him impatiently.

"Presently," the Lieutenant answered; and he began to talk to Wenina about herself, her life, and her family and friends. Very few were the girl's answers at first; but as her distrust wore away she yielded more and more to his gentle manner, and before she knew it found herself talking freely about her father, her native lover, and the hatred and fear in which they all held the white strangers. The Captain listened impatiently while this dialogue was being carried on, now twisting impatiently in his chair, and now walking

nervously up and down the small room.

"For pity's sake hurry and get to your point," he interrupted at last, "or we shall be here all night."

"Patience," the Lieutenant answered again; "if we frighten her we shall learn nothing."

He turned to Wenina again, and drawing the map toward them said, "Now do you suppose you could find where you live?"

The girl was indignant. Did he think she knew nothing because she was a Filipino maiden and did not understand the strange language he and his gruff companion spoke? Rising, she went to a small closet in the room, and brought out a torn, dirty map printed in the Spanish language. Proudly she pointed out the location of the village, and before she realized it she had traced out the route for them from village to village, to the coast. Her conscience smote her once or twice when she thought that she was giving information to the hated strangers flashed through her mind; but she quickly put the thought aside by the reflection that her father and lover were in an entirely different part of the island. When she had finished, the Captain rose and prepared to go. The old grandfather roused himself at the same time, and seeing the strangers about to leave, left the room. Lieutenant Graham went to the door with the Captain, but looking back saw a wistful look on the girl's face.

"I will just stay to say good night to her," he said, and the Captain went out, leaving them alone. Lieutenant Graham walked over to where the girl was standing, and taking her

hand, said gently, "Don't let anything you have said to-night trouble you. You have done nothing for which you should at all reproach yourself, and I should not like to feel that you were worrying about it. You know we should find our way to the coast even if you had not helped us."

"But my father, what would he say?" the girl faltered, her eyes filling with tears, "and Junita, he would kill me if he knew."

"They will never know," he replied, "and you have done nothing wrong. I understand your father and lover are in another part of the island, and there is not the slightest chance of our meeting them, so you need have no fear about that. Come, I must go, and I don't like to leave you looking so sad."

The girl tried to smile, but the tears would come, and seeing them the Lieutenant drew her chair up for her again, and seating himself opposite, began to talk to her, hoping to divert her mind. Instead of questioning her again about her life, he told her of the lives of the women he knew in far off America, of their happy childhood, and how when they grew to be women, but a good deal older than she was, they met some man they loved, and married him. The girl forgot her sorrow in listening to him, and her eyes grew soft and bright.

"And they marry some one they love," she said, "I think that would be nice."

"And do you not love Junita," he asked her, looking at the sweet face gazing up into his.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly, "my father likes him because he is rich and brave, and will be the chief when

he is gone. But he is hard and cruel and I only fear him."

Poor little girl, the Lieutenant thought, but I suppose it is the same with all of them. Give us fifty years on the islands, and we will change all that.

"Well, little one, I really must go," he said, "for your grandfather will put me out. I am coming over to breakfast, remember, and must see no tears."

Wenina gazed after him until he was lost in the darkness.

"They marry the man they love," she kept repeating to herself, as she closed the house for the night. All night long she tossed, and turned, waking with a start from a feverish dream, in which Lieutenant Graham's strong face had been the central object.

"And they marry the man they love." The thought had entirely driven out all her remorse at the information she had given the Captain, and it was with her as she prepared the morning meal. But the Lieutenant had said there were to be no tears; so putting a red poppy in her dark hair she met her guests with a smiling face.

That morning was the happiest in the girl's life. Under one pretext or another the Lieutenant lingered around the hut, telling her story after story of his native land, and trying to ease his conscience for the slight wrong he had done her in getting her to give him the information she had the night before. And Wenina listened, drinking in every word, and getting him to tell her of girls he knew who had married men they loved.

So the day wore on, and with the cool of the afternoon the troops started on their march again, for the Captain was anxious to reach the next village, which commanded a better position of the surrounding country.

The Lieutenant held Wenina's hand as he said good by, but he did not again refer to their conversation of the night before, thinking it the best way to help her forget it.

Climbing the hill back of her house, Wenina gazed after the retreating troops until the last white hat had disappeared in the dark woods; then she threw herself on the ground and gave way to the flood of tears she could no longer keep back. "And *they* marry the man *they* love." And *she* had to marry Junita. Never! she would die first. She would run away to America, and live like one of the white girls he had told her about. What had any of them done that they should be better favored than she? A thousand improbable ideas chased one another through her mind, made all the more bitter by the knowledge underlying them all that she would marry Junita, and live and die his household slave. When night fell and she was obliged to return to her home her sobs and cries had ceased, but an intense hatred of Junita filled her heart. She did not know that she hated him the more now because she loved another; she was too ignorant to realize her feelings, but a loathing and fear of the man, greater than she had felt before, had taken possession of her.

As she neared the village she noticed an unusual stir going on, and her heart beat fast as she thought for

an instant that perhaps the troops had lost their way, and had returned for the night. But entering her hut she started back with an exclamation of fear as Junita rose to greet her.

"Why are you so late?" her grandfather asked peevishly. "Junita has been waiting long for his supper, and, besides, you should not stay out so late with the foreigners around."

"I lost my way," she faltered; "but my father, where is he?"

"Your father will never return," replied Junita, more gently than he was wont to speak. "Beyond the hills we buried him, worn out with hunger and the marches. But I will care for you now, Wenina; it was his last wish. When I return from our next march I will marry you and take you home with me."

Wenina stood still, the tears once more rolling down her cheeks.

"Come, come, child, you mustn't cry so," the grandfather broke in. "My son has given his life for his country, and you must not grieve for him. Besides, it is late, and I am hungry," he went on peevishly.

Poor old man! His only son was dead, but a merciful Providence had ordained that he could only partly grasp the fact, and his body cried for its accustomed food.

Wenina dried her tears and prepared the evening meal. It was not that her father had been so much to her, but, excepting her grandfather, he was all she had, and now she must marry Junita at once. In a dazed sort of way she listened to him talking to her grandfather and telling him stories of the fights and retreats. His unusual kindness toward herself was lost on the girl, and after the

meal was cleared away she drew her low chair to the door, and burying her face in her hands, gave herself up to the whirl of thoughts that went round and round in her brain. Junita's hand on her shoulder roused her.

"Come, Wenina," he said, "your grandfather has gone to bed, and now we must talk over our plans for the future. You know when I return next time I want to find a smiling bride waiting for me."

"Where are you going?" she asked, feeling she must say something.

"After the troops who left to-day, of course. We will give them time to leave Rinika and fall on them in the swamps between there and the hills. If we can only come upon them unawares we can kill every one. Those who escape will get lost in the hills; we will track them down, and your father will be avenged."

Wenina dared not trust herself to reply. One word from her would betray the interest she felt in this particular company; so, without answering him, she began to talk to him about her father and their future home together.

But Junita was full of the victory he had planned, and ever and again he brought the subject back to the coming fight. It was generally thought that the white troops would stay that night at the next village, and, eager to get beyond the hills before another night fell, would start early in the morning for the day's march. But the natives, who knew the difficulties to be encountered in that day's march, knew that night would probably find the enemy still fighting their way through the damp,

dark swamp. And then they would surround them and strike.

Wenina listened as in a dream, striving not to betray her agitation, and thankful when the last good night had been said and she was alone once more. What should she do? Her brain was in a whirl, and she opened the little window and leaned out to get the cool night air. Should she betray the plans of her own people and draw down upon her her father's curse. But her father was dead now, and if, as she had been taught, he was in another world, where he knew all, would he not see that his race was fighting a hopeless battle, and the sooner it was ended the better? And Junita! He would kill her, of course, but that would be better than having to marry him. At this thought she grew suddenly cold, and closed the window. "And they marry the man they love." Did some girl love the Lieutenant? At any rate, he must be saved. But how? His company was in Rinika to-night, and to-morrow the men would be in the swamps, footsore and weary, losing their way, and having to camp for the night where the enemy could surround them. Her people were to leave early the next morning, and by a forced march could catch up with the white troops at dark. If she was to reach them in time she must start at once. How she should find them in the swamp she must leave to fate. Having decided on her course, her next step was to get a horse. There was no help for it; she must take Junita's. At all events her flight would be discovered the next morning; but whether her grandfather would guess the truth or not, she did

not know. If he did, it was only an added reason why she should start at once, for she would be obliged to make a long detour of Rinika in order that they might not trace her.

Rising, she stole softly to the living room, filled a small basket with food and a pouch with water, and stole out of the house. The horse was fastened in the bushes near by, and very carefully she loosened the halter and led him farther into the woods. Her heart failed her as the branches cracked beneath his feet, but her grandfather could not hear, and Junita was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The outskirt of the village was gained in safety, and, mounting, she took the road for Rinika. Hour after hour she rode, and when the sun sent its first rays piercing through the trees, she took a detour to the left which would take her around about two miles from the village. After another three hours' ride she neared the road on the other side of the village. Here she paused. She had a five hours' start of the men, but her horse had been able to go scarcely faster than they could walk, and it had taken at least two hours to make the detour of the village.

That would give her three hours' start. But she must be at least an hour ahead of the troops, allowing that all were equally fortunate in finding the trail. Two hours she could rest, *must* rest, if she were to be able to stand the terrible journey of that day. Watering the horse, she tied him in the bushes, and, after eating a hasty meal, threw herself on the ground and slept. When she awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and she realized that it must

be nearly noon. Taking another hasty meal, she led the horse nearer the outskirts of the village, and, tying him again, hoped that some villager might find him later. The rest of her journey she must make on foot. She had lost so much time that she was obliged to strike into the main road and take her chances of meeting some one who knew her. The only person she met was an old woman, a native of Rinika, who stopped her with a pleasant greeting.

"Good day, Señora. You are a stranger here. Are you not afraid to go away from home with the white men around?"

"Are the white strangers near?" inquired Wenina, hoping to get some information without betraying herself.

"Not now," replied the woman; "they left our village very early this morning. But where were you last night, that you did not know they were in our village?"

"I was lost in the woods coming from Bero. I have an aunt and a cousin coming from beyond the hills to see me, and I was to meet them at Rinika, but I lost my way and was going along this road to see if they were coming."

"Pray heaven they have not started," the woman replied fervently, "or if they have, that they will escape the strangers. And you, Señora, had better return to the village and wait for them. You can do no good by entering the swamps."

"Thank you," Wenina replied, "I will go only a little farther, and if I do not meet them coming I will return to the village and find you."

She hurried on before her ques-

tioner could reply. Her excuse had been a poor one, she knew, but she had given the only answer she could think of quickly, and it really mattered little now what report the woman spread in Rinika as long as she had gotten rid of her. One thing she had learned that comforted her. The white company had departed some hours before, and her people had evidently not yet reached the village.

With a lighter heart she hurried on, and soon entered the low ground. The afternoon wore on and she met not a living soul, nor heard a sound of any troops; but her people might be hunting in a different part of the swamp. Now that she was beginning to be tired and footsore her spirits sank, and she saw what an almost hopeless task she had undertaken. If the white men found their way through the swamp in safety, what was left for her to do but to return to the village? And how could she explain her absence and the theft of the horse? Life seemed sweeter to her now than it did the night before, and after all she had been a chief's daughter and would be a chief's wife. Tired and faint, she seated herself on the ground and ate the remainder of the food she had brought. Somewhat refreshed, she started on again, and soon reached the end of the swamp. The hills were before her—but which road should she take? After a moment's hesitation she decided to climb the hill nearest to her; as it was higher than any of the others she could command a better view of the country and might be repaid for the time it would take. Up and up she went, crawling on her hands and knees as she neared the

top of the hill, that she might not be seen. Lying flat she looked ahead. The hill beyond was lower than the one from which she looked, and on the level ground still farther beyond the white troops were pitching their tents. Then she was in time. She paused for an instant to look back before she descended the other side of the hill, and her heart stood still. Creeping, crawling, along in the swamps she had left such a short time before was a ragged, unkempt band of about two hundred men. She recognized, or *thought* she recognized, Junita. For a moment she was filled with terror, but in an instant she had recovered herself, and, fear lending speed to her feet, she ran as fast as possible down the hillside. Panting, stumbling, falling, she reached the bottom of the hill, ran as fast as she could across the valley, and began to climb the last hill. If she only could gain the top before her people reached the summit of the one she had left she would be in time to warn the troops. Twice she turned to look back, but they were not yet in sight. The summit was almost reached when a fierce shout from behind almost froze her blood, and turning, she saw they had gained the top of the hill, and had discovered and recognized her. It was a question of minutes now, and, unheeding the cries of the infuriated men as they rushed down the hill, she pushed on. The top was reached, and, snatching the red kerchief from round her throat, she shouted with all her might, and waved her impromptu flag. At first her cries did not reach the men below, but she dared not start down the hillside for fear the trees would hide her from them.

Time after time she cried, and, after what seemed an age, she was rewarded by seeing one of the soldiers look up. Frantically she waved her flag and pointed backwards. The man gave the alarm, and in an instant the troops came rushing out of the tents. She could just recognize the Captain and a man whom she thought was the Lieutenant, and with a cry of joy she dropped her flag and started to run for her life. But she had lost valuable time while stopping to signal to the men, and, looking around once more at her pursuers, she saw that, ahead of the rest, Junita was gaining on her fast. Down the hill she fled, not daring to look behind her again. The white troop had evidently understood the situation by this time and were drawn up in battle line, ready to fire at the first head that appeared above the brow of the hill.

Down Wenina fled. Another five minutes and she would be within the

lines, but the Lieutenant, who was anxiously watching her, saw her stop suddenly, throw up her arms, and fall forward. Almost instantaneously with the click of the revolver that sent the fatal bullet, the musket shots rang out sharp and clear, and another solitary figure on the brow of the hill fell backwards.

At the word of command from the Captain the men charged up the hill, to be met at the top by the Filipinos. For ten minutes the combat raged around the body of their dead leader, but at the end of that time the rebels were glad to flee in wild disorder down the hillside. Halfway down the hill the Captain paused, and tenderly lifted up the dead body of Wenina. Lieutenant Graham joined him, and looked long at the face of the girl.

"I wonder why she did it," he said, turning to the Captain, and placing his handkerchief over the unseeing eyes.

The captain looked at him curiously.

An Experiment in Forestry

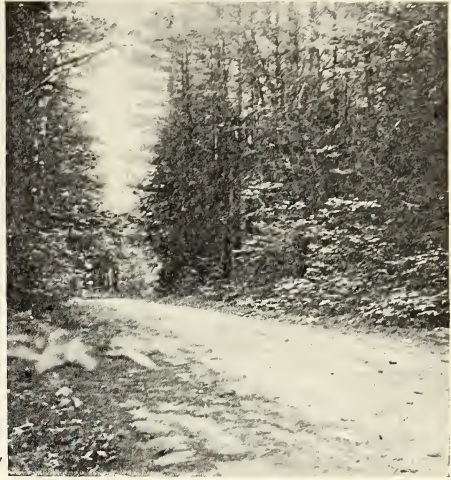
By Max Bennett Thrasher

WE all know what Mahomet did when the mountain would not come to him. For two hundred and fifty years after the settlement of New England the forests on the mountains came to the mills, to be sawed into lumber; but now, in this age of concentrated haste, the mills

have gone to the mountains. The currents of the rivers down which the logs once floated run as swiftly as ever, but men's desires run swifter than they once did. The yoked oxen and harnessed horses move with their accustomed speed over the country roads, but the calculations of the men of to-day move

faster than did those of their fathers. In these latter years the lumbermen came to see that if logs could be sawed into boards on the ground where the trees grew, the energy consumed in drawing sawdust, bark and other waste materials over miles of ground would be saved. The portable sawmill was the result. A small but powerful steam engine, so compact that, boiler and all, it could be drawn by four or six horses along the country roads and into the edge of almost any forest, was designed. Once on the ground it is an easy thing to set up this engine and connect with it the stout circular saw for which it furnishes the power. Then presto! the hillside covering is converted into clean yellow planks, which remain close by the mill, neatly stacked, until, seasoned to half their original weight, they are drawn away to market. When the portable mill sees fallen around it all the forces which stood within its easy range, it moves on to a new location and begins another attack.

We read a great deal nowadays about the destruction of the forests. We see the hills and mountains lose half their beauty, and when we drive along once-time favorite roads we find, too often, that a large measure of their attractiveness has disappeared. Exponents of the art of forestry tell us what we ought to do, in order to repair the losses of the hillsides, and how to do it; but too often we read or listen, and look, and then do nothing more. A tree which is small enough to be transplanted with much hope of its living looks so small in comparison with



"WHERE ONCE WAS GRATEFUL SHADE"

the giants that have been cut down, that it seems almost ridiculous to spend one's time upon it. Then, too, it is only human for us to put off for the things of to-day those things which will chiefly benefit the men and women of another generation. "No doubt it would be a good thing," we say, "this setting out of forests, but it seems almost visionary."

I have been interested, then, to find, back in a New Hampshire



"IS NOW THE BLAZING SUN"

country town, a practical illustration of successful forestry, the result of an experiment begun so long ago that it may well serve as an encouragement as well as an example. Moreover this was not the mere fanciful experiment of some wealthy summer resident, but the work of a farmer in spare hours of time which could be taken without interfering with other work. What this man did, any New England farmer can do, to transform acres of land, which, as one of his neighbors told me, were, before he began work upon them, "jest good for nothin' under the sun only to help hold the world together."

Twenty-six years ago Mr. Elliot Wyman of Westmoreland, N. H., set out five acres of pasture land to pine seedlings. Now the ground is covered with a beautiful grove of pine trees, the largest of which are from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. Not only is the grove an ornament to the landscape, from every point from which it can be seen, but it has a very definite material value. In ten years' time it will be large enough to be cut for lumber. If the owner cared to sell it now, he could get a good price for it, for it is an established principle in that part of New England that, at present prices of lumber—and they are not likely to grow less—pine land on which the trees have reached an age of fifteen years increases in value thereafter ten per cent a year until the timber is matured.

It is almost useless to argue against the cutting of the timber on the hillsides. But is it too much to

ask that when the trees have been cut, steps be taken to replace them with a new crop, just as is done with other crops on any other ground? When a farmer's field of oats is ripe you cannot expect him not to cut it, because of the beauty which its golden undulations add to his farm. When his wood lot has reached an age where the timber will begin to deteriorate in value if it is not cut, the farmer can hardly be expected to spare it for æsthetic reasons. He should be taught, though, that for the sake of insuring the country's water supply, if for no other reason, the denuded hillside should be covered with trees again. If he can be shown that there are obvious financial reasons for doing this he will go to work the more willingly to bring it about. It may be said, with reason, that if the ground from which the trees have been cut be left alone, Nature will reclothe it. To a large extent this is true, but the process can be greatly stimulated by a little help in the way of clearing away brush from promising saplings, thinning out seedlings where they have come up too near together, and transplanting superfluous trees into bare openings. Even more profitable work than this can be done, though, in setting out new forests in bare pasture lands. In the many years during which little thought has been given to replacing the forests, the pasture lands of New England have increased to an area which can well be diminished by turning some part of them back into woodland again.

The story of Mr. Wyman's experiment in his own words is interesting:



THE EDGE OF THE GROVE

"I set out these trees twenty-six years ago. There are between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred of them. I never measured the land they are on, but I've always reckoned there was nigh on to five acres of it. I had ploughed the land one or two years before I set them out. I think I had potatoes on it one year, and the year before I set out the trees I had oats on it.

"I got the trees on a piece of pine land near by, which one of the neighbors had just cut over. They were seedlings, mostly from a foot to two feet tall. I just pulled them up and set them out. I did the work one May, when I could spare the time from my spring's work. It took me about a week, if I remember rightly. Yes, I had to water them some. I used to do that evenings. About one tree in ten died, and had to be set over. That is why some of the trees are smaller than others. The ground was not cultivated at all after the trees were set out, but for several years after that I used to

mow the ground between the trees every year in haying time. I had tried to raise oaks on the same piece of ground, first, and planted a part of it one fall to red oak acorns, but the squirrels dug the nuts up, so I gave that idea up. All things considered I have made up my mind that pines are the best kind of trees to try to raise."

The grove is planted on a very



"I SET OUT THESE TREES TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO"

steep hillside. The soil is so sandy that pasture land here, as steep as this is, would be of little value. Mr. Wyman said it possibly might have been worth ten dollars an acre when he began on it. Most of his neighbors though, with whom I talked, thought five dollars an acre a fair valuation for such land. The trees are set out with the regularity of the hills in a cornfield, and are about twelve feet apart. Standing at one side of the grove you can look far down the long aisles which the brown trunks form. Of course, the setting out of the trees with this regularity is not necessary if it is being done merely as a measure of utility. This grove is directly beside the track of the Cheshire division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, formerly the Fitchburg, between the stations of East Westmoreland and Westmoreland Depot. It lies below the track, and no doubt the beauty of the trees and their regular arrangement have attracted the attention of passengers who may read this article. Mr. Wyman's home, for more than a quarter of a century, has been the little red farmhouse near the grove.

What this man has done, almost any farmer or his sons might do. Suppose a boy be given one, two, three or five acres of land to set out to trees each year. The work is so light that a boy ten years old could do it. If he followed out the process faithfully each year, when he became of age he would be the owner of a property which would be the equivalent of a handsome savings bank account, and there would be at least a possibility that he would

have developed an interest in the farm which would keep him living on it.

If we acknowledge the reasonableness of the farmer's plea that he be allowed to cut down the forest in general, let us call attention all the more emphatically to one place where he cuts the trees not only needlessly but with a lack of foresight which is financial folly. This he does when he cuts the trees by the roadsides.

The value of the lumber sawed from the trees which stand near enough to the roads to shade them is infinitesimal when compared with the damage, the actual money damage, which is being done in the New England States by the cutting of these trees. A recent official computation estimated the money brought into the state of New Hampshire every year by the summer visitors at an amount so large as to elicit expressions of surprise from every one. What is true of New Hampshire is true of almost all of New England. The people who come to these states, and leave their money behind them, come very generally because they are attracted by the beauty of the country. That there is no one element more potent to attract such summer visitors than the lovely shaded roads one has only to watch these visitors in their drives, or question the stable keepers and bicycle agents to learn. The farmer's foolish wife that killed the goose that laid a golden egg has served for centuries as an example of shortsightedness. Are we too dense to profit by her example?

A Bundle of Old Almanacs

By Elizabeth Cumings

TIME has made them of a deep yellow color, and much thumbing has left them tattered, and in places torn.

In the older numbers every noun begins with a capital letter, and does not assume its modern shape save at the end of words till well into the 19th century. The earliest in date is, "The Almanack for the year of our Lord Christ, 1761. Being the First Year after Leap Year, and of the reign of King George II, ye 34th." In the center of the title-page is a wood-cut of an Indian, standing, and holding in his outstretched right hand an arrow apparently as big round as a base ball club. In his left hand is a taut bow, while an ostrich feather waves gracefully over his left ear. The table of contents is printed upon each side of the wood cut, and announces, "wherein is contained the Lunations, Eclipses, Time of High-Water, Courts Observable, Judgments of the Weather, &c."

Every available fraction of an inch in the pages is crowded with matter. Three lists of days are given: First is the old style, which makes our modern first of January come on the thirteenth of January; the second list is like the one we are familiar with; and the third is after the Quaker form, each Sunday being marked D, and the days following, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. In the next space are crowded aspects of the planets,

church festivals, times of high tides, great historical events, dates of Quaker meetings for the year, times of sittings of various New England courts, elections (these are always in large and peculiar print), judgments of the weather, and remarks probably supposed by the author to be appropriate to the season.

The judgments of the weather are always discreet, allowing the prophet many loopholes of escape. From the first of January, to the sixth, is trailed this, "perhaps cold, but as the planets are silent about the weather, I do but guess." For the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth, he prophesies, "Serene and wholesome air." From the ninth of July to the fourteenth is this bit, "Improve your season while you may, to gather in your grain and hay, for soon there'll be a rainy day." The year concludes with, "Snow every other day, if I mistake not."

Here are some of the "appropriate remarks": In February,—"*Fleecy Snow now clothes the Wood, and Cakes of Ice rowl down the Flood;*" in December,—"*The Farmer to full Bowels invites his Friends, and what he got with Pain, with Pleasure spends.*"

Bushes seem to have been troublesome, for in every month save mid-winter, the farmer is exhorted to cut them, some days being set apart as particularly lucky. Each page is

headed by an extract from Pope or Dryden, and the book concludes with interest tables calculated for Connecticut bills of various emissions, and a description of the several post roads leading from Boston.

In the Almanac of 1762 the pages have brief poetical tail-pieces. December has this,

"Death levels all, the wicked and the just.
Man's but a flower, his end is dust."

In this year political events are weighing upon the almanac maker's mind. The tenth of March he says,—
"Let the Cæsars of this Ides of March
beware, for disputes now begun, to
great Heights and Lengths may run."
In October is this,—
"Let the Poor be content with their present Lot, for
when they come to make Bricks without
Straw, their Case will be worse yet!"
For the General Election held May 4, at Newport, Rhode Island, he predicts, "Much Altercation, and some bloody Noses." The remarks tucked in with the great variety of miscellaneous information, are significant.

"All men are by Nature Equal,
But differ greatly in the Sequel."

"The Public Good men oft pretend,
While private Interest is their End."

A table setting forth the values of the various sorts of coins then current in the Colonies, show how vexed the people were in their medium of exchange. The list reads as follows,—
guineas, pistoles, moidores, single johannes, double loons, English shillings, crowns and milled dollars." On the last page of this almanac is "A Page for the Ladies," in which in stately phrase is sung the praise of tea.

"I dedicate the following Lines to the Fair

Sex," he says, "and as the Idea of Love and the Ladies are conected, I may be allowed to make use of the Word Love. I promise them that the Subject which I treat of, shall be the Object of their Love, that Shrub or Bush manufactured in the East Indies, the Decoction of whose Leaf makes that Liquor which so delights, and sometimes almost intoxicates, called TEA."

Later he says, "Tea is the Friend of the Muses, for it brightens the Intellects, and clears the Understanding."

In 1766 the capital letter disappears from all places save those in which it is at present in use. The almanac for this year begins with a long letter addressed by its author, Nathaniel Ames, to "The Generous Reader," in which he says in conclusion,

"I shall always endeavor to publish what appears to me most useful to the bulk of my readers, let individuals make what application of it they please, and next consider their innocent diversion, yet I hope I shall never be so bigoted in my own opinion, as not to lay open to the conviction of any error when it is offered in a candid manner, drawn from cool reason void of passion and prejudice. Here I should conclude did I not share in the general distress of my countrymen, and think it out of character not to condole with them in their present distressed circumstances who not only groan, but almost sink beneath a load of debt, our merchants continually breaking, no money to be had even for the most valuable articles, and all threatened with ruin without lenity or assistance of our superiors, yet so far from this, we are shocked by a new demand which it is thought by many, all the current specie among us will not be able to satisfy! and after that is gone, then go houses and lands, then liberties! And all the lands that we can get will be in vassalage to some haughty Lord, which Heaven avert!"

Perhaps fearing he has said too much, he adds,

"we have the happiness to be under as good

a king as ever reigned, and a very wise government, which knows we possess a true British spirit, and when they come to know our true circumstances they will certainly redress our evils, for, as we are a member of the whole body of the state, our interests are mutual, and we cannot think of independency."

But his discontent and distrust break forth in the next sentence, for he continues,

"But above all let us rely on the goodness of that Power which protected our forefathers, who sought shelter in this howling wilderness among savage beasts, from more savage men, that they might quietly worship Him, who has hitherto, and as long as we do our duty, will continue, to defend us from foreign and domestic enemies, and stamp with eternal infamy and disgrace those who would oppress and tyrannize over us."

Such sentences as the following, are scattered among the weather prophecies, dates of high tides, court notices, etc., regardless of continuity,

"The sole end of the government is the happiness of the people."

"How high shall we esteem the man who wears the manufactures of his own country in opposition to the ill taste of the age!"

"If each blade would mind his trade,
Each lass and lad in home-spun clad,
Then we might cramp the growth of
STAMP."

"When we hear the chains of slavery rattle, it is time to think of avoiding them. Liberty is more precious than all gifts."

The numbers for 1767, 70, 73, and 74 are barren of direct political allusions—but here are some of the "Interesting Remarks" promised on the title-pages,

"A bean with freedom is better than a sugar plum in prison."

"To defend the Christian religion is one thing, but to knock a man on the head for being of a different religion is another."

"A child and a fool imagine that twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent."

Here are some of the "weather judgments,"—September, 1767, "will be warm and pleasant, if not too windy and drizzling." December's first five days is to have "dubious weather," and in January, 1770, it is predicted, "that slyboots Jack Frost will skulk in your cellars, and it will be so cold all business will cease," but adds the prophet, "the tongue of Slander is always limber."

"Six Copper Single" was the price of these old treasures. In 1775, John Anderson addressed the public on the second page of his almanac. After some general remarks, and bragging of his success as an almanac-maker, he continues,

"I had intended to make several alterations for the better in my Almanack, but the Distresses of my Country, occasioned by the arbitrary and oppressive Proceedings of the British Parlemtent, or Assembly, having taken too much of my Attention to engage in such Alteration, I must omit it till some more convenient Season, and present my Readers with the following Production, which I trust will not prove inferior to the Labours of any of my Brother Astronomers in the Almanack Way. In troublesome Times I know it is expected by some, that an Almanack maker should foretell or predict how Affairs will turn out, etc. Now, tho' I don't think myself behind the choicest Astronomers or Astrologers, I pretend not to the Gift of Prophecy! Yet if the Inhabitants of these Colonies would follow my advice, I could put them in the Way to remain the freest and happiest People under Heaven. My Advice is first, Live sober, temperate Lives, be not extravagant in Dress; wear the Manufactures of your own Country, and stop all Trade with Great Britain till the Parlemtent shall recognize your Right to carry on Trade on an equal Footing with the

People of England, till they withdraw all their useless Creatures and Toads from this Country, and till they leave the sole Government of yourselves to yourselves;—I say, ay till they do this take a firm Resolution to have no further Connexion with them, and I'll warrant you within twelve Months you will have every Privelege you desire restored to you, and be courted in the most endearing Terms. That this may be the case, and that America may rise to the Summit of Freedom and Happiness, and prove the Guardian of Liberty to all the rest of the World, is the sincere and most ardent wish of the Public's devoted humble Servant,—

THE AUTHORS."

It will be noted that the old use of the capital letter is restored in this book.

On the last page of this almanac is a list of the exports of Great Britain to all parts of the world, exclusive of Bullion for the year 1774. To America she sent exports to the value of about £3,600,000. To all other parts of the world, about £2,000,000. "By which it appears that America takes off more of the British manufactures, etc., than all other parts of the World put together."

The following is then quoted from an English writer upon the British trade.

"As to our foreign traffic, the woollen Manufacture is still the great foundation and support of it. To Holland, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and the East and West Indies, Spain, Portugal and Ireland we export vast quantities, for which we receive the Produce of several countries in return, and from some places a balance in Treasure; but the most profitable Traffic we have, is from our own Plantations in America, which we furnish with most of their Clothing and Furniture, receiving either Treasure, or Merchandize from thence, which produces Treasure. And those Colonies, if duly encouraged

would in a short Time, be able to take off all the Manufactures we could spare."

From 1775 to 1784, the series is broken. Perhaps as the house-master and his sons were in the patriot army, almanacs were dispensed with as luxuries. Curiously enough, from 1784 to 1789, all the notable events of the Revolution are down in capitals, and then for several years they are omitted, even Independence Day, which elsewhere is down in extra capitals, is not noticed.

In the North American Calendar for 1786, "Being the tenth Year of American INDEPENDENCE, Copernicus Partridge, the Author thus addresses his readers—using the old method for the capital letter :

"I am a plain, honest, philosophical, benevolent man, of the Name, and Family of Partridge celebrated in Europe, in the last Century, and the beginning of this, for Almanacks with the best Calculations, most virtuous Sentiments, and pithy Sentences of brilliant Wit.—Indeed Partridge's Almanack there carried the Plume from all others, as Ame's did formerly in New England.—The famed Astrologer of our Name, John Partridge, who quitted this mortal Scene of Things in 1715 for those starry Regions with which he was so conversant, hath his Name enrolled in the List of eminent Men in the Tablet of Memory.—I mention this not out of Vanity, but merely to shew that our Family have been of some Consequence in the Almanack Way, and may claim some Attention as well as the Bickerstaffs. There are Almanack-Makers of all Characters—Astronomers, Philosophers, Divines, Lawyers, Physicians, and even Quacks and Empirics, when aided by Plagiarism have published Almanacks, sometimes in their real Names, sometimes in borrowed ones. Poor Richard's Almanack so famous in the Southern States, is said to have been the Production of that great American Philosopher, who taught,—

'To climb the amazing height of Heaven,
And rob the Sky of its tremendous Thunder.'

And who by his single Name hath dignified
our Country. As for myself I wish the
Public not to be curious to know whence I
am, or where I live otherwise than as I my-
self inform them. Should I this year meet
with such encouragement as to again ap-
pear in Print, I shall give some Account of
my Nativity, of my philosophic Retirement,
my academic Grove, and how I came to bear
the Name of that great Prussian Philoso-
pher, Copernicus. In the meantime my
Calculations and Predictions are to prove
whether I understand my Business, and
whether my Labours merit the Public Ap-
probation.

Copernicus Partridge
From My academic Grove.
September 1, 1785."

Mr. Partridge was of a poetic tem-
per, and carried his taste for the art
even into that dubious business, fore-
telling the weather. In March he
says,—

"Loud winds do blow,
And various sorts of weather congregate
about now."

In November is this, "The cold
North winds now bind the Rivers with
icy Chains."

In the United States Almanack for
1789 poetry again appears at the head
of the pages. This stanza is for Feb-
ruary,—

"Now tyrant Winter with his horrors keen,
Invades the habitations of the poor,
And howling winds pass roughly o'er the
main,
And hail and wind and snow bar too the
door.
Thro' life's crooked journey many storms
there are,
And many boist'rous days appear."

Brief anecdotes with excellent mor-
als occupy the pages opposite the
months, and at the close of the book

is a note upon the amount of money
sent out of the country for sugar,
"when," says the writer, "we might
make all we need from the maple tree.
Sugar is of one species only like water,
and the maple affords an excellent
sugar, a pleasant 'Melassez,' an agree-
able beer, a strong sound wine, and
capital vinegar." Then follow rules
for making these articles. To the
maple beer is added essence of spruce,
and to the wine, yeast, and a little
"magnolio" root. In a foot-note it is
said that maple sugar sold at that time
readily for 9d the pound.

"Father Hutchins Revived Alma-
nac for 1794," drops the final k; but it
reappears again and again, for our pro-
genitors had time to spell words at
length. In addition to the usual con-
tents, the title-page says this book con-
tains, "Entertaining Remarks." It
was published in New York City at
No. 37 Hanover Square "opposite The
Bank."

In the almanac for 1795 are some
rules for a "Long Life." Rule eighth
reads as follows,— "At meals eat al-
ternately moist things after dry, fat
after lean, sweet after sour, and cold
after hot, to the end that one may be
corrective of the other."

Rule ninth,— "Having drank more
than once, eat dry bread or biscuit."

Rule twelfth,— "After coming out of
bed, you should never go back to look
out of the window." The new French
calendar is given opposite each month,
"in order to render Greenleaf's alma-
nack more exceedingly useful," says
the compiler, "and to disseminate the
knowledge of the new style of the Re-
public of France, a knowledge which
will be pleasing even to those who do
not expect to reap advantages from it."

As the Almanac for 1796 contains the full text of "The Treaty of Amity and Commerce between his Britanic Majesty and the United States," it is probable the general public took great interest in the document. In this treaty "His Majesty agrees to withdraw all his troops and garrisons from all posts and places within the boundary lines assigned by treaty of peace to the United States. "Evidently it took His Majesty long to understand that the war for Independence was over, and its results must be accepted. At the foot of the page devoted to the month of February in 1797 is this note,

"The 22d of this month is observed as the Birth of His Excellency, GEORGE WASHINGTON, late President of the United States."

At the back of this almanac tables of weights and measures are given, and a table of United States coins in which twelve and one half cents are put down as one eighth of a dollar, and six and one quarter cents as one sixteenth of a dollar, and probably they were represented in the circulation by the silver shilling and sixpence.

Webster's calendar for 1798 advertises it contains, "a great variety of new, useful, and entertaining pieces," and was sold at Albany where it was published in "the white house, corner of State and Pearl Sts." It was also sold "by all the post-riders in the vicinity." La Rochefoucauld's maxims are given upon the margins of this book, and at the close of it are given selections from Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws." The poetry heading the pages of the almanac for 1800 bears internal evidence of being the work of an apprentice in the art.

This is for March,—

"Now fierce Boreas rocks the cottage,
And heavy showers in sleet descend,
And pains rheumatic now invade us,
While merrily runs the village mill."

This is for September,—

"Loud Boreas sweeps the billious main
From Nova Zembla's icy shores,
With low'ring sky and beating rain
The equinoxials loudly roars."

In the year 1800 it is probable "equinoxials" was called "a collective noun conveying an idea of unity." The last of October and the middle of December of this year were to have "homely weather," according to the weather prophet, and as both these periods were to be preceded by high winds, the reader can guess for himself what sort of weather was foretold.

The almanac for 1803 had a new departure in the shape of wood cuts at the head of its pages,—and such wood cuts! Taurus has the broadest kind of a grin upon his bovine countenance, and Leo irresistibly suggests the photographs of the sun-flower poet, so beautifully does his flowing mane part "on the middle of his forehead."

The weather "forecastings" are more amusing even than usual. This is for April, from the first to the seventeenth, inclusive,—*"The planets now do not declare, whether it will be foul or fair; but if I may indulge a guess it will be either more or less,—pleasant for two days,—about this time."* At the close of the year, he says,

"I shall now conclude the good wishes of several months with wishing you a happy new Year, good fires without smoky rooms, sleigh-rides without turning over, a heavy purse with a liberal hand, a full table with a generous heart, and social enjoyment without party spirit, to honest bankrupts, open doors with the speedy means of pay-

ing their debts, and to rogues of every description, ragged coats with empty pockets."

Here is one of the "interesting observations" inserted in the page devoted to April,—“Whatever may be a man's political principles, he will always pretend that the public good is his aim.”

In a torn fragment sewn to the almanac for 1803, doubtless from an almanac for 1811 or 12 is this:—

“Paris, Oneida Co. June 22, 1810.

Female Dexterity.—Miss Tryphosa Butler did on the 20th inst., between half-past four A. M. and forty minutes past 7 P. M. spin and reel on the common wheel and a reel of two yards and two inches circumference 11 skeins of woolen yarn, having 10 knots of 40 threads each, in each skein, the whole weighing but two pounds, and of a superior quality; which may be seen at the house of the subscriber for whom it was spun, and who was witness to this extraordinary performance. Ladies out-do this if you can!

Thaddeus S. M'Connell.”

The above challenge induced two young ladies, Lois and Mariamne, daughters of Jonathan Nye of North Braintree, Massachusetts, to try their skill at the spindle;

“and in 15 hours they had spun on common wheels, and reeled, 33 skeins of excellent woolen yarn of 7 knots of 40 threads each, which far out-does Miss Butler. Nor was the spirit of emulation stayed here. A Miss Sophia Fuller living near Geneva, on the 2d of Aug, spun 130 knots, or 6 and one half runs of fine woolen yarn between the hours of 5 A. M. and 7 P. M. These laudable efforts of female industry excited emulation in the other sex, for Erastus Wheeler 17 years of age of Clinton (N. Y.) wove in 13 hours 50 and one half yards of shirting muslin, 1 yard wide, of No. 11, yarn spun at the Whitesboro cotton factory.”

Let him sigh for the “good old times”

who will, most of us in the face of these figures will rejoice that machinery has lifted the question of “wherewithall we shall be clothed” from the household.

Rates of postage in the year 1814 were as follows:—

Single letters composed of one piece of paper, any distance not exceeding forty miles, eight cents; over forty, and not exceeding ninety, ten cents; five hundred miles and upwards, twenty-five cents. Newspapers were carried one hundred miles and upwards for one cent, if within the state. Without the state, it was one cent and a half. Magazines were carried any distance not exceeding fifty miles for one cent a sheet. For any distance more than one hundred miles, two cents per sheet were collected.

Temperance, anti-slavery sentiments, and pity for dumb beasts have possession of the almanac for 1814. No “pithy sentences of brilliant wit” twinkle among its calculations of the places of the planets, no weather-forecastings delight the reader; notable events, even Independence Day are left out. The Almanac maker was without doubt a reformer of a pronounced type. The following divided into paragraphs forms the headpieces for the first eight months of the year:—

“Eulogium on Rum.

At a time like the present, when the immoderate use of rum, (alias Ardent Spirits), is making such mighty destruction in our country; laying prostrate thousands of our fellow citizens, slaying more by far than the British aided by the Indians; perhaps it may not be unseasonable to insert in our little yearly visitor, the following extract from the American Museum of 1790, written at Burlington 1789.

'Dr. Rush gives it as his opinion that not less than 4,000 people die annually in the United States from the use of ardent spirits. In a note of a sermon by Ebenezer Porter we find at a moderate computation the spirits consumed in the United States every year, would load 100,000 wagons, which in compact order would extend more than 1,000 miles, and the annual expense of this strong drink to the people, if it were paid in silver, would exceed 400 tons of dollars! Where will these things end! If the inhabitants of this land must pay for a flood of ardent spirits every year, and, if what is worse, they must drink it, what are our prospects?"

"Arise! ye pimpled, tipling race arise!
From every town and village hamlet come!
Show your red noses, and o'er-flowing eyes,
And help your poet chant the praise of rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram I sing,
The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail mighty rum! and by this general name
I call each species,—whisky, gin, or brandy;
(The kinds are various, but the effect the same;

And so I choose a name that's short and handy;
For reader know it takes a deal of time,
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail mighty rum! how wonderous is thy power!

Unwarmed by thee how would our spirits fail,
When dark December comes, with aspect sour,
And sharp as razor blows the northern gale,
And yet thou art grateful in that sultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail mighty rum! to thee the wretched fly;
And find a sweet oblivion to their woes:
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave they lie—

Forget their kindred and forgive their foes—
And Lethe's stream, (so much extolled by some,
In ancient times) I shrewdly guess, was rum.

Hail mighty rum! what can thy power withstand!

E'en lordly reason flies thy dreadful face;
And health and joy and all the lovely band
Of social virtues shun thy dwelling place;
(For in whatever place it rears its throne,
Like Turkish monarchs, rum must rule alone.)"

Over the month of September is begun, "The Negro's Prayer," which starts out in this fashion,

"Lord if thou dost with equal eye,
See all the sons of Adam die;
Why dost thou hide thy face from slaves?
Consigned by fate to serve the knaves."

From the verses that follow, it is evident that "the institution," was in that time as "peculiar" as when it was painted by Mrs. Stowe. But the almanac maker's indignation has not found full expression in one poem. He quotes a long essay upon slavery from "The Commercial Advertiser," then comes a long poem which closes as follows,—

"I speak to freemen. Freemen then behold,
A man by Americans snar'd, and seiz'd, and sold!

O sons of Freedom equalize your laws,
Be all consistent, plead the Negroes cause;
That all the nations in your code may see
Columbia's negroes, like Columbians,
FREE."

On the next page are still more verses upon what to Friend Samuel Wood was a shame and as a burning to his spirit. The piece is called "The Negro," and this is the concluding verse,—

"I love Dinah—she love me;
We had little children three;
Dinah's sold, and we must part—
O, it breaks poor Sambo's heart!
White man talk of Liberty! Why not Negro too be free!"

A kneeling African, naked save for

the chains binding his hands together, heads another appeal for the slave, and there are two pages more of verses upon his condition, but Friend Samuel did not allow his sympathies to cloud his literary tastes, or cause him to neglect Southern talent, for he gives at the close of his book some "Lines" written by George Tucker, "Of Virginia,"

"Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no
more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all
o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigor is
gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions
are flown!"

In the next verse Mr. Tucker "of Virginia" making a virtue of necessity, declares himself contented that his "days," "hairs," "eyes," etc., should be in a state more or less decayed. The piece closes with much sentiment and piety as becomes a gentleman and a poet "of Virginia."

In the Columbian Calendar for the year of our Lord 1817 weather predictions reappear, and in January the reader is told, to look out for "a flight of snow"; in February he is asked persuasively, "why not a smart thaw,—about this time?" At the head of each page is a verse upon some grave subject, always of four lines. Here is one upon Prudence almost modern in its scientific casting of blame upon "the constitution," (of course The Constitution which is the bulwark of our Institutions, and was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, was not meant); but the last line reads to me somewhat blindly. The unbiased public can judge.

"PRUDENCE.

In human breasts we various passions find,
To regulate them is an act of mind;
From constitutions vice and virtues rise,
But Prudence marks the foolish and the
wise."

"An Alphabetical list of the Towns in the State of New York, with a correct statement of the Votes for Governor,—(April, 1816,)" is given in the last pages of this book, with other curious information, as a list of the names of the officers of The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New York. The names of the officers of the medical society of Rensselaer County, the Bible society of Rensselaer County, and of the Troy Mechanic Humane Association. There are hints of budding industries in these old pages smelling of mould and rose leaves. In 1766 is the following,—"All persons who incline to encourage the paper manufacture, are requested to save their old cotton and linen rags, for which they will receive a good price at the paper-mill at Milton (Mass.);" In 1770 this mill is declared a great saving to the Province, and the people are exhorted to hang up bags in every room, that bits that would otherwise be swept out of doors or be burned, might be saved.

The earlier almanacs were serious works addressed to the male understanding, and the first items were on matters in which men take most interest,—as, how to raise early potatoes, and how to build chimneys that will not smoke. Here is a remedy for want of appetite, dated 1773,—"Drink camomile tea every day an hour before dinner, or take ten drops of acid elixir of vitriol in a glass of water about two hours before or about two hours after

dinner. A gentle puke should preceed the use of these remedies." Here also is a cure for baldness, which our fathers however bald, did not I think try in fly time, "Rub the part morning and evening with onions till it is red, and rub it afterwards with honey." The date is 1797.

Extracts from sermons, descriptions of death bed scenes, and speculations upon the end of the world are frequent, but fun is present also, heavy fun, but unmistakable. In 1800 the following appears:—

"Rund away, or sdolen or was sdrayed, mine plack horse apout fourteen oder fifteen hands six inches high. He has been cot four plack legs, two pehint, and two pefore—and he has plack all ofer his body aber he has cot some vite spots pon his pack, vere de skin vas rub off put I creased 'em, and now de vite spots is all plack again. He drots, and kanter, and bases, and zometimes he valks, and ven he valks all his legs and veets coes on one after anoder. He ish cot two eyes pon his head. Von ish put out, and toder ish pon de side of his head, and ven you co to de oder side of him, he not see you. He has cot a long tail vat hang down pehint, put I cut it off de oder tay, now it ish not so long as it vas. He ish shod oll arout, put his pehint shoes comed off, and now he has only cot shoes pefore. He holdts up his head, and looks lively, and ven he peen fritten, he jomps arout like efferyting in de vorld. He vill rit mit a saddle, or a share, or a kart, or he vill co py himself mitout nopody put a pag on his pack mit a poy in it. He ish not very oldt, and his head ven he valks or runs coes pefore, and his tail stays pehint—only ven he gits mat, and turns arout and den zometimes his tail comes first. Whofer vill pring him pack shall pav five tollar rewart, and if he prings pack de teef vot sdole him, he shall pay pesides

dwenty tollar, and ax no quessions. (Signed) Slauken Vonderlinder."

About the same time Sebastian Soapsuds advertises that he will dispose of his whole stock at public auction, "which," supposed to relate to stock,

"consists of the following articles of stationary and medicine,—Gridirons, tombstones, mustard, load-stones, raw-hides, powder-horns, ear-bells, and pin-cushions, and many other articles of saddlery by the piece or by the yard, among which are pickled walnuts, grape-shot, Dutch cheese, gin cases, salt-shad, and Indian corn together with an elegant assortment of gentleman's apparel and table furniture, consisting of hen's eggs, hair wigs, butter milk, iron spoons, mill saws, and ink powder of various sorts, with or without trimmings or buttons, together with many other cordials, as white lead, screech-owls, frying-pans, wire traps, and flying squirrels."

The nonsense continues for half a page or more and concludes thus,

"Patrons of the work will be furnished with a complete history of the family, in a perspective view, among which is a superb portrait of an Irish potato, set in a bee-hive, and glazed with Dutch blankets, the frame being of green coperas, and gilt of black pepper, to which place the woman is now removed, where sewing, knitting, and the making of shirts is done by steam. Likewise cassimere watches in mahogany cases, and pastures for horses by the week or hour. Salmon Gundy Auctioneer."

It is curious to note that what the writer considered the impossible—sewing, knitting, and shirt-making by steam—has, in a way, come to be the prevailing method of carrying on these industries.



PRESENT APPEARANCE

The House of the Four Chimneys

By Garret Van Arkel

IN the month of December, 1832, Washington Irving and his friend, Martin Van Buren, took a drive together through English country districts. They posted in an open carriage, for the weather was mild. Mr. Van Buren had lately presented his credentials as American minister at the Court of Saint James. Irving had been secretary of the former legation and had held over an interim as *chargé d'affairs*. He was glad enough to be relieved of the responsibility, and was able to initiate the new ambassador into the ways of the country with a light heart. In a

letter from Newstead Abbey, January 20, 1833, he wrote: "Upward of a month since, I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior and to give them an idea of English country life and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas." The ground was already familiar to Irving. Wherever fortune or fancy led him—on the shores of the Thames or the Tweed, the Guadalquivir or the Hudson—he indulged his inclination to seek out those quaint or historic by-paths to which he has imparted a charm often sur-

passing that of their original associations. For his sketches of Abbotsford, of Newstead and of Annesley, the scene of the ill-fated first love of Lord Byron, we are indebted to these various meanderings in the British border region.

It may have been this particular pilgrimage and the desire to repeat on American soil the sentimental journey they had made in an older land, that induced Irving and Van Buren, who by the following summer had both returned home, to take such another long drive down the banks of the Hudson. Irving wrote to his brother Peter, October 28, 1833: "I have been moving about almost incessantly during the summer and autumn, visiting old scenes on the Hudson. I made a delightful journey with Mr. Van Buren in an open carriage from Kinderhook to Poughkeepsie, then crossing the river to the country about the foot of the Catskill Mountains and so from Esopus, by Goshen, Haverstraw, Tappan, Hackensack, to Communipaw,—an expedition which took two weeks to complete, in the course of which we visited curious old Dutch places and Dutch families."

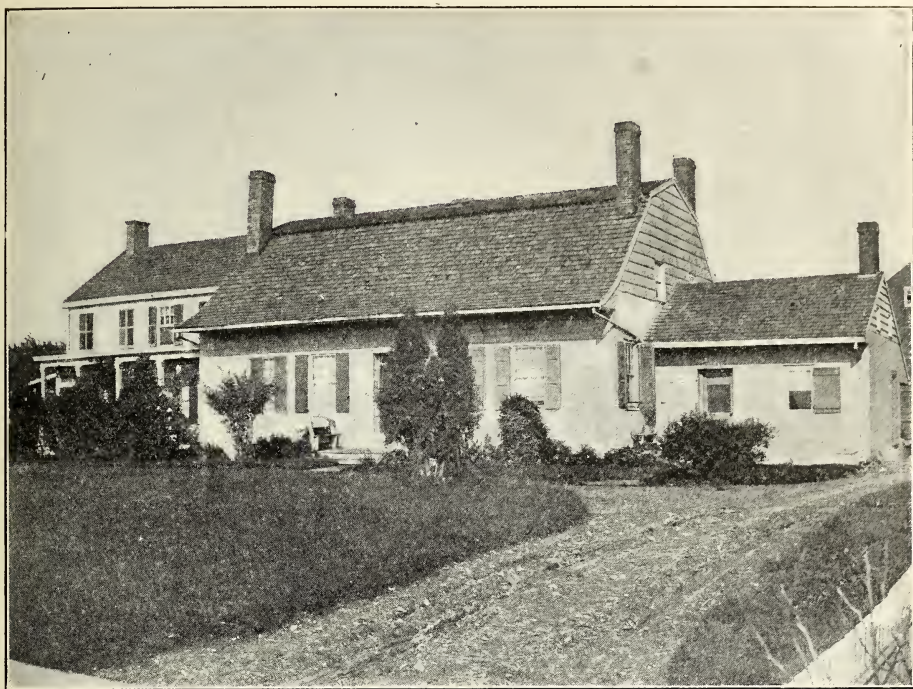
One of these Dutch families belonged to the sturdy clan of Van Horne in old Communipaw. They dwelt by the shore in a long low house whose stone front to-day looks out upon the bedraggled robed Goddess of Liberty as, with averted face, she brandishes aloft her right arm to administer chastisement to some infant she is holding in her left. Irving's call upon these worthy people must have been mutually impressive, for it lives among the traditions of their descendants to this day, while one of

his entertaining sketches in the Knickerbocker vein is reasonably attributable to the visit.

The Van Hornes, on their side, remember how much annoyed they were, amid the awe and solemnity of entertaining these illustrious guests, when a certain neighbor's household—notorious for intruding itself where it was not wanted—came to help entertain. This household brought with it one of its male offspring for whom it claimed recognition on the ground that he was a namesake of Mr. Van Buren. With some difficulty Van Buren and Irving succeeded in scraping up between them a five dollar gold piece in return for the graceful compliment.

It is related that in after years Irving's venerable host, John Van Horne, was listening to the "Knickerbocker History of New York" read aloud by his children or grandchildren. At last they came to the humorous, and not too flattering, descriptions of Dutch family customs, such as that of nibbling the lump of sugar suspended over the table. This was too much for old Mr. Van Horne. He would hear no more of it, he exclaimed. The Dutch people were not heathen, after all! To think that Mr. Irving, whom he had treated with so much deference and taken so much trouble to entertain, should have heaped such insult upon them! He wanted nothing further to do with Mr. Irving!

So much for the Van Hornes' side of the case and the impression made upon them by Irving. Now let us consider what he thought of them, and what he had to say about them. The old Dutch town of Communipaw



BEFORE THE FIRE

was to Irving a favorite literary theme, and among its antiquities the hereditary domicile of the Van Hornes is honored with an heroic essay like the Old World castles of Newstead or the Alhambra. This appeared in the guise of a letter to the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, by one Hermanus Vanderdonk, and was printed under the caption, "Communipaw." Its subject is, "The House of the Four Chimneys." Like the History of New York by the same author, the sketch is *quasi*-historical with emphasis on the *quasi*. The age of the mansion is idealized by a hundred and thirty or forty years and many things are gravely asserted to have happened there which must be ascribed to a superstitious imagination.

The ancient and renowned village of Communipaw, wrote Irving, according to the venerable Dedrich, and to equally veracious tradition, was the spot where our ever-to-be-lamented Dutch progenitors planted their standard and cast the seeds of empire, and from whence subsequently sailed the memorable expedition under Oloffte the Dreamer which landed on the opposite island of Manhattan and founded the present city of New York, the city of dreams and speculations. Communipaw might, therefore, truly be called the parent of New York. To the narrator this much-neglected village was one of the most remarkable places in the country from the fact that so small a town could have produced so great a city. Looking down from the Bergen

Heights to where the hamlet lay modestly nestled among its cabbage gardens, while the big city stretched far and wide on the opposite shore, it seemed like some simple-hearted hen that had unwittingly hatched out a long-legged turkey. Here everything remained as it had been in the days of Oloffte the Dreamer, Walter the Doubter and other worthies of the Golden Age; the same broad-brimmed hats and broad-bottomed breeches, the same knee buckles and shoe buckles, the same close-quilted caps and linsey-woolsey short gowns and petticoats, the same implements and utensils and forms and fashions. It stood to the ancient Province of the New Netherlands and the classic era of the Dutch dynasty what Herculaneum and Pompeii are to ancient Rome and the glorious days of the Empire.

At the time New Amsterdam was invaded and conquered by the British foes, runs the narrative, a great dispersion took place among the Dutch inhabitants. One stanch, unconquerable band determined to keep together and preserve themselves like seed-corn for the future fructification and perpetuity of the Knickerbocker race. Under the guidance of one Garret Van Horne, a gigantic Dutchman, they retreated across the bay and buried themselves among the marshes of ancient Pavonia as did the followers of Pelayo among the mountains of Asturias when Spain was overrun by its Arabian invaders. The gallant Van Horne set up his standard at Communipaw and invited all those to rally under it who were true Netherlands at heart. Strict non-intercourse

was observed with the captured city; not a boat ever crossed to it. Every man was sworn to wear his hat, cut his coat, build his house and harness his horses exactly as his father had done before him, and to permit nothing but the Dutch language to be spoken in his household. As a citadel for the place and a stronghold for the preservation of everything Dutch, Van Horne erected a lordly mansion with a chimney perched on every corner, which thence derived the name of "The House of the Four Chimneys."

It was here that the valiant Van Horne and his compeers would sit for hours and days together, smoking their pipes, holding councils of war, watching the growing city across the bay with groans in spirit whenever they saw a new house erected or ship launched, and persuading themselves that Admiral Van Tromp would one day or other arrive to sweep out the invaders with the broom which he carried at his masthead. Years rolled by and Van Tromp never came, but still they kept on smoking and smoking and watching and watching and turning the same few thoughts over in a perpetual circle, which is called deliberation, while they grew poorer and poorer until they had hardly the wherewithal to maintain their pipes in fuel.

Among the precious relics of New Amsterdam transferred at the time of the exile to the House of the Four Chimneys, were the capacious hat of Walter the Doubter and the shoe with which Peter the Headstrong kicked his pusillanimous councillors downstairs. One day an ignorant housewife swept these out of doors. The

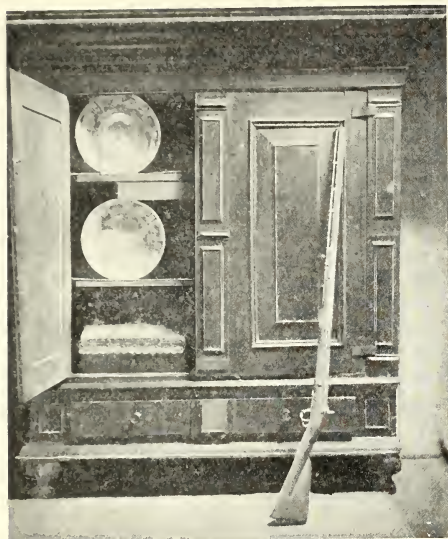


BEELITJE VAN HORNE'S SILVER SERVICE

hat, falling upon a stercoraceous heap of compost began to vegetate and developed into a prodigious cabbage and gave rise to the species known as Governor's Head, which became the glory of Communipaw. The shoe, rolling into the bay, gathered barnacles, turned into an oyster and propagated the breed called Governor's Foot. These miracles, which had been wrought through the agency of the blessed Saint Nicholas, were the pecuniary salvation of Communipaw, yet eventually they came very near causing its downfall. Cabbages and oysters among the Communipaw Dutchmen had the same effect as gold and diamonds among those in South Africa. Commercial exigencies rubbed off some of the maidenly bloom of their exclusiveness. At last matters got to the point where a daring company of Yankee realty projectors landed before the village, stopped the honest burghers on the public highway and endeavored to bargain them out of their hereditary acres; displayed lithographic maps in which their cabbage gardens were laid out in town lots, their oyster parks into

docks and quays, and even the House of the Four Chimneys was metamorphosed into a bank which was to enrich the whole neighborhood with paper money. Fortunately the doughty Van Hornes rallied the worthy burghers just as they were on the point of capitulating and put the Uitlanders to rout. So the good people continued to cultivate their cabbages and raise their oysters and, knowing nothing of banks, to treasure up their money in stocking feet or at the bottom of the family chest, or buried in iron pots, as their fathers had done.

"As to the House of the Four Chimneys," writes Irving, "it still remains in the great and tall family of the Van Hornes. Here are to be seen ancient Dutch corner cupboards, chests of drawers and massive clothes-presses, quaintly carved and carefully waxed and polished; together with divers thick blackletter volumes with brass clasps, printed of yore in Leyden and Amsterdam and handed down from generation to generation in the family, but never read. In this house the primitive Dutch holidays of



AELTJE VAN HORNE'S TRUNK, PLATES AND CLOTHES-PRESS

Paas and Pinxter are faithfully kept up. Of late the pretentious mansion has begun to give signs of decay. Some have attributed this to the visits made by the young people to the city and to their bringing thence various modern fashions, and to their neglect of the Dutch language, which is gradually being confined to the older persons in the community. The house, too, was greatly shaken by high winds during the prevalence of the speculation mania, especially at the time of the landing of the Yankees. Seeing how mysteriously the fate of Communipaw is identified with this venerable mansion, we cannot wonder that the older and wiser heads of the community should be filled with dismay whenever a brick is toppled down from one of the chimneys or a weathercock is blown off from a gable end. Long may the horn of the Van Hornes continue to be exalted in the land! Tall as they are, may their

shadows never be less! May the House of the Four Chimneys remain for ages the citadel of Communipaw, and the smoke of its four chimneys continue to ascend, a sweet-smelling incense to the nose of Saint Nicholas!"

The desire thus fervently expressed by Irving has been fulfilled—but with qualifications. Van Hornes, a goodly number, still dwell in Communipaw and have spread throughout the territory of the New Netherlands and even beyond its borders. Yet the House of the Four Chimneys they no longer inhabit. A few years ago that edifice was ignominiously degraded into a foundry, which so incensed its tutelary saint that he withdrew his presence and allowed a fire to come and consume its gable roof. Some conscienceless Yankee or scalawag Irishman then replaced this by a second story and converted the building into a tenement house. But the stone front façade is still unaltered, and the big metal figures 1804 (or 1801?), denoting the year when actually it was built, are still in evidence. One of the photographs reproduced here was taken before the fire and shows the house as it was in Irving's time, aside from the addition of the two wings—clipped unequally to prevent its rising out of its monotonous pen, Communipaw, and flying across the bay to alight somewhere in the interesting city toward which it is ever casting a sidelong glance. Another view represents the house as it is today.

Besides the sketch entitled "Communipaw," a synopsis of which has been given, there are further ties of association which bind Irving to the



OIL PAINTING FROM THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR CHIMNEYS

House of the Four Chimneys. A subsequent letter in continuation of the theme, and entitled "The Revolt of the Cocked Hats," was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Ostensibly it was a reply to the first, but evidently it was written by Irving, as it has since been printed with the former one, in a collected edition of his works. Moreover, "Gibbet Island," which has been immortalized in another of Irving's tales, is situated just off shore from the house. The Count Van Horn, about whom Irving has written, was not a Communipaw Van Horne.

The Van Horne homestead is not altogether dependent upon fiction, however, for its reminiscent interests. In Revolutionary days when a still older house stood on or near the site of the present, the family, it is said, was one of only fourteen in the region who approved the revolt of the Colonies. When Loyalist refugees were

heard prowling around at night, the household candle would quickly be thrust up a chimney to make all within appear dark. The barn door was used as a means of signalling the presence or absence of the enemy to friends who might be preparing to land or cross from New York.

The discovery of what was perhaps the first clew to Arnold's treason at West Point is closely connected with the history of the Van Horne family. Through several successive generations they have intermarried with the Van Ripers, or Van Reypens, who lived on the neighboring Bergen hill. Beelitje Van Horne (*née* Van Riper), who was the mother of Irving's host, had a sister who was accustomed to carry provisions to the American prisoners in New York, and became somewhat crippled in so doing. On one occasion, when she had crossed the river for this or for marketing purposes, she stopped at a tavern (ac-

according to the best authority "Black Sam's" or "Fraunce's" which is still standing on Broad Street), and learned from the keeper, who was an American sympathizer, that he had heard some British officers talking about a conspiracy in the American camp. She returned home and informed her brother, Daniel Van Riper, who carried the news to General Wayne at Hackensack, who forwarded it to Washington. Van Riper was offered a pecuniary reward for his services, but refused it, asking only for protection if captured by the British. He was promised that in such an event the best officer that could be taken should be held against him. Some of these facts have been transferred from family tradition to local histories, but they have not thus far found their way into the general history of Arnold's treason.

The relics shown in the accompanying illustrations pertain to the

early history of those closely connected families. The silver service bears the monogram of Beelitje above referred to. The curious oil painting of a hunting scene used to hang in her apartment in the House of the Four Chimneys. The hair trunk is studded in brass nails with the initials of her daughter, Aeltje Van Horne, who married back into the Van Reypen family. From the House of the Four Chimneys are reputed to have come the dishes and the ancient clothes-press or kitchen "potten-bank," which is said to carry the scars of war, but the musket leaning against it is one bought by Daniel Van Riper of a British soldier at the time of the evacuation. The dowager Beelitje Van Horne died in 1826, and it was probably soon after her death that most of these effects were transferred to the Van Reypen house, where they have remained until the present time.

Starved Love

By Theodosia Garrison

O H, it takes Love so long to die!
 In my heart's chamber cold and dim
 Where rusted dreams and longings lie,
 There did I prison him.

No word of comfort will I give
 Nor any drink of tender tears.
 How therefore can he live and live
 So many, many years!

Still he laments his woe and wrong,
 And still I sicken at his cry.
 Now who had thought it took so long
 For a starved Love to die!



BALL GAME WITH GROTON

Southborough

By Martha E. D. White

“THE town of Southborough was taken from the ancient town of Marlborough and derived its name from the circumstance of its lying about fourth from that town.” This is the brief record of the origin of Southborough, set down in the earliest History of Worcester County. The chronicler, for he can hardly be called historian, the Rev. Peter Whitney, found little to warrant an extended account of the struggles and triumphs of pioneer life there. No Indian massacres, no crimes, no witchcraft, nothing supernatural; but instead, “her people were industrious and wealthy in general and hospitable and peaceable.” It may not be fanciful to see in this statement of peace and plenty in 1793, the portent

of Southborough’s future; those causes that have led to the consecration of this lovely village to the best ends of life. Comfort without luxury, beauty without artificiality, hospitality without ostentation, have preserved the purity and ideality of early democratic dignity and simplicity in a marked degree, and Southborough’s peaceful past has merged into her useful and dignified present. With her hills and valleys, flashes of water and masses of trees, man could hardly have despoiled her of her beauty, but the intelligent hand has done much to enhance it. Southborough’s first artistic triumph was when a committee, formed of wise men from Westborough and Marlborough, decided that the meeting-house should be placed on the sum-



TOP OF HOLY HILL

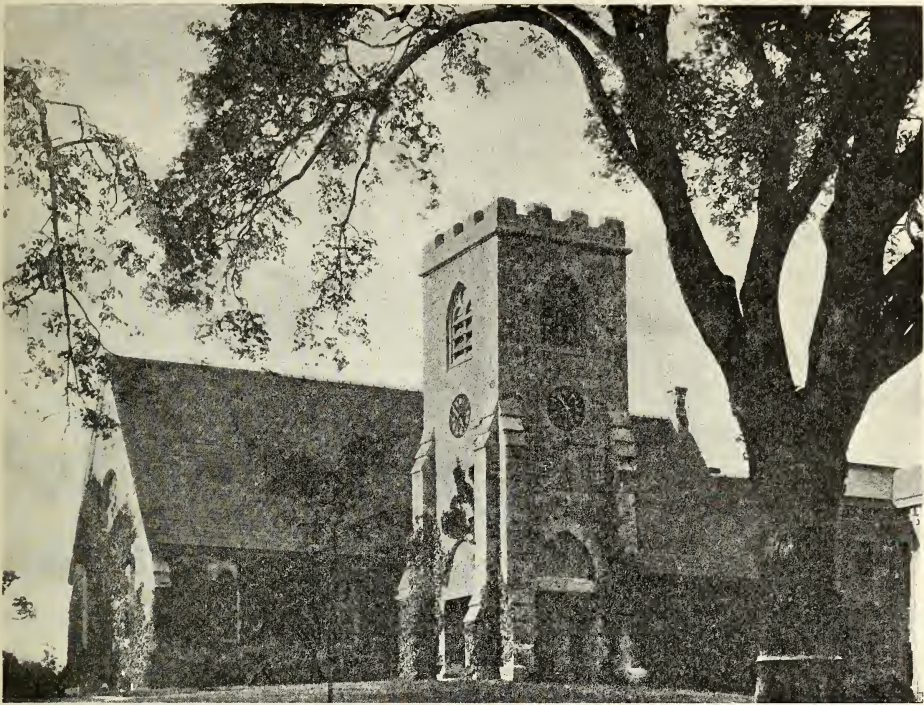
mit of the new town's dominating hill. "Holy Hill" it was named, and "Holy Hill" it has remained, panoplied in the beauty and picturesqueness so peculiar to New England's landscape. From its top the roads wind down, curving sinuously through the varied groups of trees of every size and shape, giving at every point a new vision of changing beauty. Other hills present themselves, Breakneck, Wolf-pen and Mount Vickory, conveying in their names a sense of something remotely dreadful and delightful. "No prettier road has its flowers gathered in summer by children's fingers, and its stones piled by them into walls and causeways, and bridges and houses." Nor has any been made more safe

and easy, for Nature, intelligence and civic pride have combined to keep the roadside beautiful and the roadbed smooth and hard.

The people who settled Marlborough must have been of an expansive disposition for, notwithstanding their depletion from Indian massacres and war, they covered at an early date, at considerable distance from each other, the whole six miles square of the Whipsufferadage Grant. The territory to become Southborough had been discovered to be excellent pasture lands. There the "Cow Commons" were located and there eventually grew up a little settlement known by that name and as "Stony Brook."

As early as 1720 the settlers of these localities discovered that "Divine Providence which appoints the bounds and habitations of all men hath so ordered our lots or at least most of us that we are at such a distance from the place of Public Worship that ourselves but especially our aged and infirm together with our women and little ones cannot comfortably endure the necessary travel that they are forced unto for the attaining an opportunity at the place of Public Worship." The inconvenience set forth in this quaint petition was generously recognized by Marlborough, and in due season, "compassionated" by the General Court. In 1727 Southborough was incorporated.

The first town meeting brought



ST. MARK'S CHURCH

together the representatives of about fifty families who organized the usual elaborate government, and appointed half the men of the township to office. One speculates upon the possible duties of two tythingmen (and no meeting-house), two "hog reeves" and a "clerk of the market." Other acts of the early town meetings provide for the building of the meeting-house, that should have "all things for decency and comfort as near as May be," and procuring a "minister of good conversation." Such a minister was found in 1730 in the Rev. Nathan Stone. His settlement was magnificent for the times, being \$400 and 30 cords of wood. He enjoyed a harmonious pastorate for fifty-one years. "During that time," writes

Mr. Parkman, "it is not recorded that anything special occurred." What a season of tranquil growth this silence of history leaves to our imagination!

The ten years succeeding Mr. Stone's death were years of doubt and trouble. For some reason no minister was settled. The Rev. Samuel Sumner finally accepted a call but was soon "dismissed agreeably to his request." He was followed by the Rev. Jeroboam Parker, a native of Southborough, whose long pastorate witnessed and doubtless hastened the many ecclesiastical changes that were soon making history of a lively character. "Priest" Parker was a man of commanding presence. His height and personal



BURNETT MANSION HOUSE

dignity gave him an austere appearance that commanded the reverence and almost awe of his flock. When he ascended, with great deliberation, the winding stairs to his pulpit, it was as though Jove had thundered. At his presence in the school-room, teacher and children alike stood in profound courtesy until he was seated.

Being a scholar and a thoughtful man, Priest Parker was abreast of the movement toward Unitarianism that swept, at the beginning of the last century, through the established Puritan churches. Gradually he relaxed the rigid customs of a more exacting piety and his sermons partook of the new liberalism. The spiritual defection of the minister, as it was regarded by a portion of his congregation, precipitated its division. Bad feeling was engendered.

"Immorality sat with impudent face in the pews" and scoffed at the faction desiring to hear "a more aggressive piety." Such injustice and impiety could not be borne, and the rebellious party withdrew in 1830 to establish the Pilgrim Evangelical Society. Unitarianism was preached in the first meeting-house until 1857. At that time the followers of the liberal faith, weary of well doing, sold their property to the Pilgrim Society.

The Protestant Episcopal Church was established in Southborough early in the sixties. For some years services were conducted in the old stone mill. Eventually St. Mark's, a quaintly beautiful stone church, the gift of Mr. Joseph Burnett, was built on Holy Hill. Several able men have been rectors here: among others the Rev. Waldo Burnett, son of the donor. The Baptist Church and the



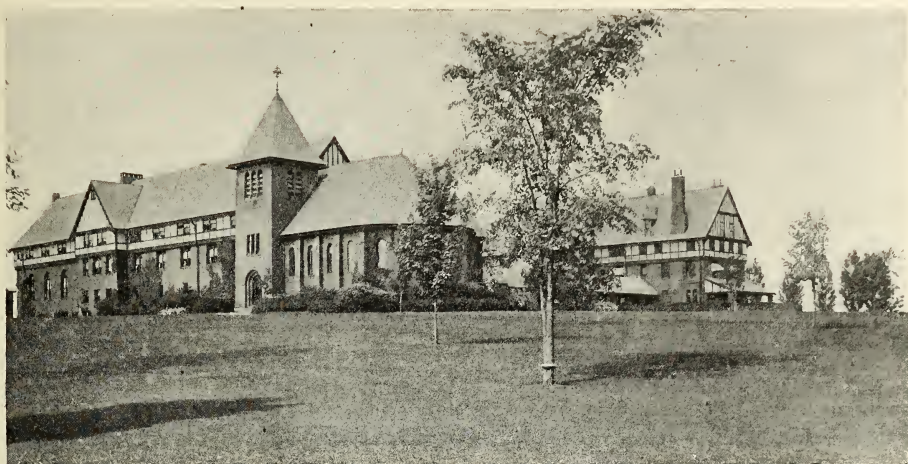
A SOUTHBOROUGH LANE

Catholic have been other results of Southborough's spiritual needs.

In military spirit the pioneers of New England were as aggressive as they were earnest in the establishment of religious institutions. The men who settled Southborough were not ignorant of Indian warfare, for Marlborough had suffered much from Indian raids during King Philip's War and at the time of the sacking of Medfield and Deerfield. The alarms occasioned by these events had not subsided at the founding of the new town, and in consequence three garrison houses were established within its limits. There is no evidence that they were ever needed, but imminent danger kept the people in training, so that at all times Southborough seems to have been possessed of immediately available military resources. In 1756 Captain John Taplin led an expedition to Crown Point composed of two score of troopers. Throughout the war with the French this valiant service was continued. The cause of the Revolution was heartily espoused. An agreement covering the many points of dispute between the colonies and England was signed by every male citizen either voluntarily, or, as in one recorded instance, in obedience to the "will of the body." The call "To arms!" on the 19th of April received ready response. Before nightfall the "minutemen," under command of Captain, afterwards Major, Josiah Fay, were in Lexington to find the battle already a part of history. During the entire war Southborough rendered efficient, loyal and prompt service. She enlisted many men, and suffered much not only from the loss of able-bodied

workers, but from the depreciated currency. At the close of the war the town experienced its one period of want. Unable to pay its state tax, harassed and depressed by the outlook, the people were actively in sympathy with Shays's Rebellion. Fortunately the prompt action of the state prevented any calamitous results and Southborough returned to her former allegiance. In 1861 it was voted unanimously "that the town is ready to respond to the proclamation of the President with every able-bodied citizen and every dollar if necessary." This was no idle boast as the event proved; for during our Civil War 219 men enlisted, this number being 33 more than enough to fill her quota. Of these men 17 died in service, and in their memory the citizens have erected a suitable monument.

One's estimate of Southborough must be very high, if there is truth in Emerson's "A community, like a man, is entitled to be judged by its best." The superlative is continually appearing to qualify one's judgment of her life. And it appears with greatest frequency when one judges the character of her citizens, for Southborough's human best is very good indeed. The pioneer citizens were men of firmness, sagacity and temperance. They took an intelligent interest in the larger affairs of the country and were able to indicate with force and clearness any policy they wished to pursue. Brigham, Fay, Ward, Johnson, Amsden and Bellows are the names of some who rendered civic and military services and were conspicuous in the first century of the town's history. From



ST. MARK'S SCHOOL AND CHAPEL

the early Fays have descended a number of men that, either from their benefactions or their political ascendancy, are particularly regarded in Southborough. Mr. Francis B. Fay represented the town in the General Court three times, was state senator from Worcester County and a member of the House of Representatives of the United States. During the Civil War he rose from a private to the rank of colonel. The Fay Library is due to his generous gift of money for its establishment.

The family to leave the most abiding impression, and not alone on Southborough—for through their work in science and for education the whole country has been enriched—is the Burnett family. When Commissioner Price founded his ideal colony in Hopkinton, he sent to England and invited as settlers various well-to-do farmers, men of sterling character and sterling worth. One of the men who responded to this invitation was John Burnett, the founder of the family in New England. A grandson,

Charles, made an interesting and significant marriage. When General Lafayette came to this country he had in his suite his physician, Dr. Matthieu, a savant of Paris, who was accompanied by his wife and daughters. Charles Burnett married one of the latter, and the curious in heredity can trace to this source the love for scientific investigation which has characterized subsequent generations of Burnetts. On the occasion of Lafayette's last tour of this country, he made Southborough the scene of one of his memorable visits in order to pay his respects to Mrs. Burnett. Dr. Charles Burnett and Dr. Joel Burnett, sons of this Anglo-French marriage, settled in Southborough.

Dr. Joel Burnett was very active in the intellectual and civic life of the town. He helped to organize the local Lyceum and always took part in the debates. The preamble to the constitution of this society is an interesting document and doubtless was the work of Dr. Burnett, who was one of the committee for its composition:



THE HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHBOROUGH

"The diffusion of moral intelligence and scientific research, upon the exalted principles of philanthropy, is, or ought to be, the anxious desire of every heart devoted to wisdom, love and virtue, to instruct and enlighten the illiterate, for the promotion of useful knowledge, to stimulate the virtuous and reclaim the vicious; in fine, to soften the passions and ameliorate the condition of the present and future generations, cannot fail to be a pleasing task to him who is the noblest work of God!" This Lyceum, grounded in such principles, discussed many subjects practical and theoretic: "Would a railroad from Boston to Albany, passing through this town, be advantageous to this vicinity?" in one extreme and "Are mankind free agents?" in the other. It is difficult to measure the educational value of the old Lyceum, it would not be easy to overestimate it. That such men as Dr. Burnett gave to it so much consideration is a tolerably accurate gauge of its worth to a community. Dr. Joel Burnett served the town in various civic

capacities and practised his profession in a manner to win the respect of the medical fraternity. He also received boys into his home and, with the help of his daughters, fitted them for their college entrance examinations. In the intervals of this busy life he ardently pursued the study of botany

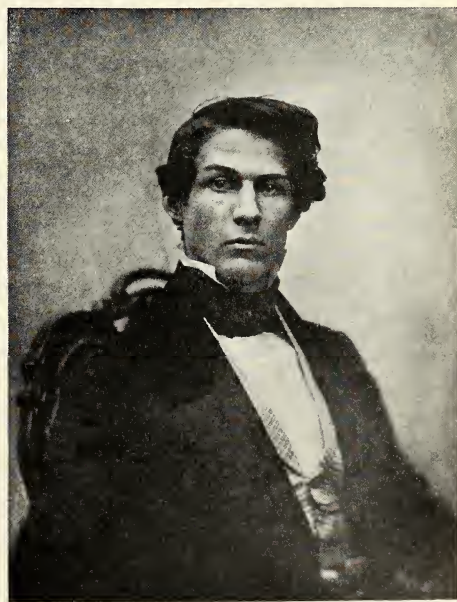
and entomology, a taste which was transmitted to his gifted son, Waldo Irving Burnett. The old doctor died in his son's sixteenth year, but not before he had rejoiced in the evidences of the youth's great ability and promise.

Waldo Burnett was born in 1828 and died in 1854. During the twenty-six years of his life, overshadowed at the last by a fatal disease, he accomplished a work that places him among the first of American scientists. "He had not the advantage of a collegiate education," writes Dr. Wyman; "this he chose to forego, not from any indifference to its value, but from a sensitive unwillingness to subject his father to any unnecessary expenditure of his means. He gave early indications of great mental activity, and mastered with ease all the studies of the Academy; in mathematics especially, he was unusually proficient. Almost without assistance, at a later period, he made himself familiar with the French, Spanish and German languages." He passed the subsequent years of his student life under the direction of Dr. Joseph Sargent of

Worcester, in the Tremont Medical School and in the Massachusetts General Hospital. While yet a medical student he was elected curator of entomology for the Boston Society of Natural History. When in Paris in 1849 devoting himself to microscopic observation, he received the first serious warning of his failing health. His position as an entomologist and microscopist was already established, but it was during the last few, unsettled years of his life that he accomplished, not only a vast amount of various intellectual work, but that he also prepared the principal work of his life, an essay entitled "The Cell, its physiology, pathology and philosophy, as deduced from original observations; to which is added its history and criticism. *Natura in minimus maxima est.*" This essay, which received the prize from the American Medical Association, embodies more of the results of Dr. Waldo Burnett's investigation than any other. Without too technical an analysis of its contents the general reader will find its special significance in the fact that Dr. Waldo Burnett here announced the theory, original with him, of bacteria in the circulation of the blood as transmitting disease. This statement, not then substantiated by proof, has been the basis of the great advance in medical science during the last half century. Its discoverer, or the man who pointed the way to its discovery, deserves very high honor and special recognition. Dr. Waldo Burnett's last years of life were passed in the unavailing pursuit of a climate which would retard the ravages of consumption. Florida was one of the

places where he found relief. With his remarkable intellectual grasp of natural conditions and keen mental activity, he wrote several pamphlets directing attention to the natural history and resources of Florida and to the remedial effect of its salubrious climate. Physicians were quick to respond to Dr. Waldo Burnett's view of the effect of climate on tubercular disease; and so much interest was awakened in Florida that Professor Tourgee named him its discoverer. "Not more than one other naturalist in our country has given such proofs of zeal and industry or has, in so short a life, accomplished so large an amount of scientific labor."

Mr. Joseph Burnett, a son of the second Charles Burnett, has been so closely identified with the Southborough of the last half century, that he must be named in connection with



JOSEPH BURNETT AT 30



DEERFOOT FARM HOUSE

every movement looking to the betterment of the community and state. His wise educational ideas and the singular simplicity and dignity of his life have become a part of the character of his time. His sons are the present representatives of the family in Southborough.

The Rev. Peter Whitney gives this quaint description of the town's manufacturing facilities in 1793: "On Stony Brook are two saw mills, in fine order, of profit to their owners, and benefit to the town. Upon the same stream are four corn mills. One in the westerly part of the town near its source, and on the great road, can grind but about half the year, as raising a pond in the summer season would damage a large body of meadow land. . . . On this Stony Brook clothiers' works have lately been erected in the easterly part of the town where much business is well performed." Latterly manufacturing has centred at two points of the Bos-

ton and Albany Railroad, occasioning the settlement of two small villages, Southville and Cordaville, while in another part of the town a boot and shoe factory has been built, resulting in the village of Fayville.

Manufacturing seems alien and transient to a town like this whose true wealth lies in her soil. It has proven by no means a mistaken judgment on the part of the men of "Marlborow" to have chosen the meadows and uplands of Southborough for their "Cow Commons." Then and now, the wealth of the community can be measured very literally, like that of the Grecians of old, in terms of *pecus* (cattle). The township contains about two hundred farms, ranging in size from ten to one thousand acres. The tendency, as in so many things nowadays, would seem to be toward consolidation of land into a few large farms carried on with keen attention to modern scientific methods.



SEPARATOR ROOM

Mr. Joseph Burnett in 1847 "bought land and grouped the acreage into what is substantially the present Deerfoot Farm," one of the largest in Massachusetts and famous throughout the country. The stone house, the material quarried in Southborough, was erected, and Mr. Burnett began his experiment as a scientific farmer. Improvement of the breed of cattle early enlisted his attention, and in 1854 he imported one of the first herds of Jersey cattle that ever came to the United States. The breeding of choice cattle has since been a specialty of Deerfoot Farm. Mr. Burnett, with characteristic enterprise, soon saw that scientific farming might be made to pay; that there was always a market for dairy products known to be pure, stable and reliable. In 1872 "Deerfoot" milk, cream and butter were offered for sale in Boston, and soon earned a reputation that has occasioned for them an ever increasing demand.

The first successful cream separator was the result of experiments carried on at Deerfoot by a German inventor and the Hon. Edward Burnett, formerly the representative in Congress for this district. Cut out of a solid block of brass of immense weight, it was capable of a speed of nine hundred revolutions a minute, skimming from six to eight hundred pounds of milk an hour. This separator is now exhibited as a mechanical curiosity at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The new dairy of Deerfoot Farm, first occupied in 1897, is furnished with all the best appliances known to modern science. Celerity in handling and care in refrigerating the product, perfect attention to sterilization of the utensils are made certain at all times by an intelligent equipment and by duplication of the essential machinery. A morning spent at this dairy is an object lesson in the eternal vigilance that is the price of pure food products. Deer-



HAYING AT DEERFOOT

foot Farm has also demonstrated successfully the fact that pork products can be made to be wholesome and toothsome food by attention to the hygiene and habits of the pig, and by insisting on his early death.

Model dairies and barns are common enough to agricultural experiments, but model quarters for the farm hands are not so frequent. The farmhouse at "Deerfoot" is almost unique in its provision for the comfortable housing of its help. "Each hired man, in addition to his own private alcove and bed, has closets, bathroom, electric light, scientific ventilation, library and recreation room, and a hospital that can be isolated from the rest of the house." To Mr. Robert Burnett, the present owner of "Deerfoot," this altruistic plan for housing his working people is due. As a sign of the times, what could be more hopeful?

But Deerfoot Farm is endeared to New England for gentler reasons than "little pigs and bacon." Here James Russell Lowell spent some of



ROBERT M. BURNETT'S HOUSE



ON WOLF-PEN FARM

the last days of his life, looking out upon its familiar loveliness and making acquaintance with "the *genus loci*, the shy little fellow who has charge of the hills and the pastures and the woodpaths here."

Southborough began her educational history in the humiliation of a rebuke, having been in 1732 called before a grand jury in Worcester to answer to the indictment of "having kept no public school." With characteristic energy, the town fathers amended their ways and appointed two schoolmasters to different portions of the community: Dominie Johnson at a salary of six pounds per year, and Samuel Bellows, rewarded less munificently with four pounds and ten shillings. Somewhat later the practice was in vogue of having one teacher conduct school in the four different parts of the town in rotation. Until 1830 the largest sum granted annually for support of education

was \$400. In 1859 the Peters High School was given to the town by Mr. Henry Peters, a loyal and generous citizen. The standard of the public school has since been high and its equipment excellent.

The importance of Southborough is not chiefly in its peaceful local life or its pastoral beauty of surroundings, but rather in the fact that the town is the home of two famous private schools, the Fay School and St. Mark's Classical School. In both the



HOUSE OF CHAS. F. CHOATE



ENTRANCE AND CLOISTER, ST. MARK'S SCHOOL

religious life is in accordance with the teachings of the Episcopal Church. The ascendancy of a ritualistic religion has naturally tended to impress upon Southborough a character differing widely from that of the usual New England village, partaking somewhat of the charming features of English cathedral towns.

The Fay School was opened in 1866 by Mrs. Eliza B. B. Fay and Miss Harriet M. Burnett and is truly a memorial to its founders. Here, in a charming colonial home with added dormitories, recitation rooms, playrooms, and every facility for their care and happiness, boys are received between the ages of eight and twelve for a four years' course preparing them for St. Mark's and other classical schools. Mr. Waldo Burnett Fay is the present head master. The school not only aims to give a thorough preparation for the fitting schools,

but to train lads physically as well as mentally, and to lay the foundation of sturdiness of character, and purpose in work, and to develop punctuality, self-reliance and integrity. For its purposes the equipment is ample and includes a gymnasium, football and baseball fields, golf course, tennis and squash courts and spacious playgrounds. The regular life which a small boy leads here gives an opportunity for healthy growth of mind and body, while he is most carefully looked after in a sensible practical way, which the school's remarkable record for the health of its pupils proves efficient. More than half of those who graduate go to St. Mark's.

The successful establishment of church schools in New England has been one of the more significant features of modern education. At a time when older endowed schools, whether fostered by a "denomination"



"CULTIVATED FIELDS, MASSES OF TREES"

or not, were losing their numbers from year to year because of the increased facilities for the high school, the first church school in New England, St. Paul's of Concord, was established. So successful was this educational experiment that in ten years' time it was difficult to secure a place for a boy there. It was then, in 1865, that Mr. Joseph Burnett founded St. Mark's of Southborough. The Rev. Charles Wingate, speaking of the hopes of the founder of St. Mark's, voiced the feeling that was at the root of church schools when he said: "The most thoughtful men in our communion, believing that a system of teaching which sharpens the intellect, but does nothing toward improving the heart, a system which would teach 'morality without religion and religion without a creed,' has, to say the least, no tendencies to good; and believing, too, that whatever man needs for instruction as well as admonition should be furnished through the medium of the Church, are urging the establishment of schools where the children of the Church will not only be thoroughly furnished with secular knowledge, but also trained for God and heaven."

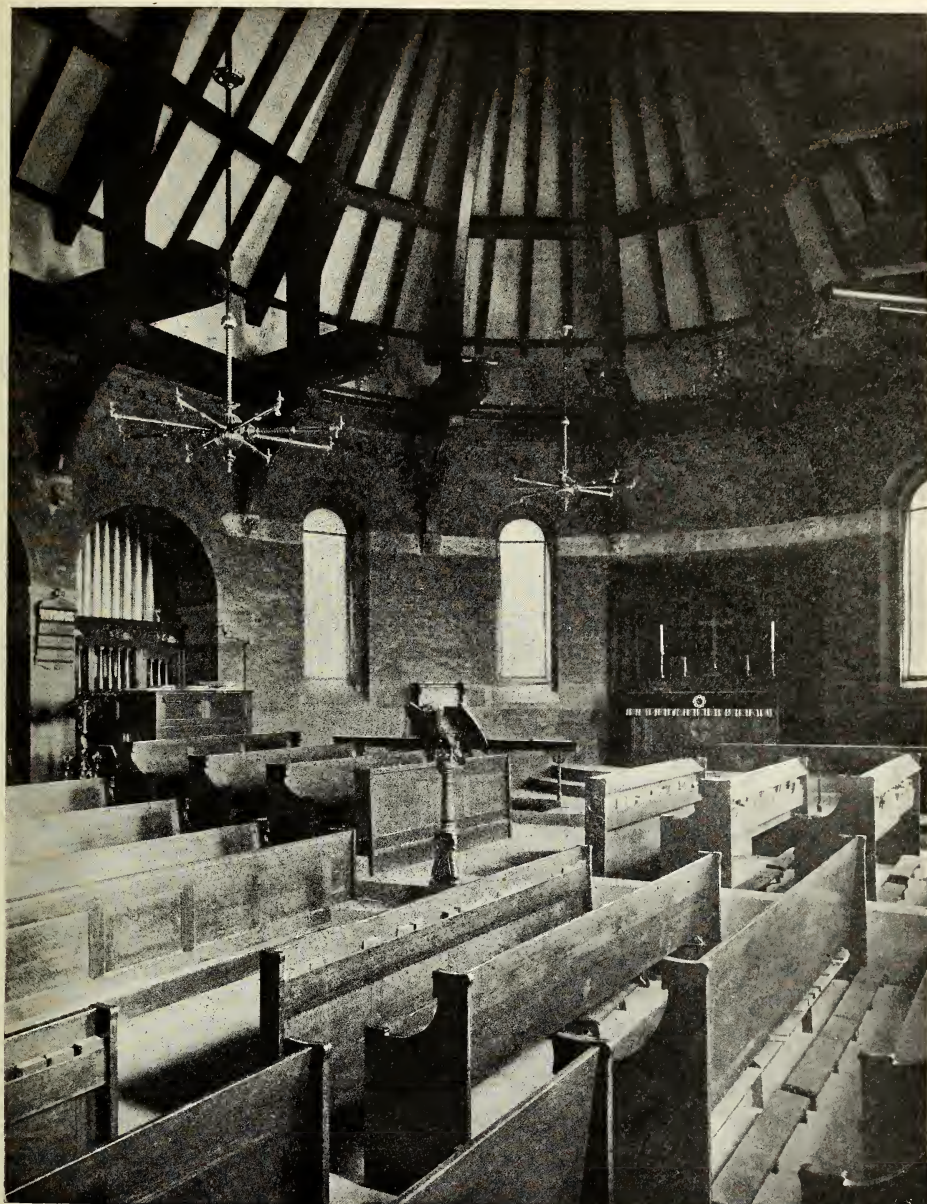
The eager response to the opportunities for such training at St. Paul's inspired Mr. Burnett, and "with singular disinterestedness, prudence and foresight, and with a persistency and perseverance daunted by no obstacles, disheartened by no reverses, depressed by no disappointments, he pushed forward in the confidence of a certain faith and with

cheerful hopefulness," until St. Mark's became from a beginning of twelve pupils housed in a dwelling, the school it is to-day with one hundred and twenty-five boys domiciled in the most complete and perfectly equipped school building in this country. St. Mark's has from the beginning been modelled with a view to being a home school in a very real sense of the word, and a home school suited to the peculiar needs of life in the New England climate. Its present building finished in 1890, is most admirably suited to serve these ends. It is situated on high ground socially near the village, and commanding a view of cultivated fields, masses of trees, rolling hills with their suggestive spires, and gleams of white houses, while Mt. Wachusett watches, sentinel-like, on the distant horizon. "St. Mark's," writes Mr. Lowell, "has been kindly taken into fellowship by great nature, her friendly grass has grown up to its feet and she is encouraging woodbine and ivy to play, as they do, gracefully and freely on the brick walls."

The building fronts the south and is built around an open quadrangle, thus securing direct rays of the sun in every part at some time in the day. Cloisters connect the east and west wings, while in the centre is the gateway, a fine architectural feature of the structure, bearing the winged lion and the motto of the school, "Age Quod Agis." The cloisters and gateway are a memorial to Arthur Wellesley Blake.

The chapel is at the west end of the cloisters on the front of the build-

* See NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for June, 1897.



THE CHAPEL

ing, and was given by Mr. August Belmont as a memorial to his brother, Raymond Rodgers Belmont. A third wing has recently been added containing well equipped laboratories

and a library, beautiful in its simplicity and fitness.

Mr. Henry Forbes Bigelow, an alumnus and the architect of the entire building, certainly met the pecu-



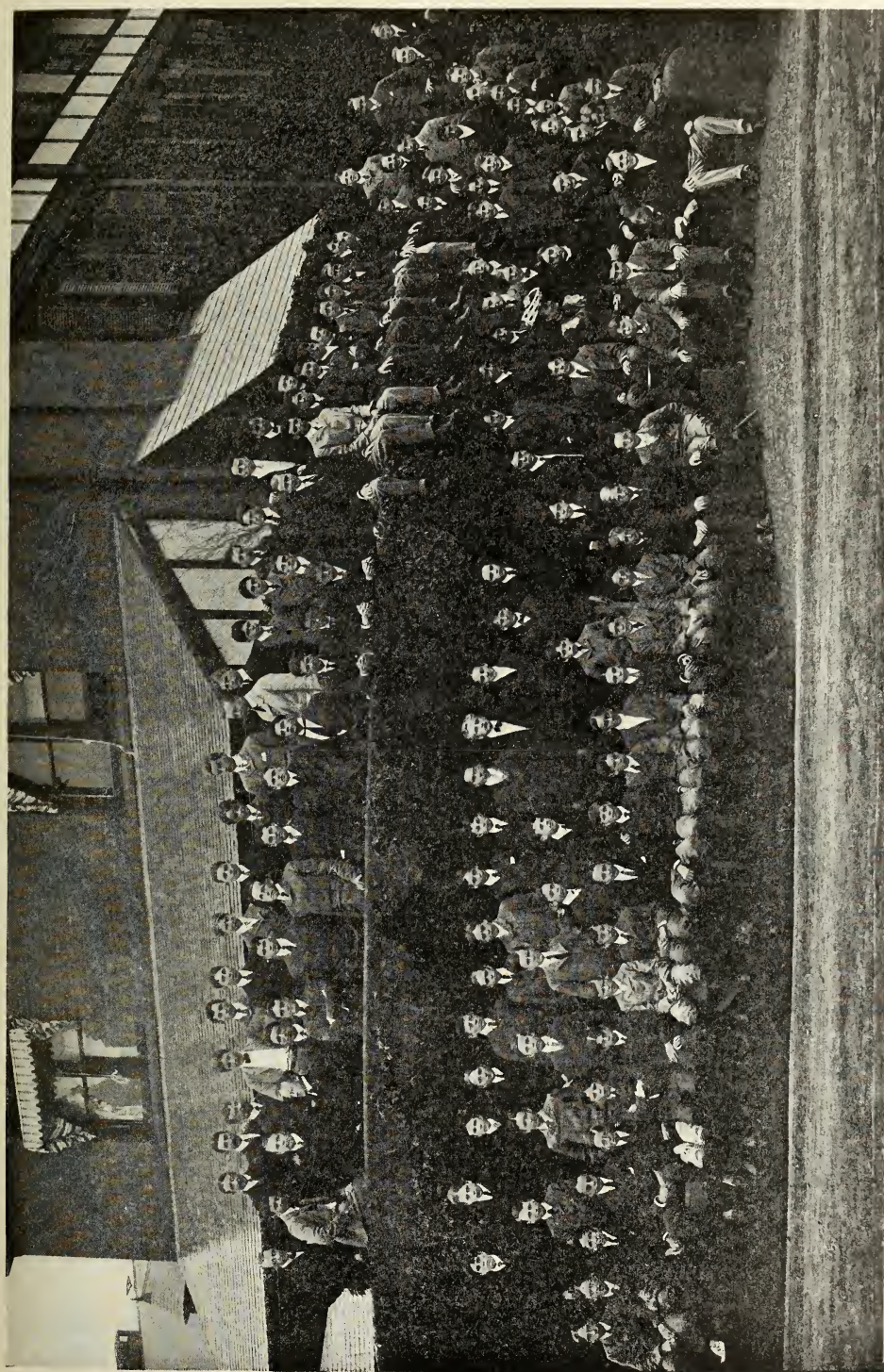
THE HOSPITAL WING

liar requirements of St. Mark's in a masterly manner, "and gave to the school a fitting home—a place where its work can be done, and with the least possible inconvenience and to the greatest possible advantage."

"The entire life of the school," writes the Rev. Walter Cambridge, a master in the school, "is under one roof; its chapel services, study, recitations, eating and sleeping; and this means much, not only for convenience, but also for community of interest among the boys, and between masters and pupils. This fact, perhaps as much as anything else, gives to St. Mark's its distinct characteristics of simplicity and unity. It is quite impossible to live long in the school, either as

master or boy, without becoming a part of the whole life of the place and absorbed in its interests."

The boy at St. Mark's finds himself a member of a well ordered, aspiring community. As an individual he stands for what he is in relation to what he gives as a social fellow being. He is surrounded with spiritual, intellectual, social and physical incentives, each nicely proportioned to the other and to his needs as a human being. The religious customs of the school are merely those of the well ordered family life. Short chapel exercises are observed morning and evening in which all the boys take part. The services are largely musical, the vested choir of St. Mark's boys being



ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, 1902

always one of the prominent and attractive features of the school.

"For the classroom the school is divided into six forms, each corresponding to a year's work. The course of study gives thorough preparation for college and provides for such special work as may be necessary to prepare pupils for scientific schools or particular colleges." "Form spirit" develops a certain stimulating rivalry between forms and promotes a closer relation between members. The "upper school," the two upper forms, are given special privileges in keeping with their advanced years and high attainments. The privilege to study in their rooms, proves a keen incentive to maintain the grade of scholarship that wins that liberty.

The boys of the three lower forms are domiciled in dormitories. Each alcove contains a window and is sufficiently separated from the others to insure privacy. A democratic simplicity pervades these quarters as the boys are, wisely, not allowed to accumulate "properties" until they arrive at the dignity of a room. Even then they remain true to the spirit of St. Mark's in maintaining their curtains and cushions within the limits of modest taste. There is a refreshing virility in the atmosphere of the boys' quarters, partaking as they do of military simplicity and the comforts of a home. A master's room adjoins each dormitory to the mutual advantage of pupils and teacher.

Festival occasions at St. Mark's usually mark some athletic or scholastic victory. Founders' Day comes near the close of the school year and

is the occasion for the distribution of prizes. The Dramatic Club productions are social events, and the Athletic Association meets offer further opportunities for celebration. When the Groton Spring Game comes to St. Mark's the scene around the campus is one of great brilliancy. What more pleasing school picture can be recalled than St. Mark's radiant in the June sunshine, flushed with victory, singing with boyish enthusiasm their school song:

"Above thy gates the Lion bold,
Proud emblem which for years has told
The story how, in strenuous game,
Thy sons have fought for thy fair name.
Symbol of strength! thy name we sing,
O Lion with the Eagle's wing."

There is a kind of confession of faith or pledge of mutual endeavor which has been reprinted from year to year in the annual catalog, which, whatever its history, and whether it is written law or not, is, as any one who knows the school must admit, very nearly realized. "The boys of St. Mark's School are expected to observe, faithfully, the regular order at all times, and in neatness and decorum, and readiness and kindness, and good breeding, and in Christian dutifulness, to be true and thorough, so as to fulfil our motto,—Age Quod Agis."

The corporation of St. Mark's has from the beginning been composed of able and eminent men. Four bishops have stood at the head of the lists of trustees, and among the laymen to render especial service have been Mr. Joseph Story Fay, Mr. Henry N. Bigelow, Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, Mr August Belmont, Mr.

Joseph Burnett, the treasurer for many years, and his son; Mr. Harry Burnett, who has recently discharged the duties of that office so efficiently. The loyalty of the alumni has made many improvements possible, and is at all times a source of potential strength.

The school has had six head masters, three during the first eight years of its establishment. The Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, head master from 1873 to 1882, is still living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. William E. Peck, the successor of Dr. Coolidge as master and head master, lived in St. Mark's for twenty-two years. He was a man of great honesty and sincerity of character and famous among his pupils for the fairness and directness of his dealings with them. Mr. Peck left St. Mark's to open the Pomfret School in Connecticut in 1894. The Rev. Walter Cambridge, writing for *The Churchman*, says: "What Mr. Peck did for St. Mark's, as a master and as its chief executive, largely contributed to the growth of the school, and to a great extent makes possible what it is now doing as an institution." He was succeeded by the present head master, the Rev. William G. Thayer.

To Mr. Thayer's perception and energy many very notable improvements are due. Among them none is more apparent, or perhaps important, than the æsthetic improvements Mr. Thayer has wrought in the grounds and in the interior of the building. Shrubbery, trees, vines, and carefully kept lawns make the exterior more beautiful, while the bareness of the interior has been relieved

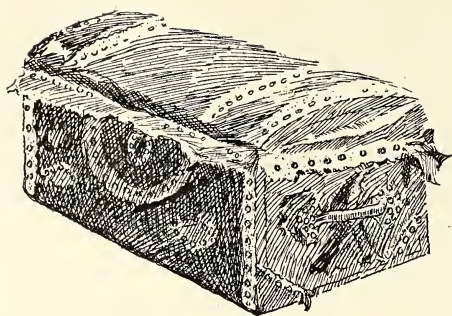
by the arrangement of carefully selected photographs and casts.

The new wing of the building, first opened for the use of pupils in June of this year, adds much to the beauty and convenience of St. Mark's. Athletic conditions also have been greatly improved by the acquirement of the new athletic field, the gift of Mr. August Belmont, and the addition of the old English game, newer to America, a "Fives" court. It is not to material improvements alone that one looks for evidences of growth, but to all those intangible conditions that create atmosphere. In the spirit of St. Mark's, at once happy and busy, in the courteous hospitality to strangers, in the rare homelikeness of the school is seen the eloquent testimony of Mr. Thayer's wise leadership.

St. Mark's has always been averse to notoriety, and has kept from public print as much as possible. The writer of this article has ventured to include in her sketch of Southborough this brief account, believing that it may recall to many days of a golden time,

"Whereon it was enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

The story of a New England town is remarkable for what it leaves untold. At best its institutions, a few facts, a modicum of personal history, are all that can be related. But let the imagination speak! Let it try to depict the unutterable struggle that has gone into making civilization out of a wilderness during a single century, and something of its supreme significance will emerge. This imagination the "gentle reader" must supply.



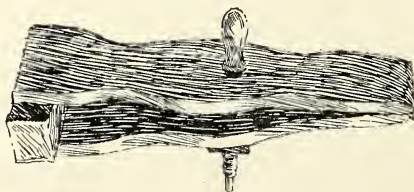
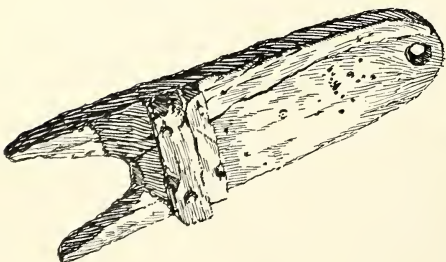
The Garret

By Edwin L. Sabin

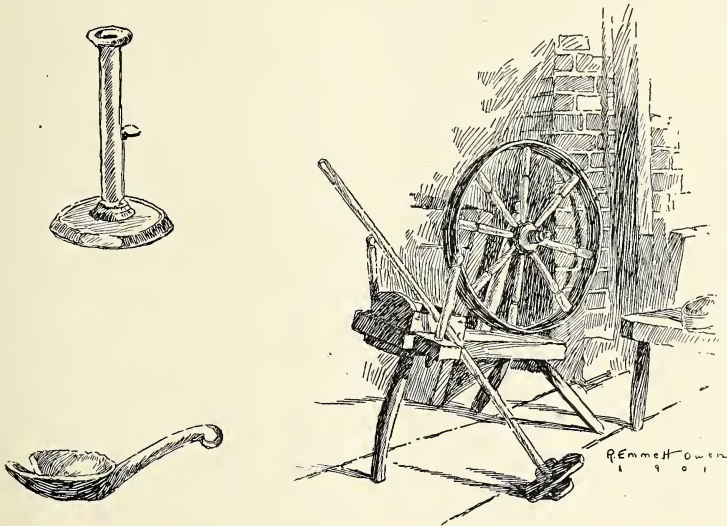
HERE are the garments of long ago
 (Passed is the matron, passed the maid)—
Hoop and mantel and furbelow,
 Silken slipper and dulled brocade.
And the firelock stands in a corner dim,
 And the broadsword listens, the calm months through,
Waiting the step and the voice of him
 Who sturdily fought for the buff and blue.



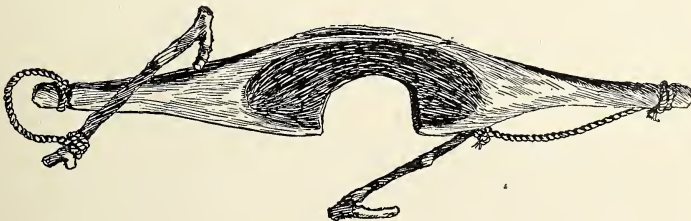
Up where the high-peaked gables rise,
 And from casements narrow the sun streams in;
Where unmolested the gray dust lies,
 And the wee mice romp and the spiders spin;
'Midst rafters sloping and angles deep,
 In low hair trunk and in cedar chest,
From year to year, through a peaceful sleep,
 The treasures of days departed rest.



Scattered and patient doze the toys,
 Dumbly appealing 'by dint and crack ;
 And a cradle tells of a mother's joys
 And a babe of a hundred years aback.
 Yonder the chair of a fashion quaint,
 Yonder the queer, warped cider-press,
 Condemned, in spite of their mute complaint,
 To moth, to rust, and to idleness.



Sleep, oh tokens of old, sweet days,
 While the roof-tree shelters you, close above.
 Sleep, as you ponder, with mild amaze,
 Where are those fingers you learned to love.
 And the dust motes dance in the bars of gold,
 And the spiders weave 'twixt the bending beams,
 And the wee mice frolic, by wont grown bold,
 And the air is mellow with tender dreams.



Sweet Peas

By Erma Eloise Cole

SOON after the battle of Manila, in the summer of 1898, quite a little flurry was caused in Boston by the discovery of a conspiracy. The conspirator was Spanish, as a properly gotten up conspirator should be, who had been accumulating information from an accomplice at Washington. In the folly of his ambition, he had attempted to place a nice little item of war munitions in the hands of Spanish authorities, and had also secured plans of the strategic points in the mines of a certain important American harbor.

The conspirator caused more flurry when, evading the police octopus, whose feelers were reaching in every direction with alarming rapidity, he disappeared from the penetrativeness of the Boston eyeglass in a flash. In vain did telegraph wires quiver in their haste to corral the missing Christobal Aguilar. Whether he wore an invisible cloak or had been transformed into Dr. Jekyll, at least he was in retreat beyond the rapid-fire guns of the American police. His old hiding place, which, unfortunately for his stay among cultured Bay Staters, had become known to the secret service, was now guarded persistently, lest any of his kind be playing the mouse in the casement.

That Aguilar had received assistance in the city was known, and the police now busied themselves with the

task of tracing his assistant, hoping eventually to discover the conspirator.

One July day of the same year, Colonel Everett and I were sitting high up in a Newmarket Street restaurant overlooking the noisy market wagons below and the roofs of the shops opposite. We were slowly absorbing the last bits of a "queen's pudding," which was our favorite in the fare, when a party of four took seats at a table directly at our left. The man was piloting two women and a girl, all from the Western States, we judged, from the intrusive "r" which often bubbled up.

My friend and I were discussing the respective merits of the routes to Buffalo, when our neighbor on the left remarked: "In Buffalo, I believe. They say they expected to find him before he got out of Massachusetts, but they think he is now in New York." The clashing discord of knives, forks and plates interrupted the further trend of his remarks, but the word "Aguilar" was wedged into one of the intervals of hearing. At this, the Colonel turned, glanced curiously at the group, and said in a low tone: "Queer that everybody in town seems to know that they're trying to trap Aguilar in Buffalo. He'll get away yet."

The Colonel and I were planning to leave Boston that afternoon for Buf-

falo, and the question flashed through my mind whether he had another errand thither besides his urgent business with a newspaper correspondent. The Colonel is a veteran of the Civil War, and has turned his energies to the writing of the history of several martial and political incidents of his experience. His apparent annoyance at the generality of the knowledge of Aguilar's proposed capture was a surprise to me, who could not see any inconvenience if all Boston knew it.

Having finished our lunch, we descended the heights to the jumbled "no thoroughfare" below, and by a circuitous tour arrived at the Fitchburg station, the Fitchburg being the route selected. Our coach was filled with the usual representatives of eccentric America. But just as the brightest button in a collection holds the eye, so we were soon taking note of a small, light-haired girl, who appeared to be at ease and also not. She sat two seats ahead of us and we were able frequently to look at her. She carried a violin case and a handsome bunch of sweet peas which seemed to be the only object of her concern. The flowers were evidently a gift—she spent so much time in looking at, smelling of, and arranging them. We invariably found her meditating over and fingering them, unless absorbed in the glories of the Berkshire hills and their glistening necklaces of dashing little streams. The conductor would occasionally pause and instruct her concerning the route—she seemed to be inexperienced and travelling far, and evidently had been given into the conductor's care. She seemed also to be well known to that head official. The Colonel guessed her to be a sec-

ond violin in a theatrical orchestra, hastening to join her company. He is a close observer and clever at surmising one's status, and this *did* seem to be the most probable fact concerning her.

Our four Western neighbors were also present, a coincidence that has always to my mind been mysteriously connected with the events of that journey, but the Colonel laughs at the idea.

It is remarkable how curious and feminine-minded one may grow over the possible identity of certain fellow-passengers. There are lulls in the fascination of all landscapes, when one's mind involuntarily searches out the why, whence, and whither data of our neighbors. Thus I found myself constantly speculating about the girl directly ahead.

She was soon obliged to give a young man the place opposite, where her beloved violin and sweet peas had been lying, which she tucked in beside her in her own seat. She and the young man had the appearance of old acquaintances, yet the girl relied upon the protection of the conductor, as if daring to consult no one else. It was certainly evident that a feeling of questioning uncertainty mingled with that strange little air of hers of being self-reliant in most respects. When the young man left, the violin went back to its bed among the sweet pea garnishings. The young miss occasionally gave a sociable glance at the young girl of the Western party, and it seemed to me that a glance of comprehension or special meaning was exchanged. Yet they certainly had not greeted each other.

Soon the young woman with the

violin became so absorbed in the sun's fiery departure beyond the historic, pine-coiffured hills of the old Bay State that her flowers were forgotten, nor were they noticed again until three men in a wild state of hilarity and intoxication entered and declared in ostentatious accents that they had enlisted for the Philippines.

"Miss Sweet Peas"—our nickname for her—recalled her surroundings, only to find that her flowers were wilted,—she had forgotten to keep them moist,—and she gave an inquisitive glance toward her nearest neighbors, as if inviting some one to help her through the difficulty of having no vase.

A young man, or perhaps boy, who had seemed also to take quite an interest in the fate of the flowers, after some search, triumphantly brought out a remarkable, compact article that, when properly extended, made a skyscraper cup of six stories, and offered it to her. She took it with the same air of dealing with an old acquaintance that she had manifested toward every one else, and the Colonel muttered, "They've met before."

I murmured, "Who is she? Does she have the acquaintance of every one, whether from the polar regions or the South Sea Islands? There's the conductor, those Western people, that young man opposite, and the one who left a short time ago. Perhaps she also knows us."

But the Colonel was convinced that she was not acquainted with us, and believed her acquaintance did not extend to the Westerners—that was too coincidental. At any rate, we were amused at the curiosity we *men* were feeling about other people.

Our interest became gradually divided between the three soldiers and "Sweet Peas." One could not help regarding the former, their voices arose above everything. Many were annoyed by their persistent boisterousness.

"Sweet Peas" seemed only to regard them much as a child does that which she has never before seen, and several merry glances were exchanged between her and the Western girl. At times she seemed to be studying them closely. In one of these moments she turned her eyes suddenly away from the noisy group, which seemed to be staring deliberately at her. She gave alert glances toward the front and rear of the coach as if anxious to see the conductor appear. Whatever annoyance she felt, thereafter she concealed beneath an absorption in her flowers, which she studied with evident pleasure.

A dark-faced soldier very softly pressed the arm of one of his companions and stealthily whispered something. The man sat upright, slowly began a tour with his eyes of every inmate of the coach, his glance approaching and resting upon "Sweet Peas" last. He seemed to disagree with the other's opinion. Then some passengers began to regard them, their sudden stillness seeming to have caused attention. The three soldiers had recovered their normal condition, their boisterous voices ceased, and their general air of rowdiness was diminished. They were so quiet indeed that "Sweet Peas" glanced up from her meditations and casually included them in the careless glance she bestowed upon all. But they were no

longer insolent, and were somewhat sobered and inclined to sleep.

The conductor re-entered, pausing again at the young girl's side. She had many questions to ask and displayed herself very unsophisticated in her endeavors to solve for the first time the puzzles of the route. Her childish voice rang clear and bell-like while conversing, and she continued to enjoy the scent of the sweet peas.

Just before the sun's red battlefield had been left to the victorious storm clouds, Greenfield was announced, where a ten minutes' lunch was to be served. While the immense crowds were alighting and others were waiting to board the train, the sky burst its reservoir and it rained with such violence as to cause confusion. The platform suddenly blossomed with a multitude of umbrellas and the down-pour had to be endured till refuge was found inside the coaches. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show—a rare treat in the East—had drawn the whole country-side to Greenfield, and the whole country-side seemed determined to board our train. It was a difficult feat for any one travelling with a party to avoid being completely lost in the dense crowds.

There remained but a few more minutes for lunch and the coaches were fast filling up when our little second violin hastily snatched violin-case and flowers and disappeared through the rear door. Almost immediately the three soldiers pushed impatiently through the crowd, out at the other door and rushed to the station platform.

"So we've lost her," said the Colonel. "Perhaps she belongs to Buffalo Bill's company."

The warning clang of the bell soon after was filling the coaches still more, and the train had passed several rods beyond the station when suddenly appeared "Sweet Peas." Her seat was of course occupied, and we offered her ours. It was while she was once more arranging her flowers and violin that we noticed that she appeared to have had a serious battle with unstrung nerves and was trying to appear calm and indifferent. Her eyes were continually scrutinizing every newcomer. But gradually here and there the coach began to empty its excursionists, and she appeared as calmly engrossed in her flowers as before. Each pause at stations, however, seemed to bring her attention again to other things, and she seemed always prepared to leave, until she had scanned the arrivals. Her manner became so changed that the Colonel and I concluded she was worried about connections. The conductor continued now and then to explain things, after which she would settle back with evident relief. The Colonel thought it was a shame for one so young and apparently unused to travelling to be alone. And I agreed with him. He soon began to drowse, but I was thoroughly awake. It seemed to me that even the entrance of conductor or brakeman began to disturb "Sweet Peas," and the changes she should make preyed more than ever on her mind. The brakeman, moreover, acquired the habit of sitting down and chatting with her in a rather familiar vein, and I asked myself if it were possible that they also were old acquaintances. But there was something besides mere acquaintance in the man's attitude,—there was an air

of open admiration about him. His companion, on the other hand, regarded him as if half quizzical and coquettishly curious—an altogether different quality from any before shown.

I was beginning to be satisfied that she *was* a second violin of a theatre company. Her manner certainly began to be that of the easygoing "flirt" of that class. Occasionally she glanced at the Western girl inquiringly, as if curious what her thoughts might be concerning her conduct.

The brakeman continued the conversation in a somewhat personal vein, confiding that he was born in New Hampshire. I wondered if she were also giving her autobiography, but she seemed only to listen, looking about her questioningly.

All the passengers were asleep, with the exception of myself, and the conductor and brakeman had left us to our peace when the train began to burrow through the tunnel of the Hoosac Mountains. "Sweet Peas" was again preparing to leave the coach at the next station. The air was becoming very close and filled with smoke in places. It soon became so annoying that, with some degree of restlessness, I arose to see if there were an aperture above, through which it entered. Finishing the inspection, my glance fell upon "Sweet Peas." She was softly opening her violin case, revealing a violin with a large, square neck, ending in a triangular knob. She thrummed absently on the strings for a while, then closed the case without perceiving that I had inspected her property. Presently the brakeman entered, spoke to her, and she followed him to

the door, where an animated discussion occurred. She soon returned and began to arrange her flowers.

Most of the occupants of the coach were asleep. Mechanicsville was announced, whereupon intense relief lighted up the countenance of this strange girl. She tossed part of her flowers to the half-dozing Western girl, took her violin, and swiftly disappeared in the gloom—the last glimpse of her I was ever to have—for this time she did not return.

The Colonel and I changed coaches for the Wabash line at Rotterdam Junction, and thence were prepared to pass the night in peace, it being a through train to Buffalo. But when we approached Syracuse, excitement prevailed here among the train officials. Two men entered, scanning every person, seat, and corner, and the rumor passed quickly from official to passenger that a conspirator was being tracked. The Syracuse station master had received telegraphed orders from Rotterdam to hold the train until a small, light-haired young woman, carrying a violin and bunch of sweet peas, had been found and arrested. No pains were to be spared. She was on the train bound for Buffalo. These orders were referred to Greenfield. The Colonel and I gazed at each other. I could not rest till I had learned all there was to hear.

A young woman, supposed to be connected with the conspiracy of Aguilar, had boarded the train at Boston, having evaded the police and other officials, and was carrying documents which, if found, would incriminate Aguilar, and money which would place him safely out of the country, besides certain additional

plans of the harbor before mentioned. Said documents were supposed to be concealed in the violin.

The plan to capture Aguilar's accomplice had been that three pseudo-soldiers should appear each day at a certain point on the route from Boston, to discover any traces of the fugitive, whom the police expected to depart any day from the place, but in what guise was not known. These "soldiers" had at length discovered a suspect—the girl with the violin—and had stopped at Greenfield to attempt her capture when they saw her slip out of the coach. As we listened, the Colonel and I smiled as we recalled her ruse at Greenfield and how she deceived the pursuers.

The conductor on the Fitchburg line had sent testimony that she had not left the coach, but had entered the car behind, thus causing a frantic search in the crowd. He also testified to her having a ticket for Rotterdam, where, she had told him, she would change for Buffalo.

The travellers, who had to submit to disclosing most of their personal property and a cross-questioning, were indignant that the officials were not satisfied "by their looks" that they were not red-handed conspirators. As one officer paused before the Western party, he began to re-read his telegram closely, then beckoned to his co-worker. The Western girl unconcernedly held a bunch of sweet peas and was awaiting the investigation. The officer suddenly remarked: "Those are sweet peas, are they not, young woman? Now we'll see if you have a violin, as well."

At this the old gentleman of their party objected, declaring it to be an

outrage. But the men calmly proceeded to prod open baggage, at length triumphantly bringing forth a peculiarly shaped case containing—a mandolin. Out of its house it came, displaying to the breathless spectators all the charms which a very finely inlaid "potato-bug" could. It was turned upside down and shaken; the case was thoroughly searched; but nothing appeared. They were on the point of splitting the poor instrument's head open, when the conductor remarked: "Here, man, don't you know a violin when you see it? That's an innocent mandolin, not a suspicious looking violin, as your orders designate."

This was true; but the suspicions of the searcher were aroused since he had found the sweet peas, and, despite the Western gentleman's continued declaration that he was a fool and was trying to convict his daughter, who had never seen Aguilar and never wished to, he was obstinate. He felt that the telegram had blundered.

Here was a clear case,—a small, light-haired young woman, sweet peas, and musical instrument. The papers must be concealed elsewhere, and she had "worked" the old gentleman to play the part of a father. Then began the search again, and to such a height was the interest of the entire company lifted that it was very much like the searching exhibitions of a mind-reader.

"It seems to me, this has gone too far," I remarked to the Colonel, and I gave a recital of my glimpse of the violin, whose use was obviously that of a receptacle; the girl's disappearance at Mechanicsville instead of Rotterdam; and her gift of flowers for

some particular reason to the young girl, now suspected.

The Colonel insisted on my relieving the situation by telling what I had seen. And I mentally remarked that "Sweet Peas" at least, if she had assistance at Mechanicsville, was undoubtedly nearing the Canadian border—that refuge of the fleeing.

When I gave my testimony I was at once taken for an "accomplice" of the girl, and was released from suspicion only when the Colonel produced documents as to his own and my identity, wherein I learned that the Colonel himself was the man designated to complete the capture of Aguilar when he should reach Bufalo.

I thought the Colonel took his defeat rather coolly. And the Western girl, with easy good nature, turned the affair off as a huge joke, and declared she would preserve the sweet peas as a memento of the most interesting experience of her life.

And I—well, I wonder, a little in doubt, whether this Western girl was not a conspirator—if not directly, at least indirectly—since by her possession of the flowers was the escape of the other made complete through the loss of time.

I had no doubt of her escape, for a young woman who could assume the innocence of a child, the coquetry and appearance of a theatre girl, and evade every official on the road, would complete the drama successfully.

And so it proved. For shortly after, the newspapers announced that Christobal Aguilar and his daughter had safely crossed the Canadian boundary, where it was certainly imperative he should arrive, having hidden in the Hudson River region awaiting his daughter's departure from Boston until his life had been endangered. His daughter had maintained a brave seclusion in the city until her final *coup*, one worthy of her Spanish ancestry.

Church and State in New England

By Augustus F. Moulton

BOTH the Pilgrim and the Puritan were first of all religionists. There seems to be no question that the reason which actuated the Pilgrims in making their settlement at Plymouth in 1620, and which likewise supremely influenced the Puritans who subsequently established themselves on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, was that they desired to enjoy in peace their religious beliefs. Both settle-

ments were made by men and women who had come out of great tribulation. They had evolved a faith and a creed which were to them sufficient for life and death, and they cheerfully exchanged their old home, their friends and native land for a new abode in the wilderness. This abode, though bleak and lonely, was nevertheless hallowed by the associations of the austere religion which they regarded more highly than all the comforts and

pleasures of the world. They also expected and desired to establish and perpetuate a new Commonwealth, whose corner stone should be righteousness, where they and their descendants might forever dwell, free from the hateful influence of ritualists upon the one hand and of infidels upon the other.

It is not uncommon to hear the Pilgrims and Puritans spoken of as if they were the same. They were indeed of similar origin. Both were products of the reformation begun by Luther in the early part of the sixteenth century. Perhaps it may be more exact to look farther back and say that they were a product of the heresies, of those independents whose most conspicuous example was stout John Wyckliff, the man who translated the Bible and preached the word in England nearly a hundred and fifty years before the German monk began his controversy with Rome. Those Lollards, or babblers as they were called, who chose to discuss religious matters and criticise the creed and the doings of the church, continued to increase after the time of Wyckliff. Their discussions loosened the bond which connected England with the papacy. It is by no means true that the English people deserted Roman Catholicism merely because Henry VIII. so commanded when he had been thwarted in his matrimonial ventures by the Pope. Ten years before Henry annulled the papal authority in England in 1534, Tyndall had set his printing press at work and was scattering his version of the Bible and his tracts among the people. For some years before that date, Hugh Latimer had been preaching and teaching the doc-

trines of the reformation with the same zeal which he displayed twenty years later when in Bloody Mary's reign he cried out at the stake "we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Not only was England more than half Protestant when King and Pope fell out, but there were many who were far too radical to be kept within the limits of the English Church. It was a time when the discussion of religion was engrossing the attention of all the world. The Bible was in the broadest sense a revelation. Its literature, its history and its teachings were recited and argued in every home.

It was natural that the theological controversy should produce a variety of beliefs. In the long reign of Queen Elizabeth, the greater part of the English people were members of the Anglican Church. Most of them claimed it to be the original Apostolic Church, redeemed from the errors of Rome and the papacy. A considerable number, however, desired to have the Church conformed in doctrine and policy to the reformed churches of the continent. The latter sometimes called themselves root and branch men, but their opponents named them in derision Puritans, and this name, Puritan, or Church Puritan, they adopted and by it they are commonly known. The Puritans were not in fact outside of the Church, but were restless members within it. They desired the apostolic way, but they objected to the dictation of the King. The Apostles, they declared, asked no consent of Cæsar in formulating their creed, and no authority could be found in the scriptures for making the determination of faith

and morals a part of the royal prerogative.

The Independents, or Separatists, on the other hand were a sect, not large in point of numbers, who followed so much of the teachings of Robert Browne as declared the Puritans to be mistaken in adhering to the Church. The Independents placed their religion upon an individual basis. They considered that a church should be an organization of holy men independent of any state control. But Queen Elizabeth was head of the Church and such doctrine implied a denial of the royal supremacy. It was practically the preaching of treason, and so every inveterate Separatist was liable to the penalty of death.

The Pilgrims who came to New England were for the most part Separatists who had withdrawn from the Anglican Church and had been organized as an independent congregation in the drawing-room of William Brewster at Scrooby Manor in Nottinghamshire. Brewster was a Cambridge graduate, and John Robinson, the Minister of the Society, was likewise a Cambridge University man. John Carver, the first Governor of Plymouth, and William Bradford, who followed him in the Governorship, were active members of this church. Their meetings were held in secret, but the officers of the law were soon after them. At that time, Holland, following the policy inaugurated by William the Silent, granted religious toleration to all, and in 1608 the Scrooby congregation, leaving stealthily in detachments, emigrated to Holland. There they remained twelve years, eleven of which were spent in Leyden, where additional emigrants

increased their number to about a thousand.

It soon became apparent that in a foreign land the rising generation must lose their English speech and English manners, and, more than that, amid such surroundings their religion could not be expected to retain its austere purity. And so it came to pass that after negotiation with the London Company, the Mayflower crossed the ocean and landed her precious freight of one hundred passengers at Plymouth. The passengers which the Mayflower carried were an ordinary ship-load of men, but that fateful vessel bore also, as another cargo, which no man saw nor comprehended, ideas of expansive power that were to influence a continent.

It is apparent that those enthusiasts did not come to Plymouth to establish religious toleration. They came rather to escape from the baneful effect of such a thing. Although Holland afforded them a refuge, they regarded it, from a theological point of view, as a nest of unclean birds. In those times there were few who did not regard it a sin to admit that different forms of belief might be acceptable to God. One could not allow that another might be right without at the same time conceding that he himself might be wrong. The question of the relation of the church and state had little opportunity to arise during the early years of the Plymouth Colony, because they were all religionists of one school. The town meeting and representative government had never suggested themselves to any one. The Settlers were too few in numbers for them to need representatives. At the end of ten years, there were but three

hundred of the Colonists, and the same meeting house where the congregation assembled on Sundays for worship was used on week days for arranging the public business. It was the irregular meeting of the Pilgrim congregation that later became with them the systematized town meeting.

The exodus of the Puritans to Massachusetts Bay began about ten years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Charles the First came to the throne in 1625. He assumed to rule by right divine. After four years of wrangling he dismissed his Parliament and asserted his own autocratic rule. Strafford and Laud began their thorough work in the Church to banish dissent and compel obedience to the Episcopal creed. A heavy hand was laid especially upon the Puritans. Both civil and religious liberty then seemed lost in England and the Puritans began a look about for some avenue of escape. Before 1630 there had been a few feeble attempts to form settlements outside of the Plymouth Colony. In that year the general movement upon the part of the Puritans began. By the end of December seventeen ships with more than a thousand emigrants, had come to New England. More and more the volume of the exodus increased until the year 1640, when the long Parliament, met to begin the struggle for freedom on English soil, saw above twenty-three thousand representatives of the best blood of England settled upon the lands adjacent to Massachusetts Bay. They had been Church Puritans at home, but, having been driven from the Church, they soon became Separatists in fact and sound haters of Episcopalianism. The settlements were

large and the need of civil government became at once imperative and the town meeting developed itself spontaneously from the necessities of the situation.

The exodus was almost wholly of a religious nature, and an ecclesiastical policy was straightway adopted. They had no bishops to consecrate the clergy by laying on of hands, but a church covenant and confession of faith were drawn up by Francis Higginson, and a committee, authorized by the church, ordained the ministers. The government of the Colonies, except Rhode Island, as they were severally established, became of ecclesiastical character and in that form was handed down to subsequent generations. The gradual relinquishment of church control over civil government in New England forms an interesting subject for consideration.

The charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was granted by King Charles in the fourth year of his reign, namely, March 4, 1628. It declared in verbose phraseology that Sir Henry Rosewell and twenty-five associates by name "and all such others as shall hereafter be admitted and made free of the company and society herein-after mentioned, shall from time to time and at all times forever hereafter be, by virtue of these presents, one body corporate and politic in fact and name by the name of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." It was provided "that from henceforth forever there shall be one Governor, one Deputy Governor, and eighteen Assistants of the same company, to be from time to time constituted, elected and chosen out of the freemen of the said

company for the time being." These Assistants were to be called together by the Governor as occasion might require "to consult and advise of the business and affairs of the said company." They should hold "upon every last Wednesday in Hilary, Easter, Trinity and Michas terms respectively forever, one great, general and solemn assembly, which four general assemblies shall be styled and called the four great and general Courts of the said Company." It was further provided that they "shall have full power and authority to choose, nominate and appoint such and so many others as they shall think fit and that shall be willing to accept the same, *to be free of the said Company and body*, and them into the same to admit." It will be observed that the original government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was by no means a popular one. It was restricted to those who should be admitted as "freemen." The freeman was entirely distinct from the freeholders, who were land owners, and from the inhabitants who might or might not be property holders. Before being admitted as a freeman the inhabitants took the formidable freeman's oath, to be faithful to the Government, to maintain its liberties, and to act conscientiously in all things. Only the freemen so admitted were entitled to vote generally, although later, when townships were organized, the freeholders and sometimes all the inhabitants were allowed to vote upon choice of town officers and money raised by way of rate. Accordingly, we find in the same book records of "meeting of the freemen," "meeting of the freeholders" and "generall towne meeting."

Under the charter no particular test was required for admission to the office of freeman. The Assistants and the freemen selected by them could add to their number whomsoever they might choose. One of the very first laws passed by the Puritan Colony, however, provided, "To the end that the body of the freemen may be preserved of honest and good men: "Yt is ordered that henceforth no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this Commonwealth but such as are members of some of the churches within this jurisdiction." This was followed by the further provision, "It is the intent and order of the Court that no person shall henceforth be chosen to any office in the Commonwealth but such as is a freeman."

The orthodoxy of the churches was determined in a summary manner. There were a few who were not willing to give up the Anglican forms of worship, and in Salem it was attempted to establish an Episcopal Church. Governor Endicott immediately had the leaders put on board ship and sent back to England. If the Episcopalians in the old Country chose to insist that the Puritans could not be in their communion, the New England settlers who had been driven out were ready to take them at their word. The separation had become an established fact and there was no disposition to revive old controversies. The Episcopalians were welcome to worship as they pleased, provided they did so in the old Country or up in Maine where Gorges, Cammock, and the rest boasted of their loyalty to Church and King, but Massachusetts would have none of it.

It appears that office seeking was

not so prevalent in the early days as it has become in later times, and accordingly the great and general Court felt constrained to legislate as follows: "Whereas many members of Churches to exempt themselves from public services will not come in to be made freemen, it is ordered, etc., if any person, being legally chosen thereunto, he shall pay for every such refusal such fine as the town shall impose, not exceeding twenty shillings for one offence."

That the theocratic form of government was of rigid character appears throughout the Colony laws. In 1663 it was "ordered by this Court and the authority thereof that all persons, quakers or others, who refuse to attend upon the publick worship of God here established; that all such persons, whether freemen or others acting as aforesaid, shall, and hereby are, made incapable of voting in all civil assemblies during their obstinate persisting in such wicked ways and courses."

Early provision was made for the proper support of both government and churches. It was enacted that the Court "doth order that every inhabitant shall contribute to all charges both in church and Commonwealth whereof he doth or may receive benefit; and every such inhabitant who shall not contribute proportionately to his ability to all common charges, both civil and ecclesiastical, shall be compelled thereunto by assessment and distress to be levied by the Constable or other officer of the town." But "the ministers of God's word, regularly ordained over any Church of Christ, orderly gathered and constituted, shall be freed from all rates for the Country, County and Church."

The laws enacted by the early Col-

onists have, at different times, been collected and printed. They may be found in an official volume which is now quite rare, but which is often referred to by the Courts, for those laws and regulations were the foundation of a large part of our present Statute Law, and form the basis of many vested rights. The somewhat formal title of the book is "The Charters and General Laws of the Colony and Province of Massachusetts Bay, carefully collected from the Publick records and ancient Printed Books: to which is added an Appendix tending to explain the spirit, progress and history of the jurisprudence of the State, especially in a Moral and Political View."

Among the sound and practical laws in this compilation there appear many curious provisions. The Acts respecting Capital Crimes make reference in each case to the Chapter and verse of scripture relating to the same. It is provided that "for the yearly choosing of Assistants, the freemen shall use indian corn and beans, the indian corn to manifest election and the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one indian corn or bean for the choice or refusal of any publick officer, he shall forfeit for every such offence ten pounds."

In most cases the reason for the enactment of the law is set out with quaint directness. The common school was one of the first objects to receive attention and there is a world of meaning in the beginning of the Act respecting schools. "It being one chief project of Satan to keep men from the knowledge of the Scripture, as in former times keeping them in unknown tongues . . . to the end that

learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers in Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors, it is therefore ordered, &c." Six years after the Puritans came there was an Act respecting "The College" which began "Whereas, through the good hand of God upon us, there is a College founded in Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, called Harvard College" and to it they gave four hundred pounds and the revenue of the ferry betwixt Charlestown and Boston. Moreover it was considered that the youth should be educated not only in good literature, but in sound doctrine; consequently the Selectmen must see to it that none should be teachers that have manifested themselves unsound in the faith or scandalous in their lives.

The duellist and the suicide were to be denied a Christian burial, the former to be buried without a coffin, with a stake driven through his body, and the latter to be buried in the common highway and a cart load of stones laid upon the grave.

There is little reference to Parliament or King, but the recollection of the Star Chamber is recalled when they rose to a lofty plane and ordered that "no man's life shall be taken away, no man's honor or good name shall be stained, no man's person shall be arrested, restrained, banished nor any way punished, no man's goods or estate shall be taken away, unless it be by virtue or equity of some express law of the Country warranting the same, or in case of the defect of a law, by the word of God."

One is reminded that the Puritan in the new world was of the same school as the Puritan of the old, by laws simi-

lar to those enacted by the English Commonwealth a dozen years or so later, during the protectorate of Cromwell. Dancing and card playing were forbidden, the observance of Christmas was not allowed, the morals of the people were guarded with jealous care in regard to Church attendance and in many ways. These Puritans were not altogether intolerant. They allowed other sects to worship in their own way, provided they first obtained permission from the Magistrates and were quiet and orderly. But they were positive in disallowing any attempts to undermine the orthodox faith or to disseminate heterodox doctrines. These privileges of worship were extended only to Protestants. Papists were considered as having no rights and to be entitled to no consideration.

The compilation of laws referred to were those of the Province and Colony of Massachusetts Bay. The same rigor was not found in all the Colonies. The laws of New Haven, before it was annexed to Connecticut in 1661, were the most straight-laced of all, and gave some basis for the well known caricature upon them by Samuel Peters, called the Blue Laws. The Pilgrim Colony of Plymouth never restricted the suffrage to church members, and it was liberal in regard to religious beliefs. The Act which terminated its separate existence in 1692 also abolished the requirement of church membership for voting in Massachusetts.

The people of Connecticut guarded well the morals of her people but did not make a religious test for voting. New Hampshire was largely settled by heterodox people, Episcopalians and Antinomians, but in 1641 it came under the dominion and laws of the

stronger colony of Massachusetts Bay, though a considerable part of its inhabitants had little regard for Massachusetts or her laws. Maine, under the dominion of Gorges and his friends, Jocelyn, Macworth, and Jordan, was hopelessly given over to Episcopalianism and had little, if any, idea of suffrage of any kind. The Statutes of the stronger colony prevailed there after 1658, when Massachusetts, with the help of Cromwell, benevolently assimilated, and later bought, it of the heirs of Gorges, and so continued until the separation in 1820. The province of Maine rendered unwilling obedience to Massachusetts laws until it was resettled after King Philip's War, and even then it was a resort for those who had small regard for creeds or churches. Consequently, up to 1692, when the new charter granted by William and Mary abolished the religious test for voting, the greater part of New England was governed by Massachusetts laws and statutes. The one great and conspicuous exception was the colony of Rhode Island. There Roger Williams and his followers allowed perfect liberty of conscience in all matters of church and state. The hospitality of the noble little colony was tested to the limit of endurance by the fanatics and pestilent religious cranks who made it their refuge, but it never faltered in its devotion to the principles of toleration. In spite of all protests and in spite of being excluded from the union of the New England Colonies, Williams declared and maintained that "the freedom of different consciences shall be respected."

While we may condemn the bigotry of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, we cannot fairly call them inconsistent

or hypocritical. There is more to be offered in defence of their position than can be said in favor of their brethren who remained at home and endeavored to make England under the Protectorate a nation of saints. The New England Puritans were doubtless fanatical to a considerable extent, but their honesty was beyond question. This world to them was but a place of preparation for the real life beyond. The pomps and vanities of earth were, according to their creed, as nothing when compared with eternity. Amid all trials and disasters they were able to say with earnestness, impressive because it was sincere, "These light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It lay at the foundation of the Puritan faith to make all the actions and doings of this brief life, so far as in them lay, acceptable in the light of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. They had removed themselves to an unexplored and dangerous wilderness for the purpose of establishing a Commonwealth which should be in accord with their high ideal. For this purpose they had come far, regardless of dangers by sea and land. For this ideal, they had sacrificed property, friends, connections, native land—everything that was dear to a home-loving people. The place which they occupied was their own. They intruded upon no one, they molested no one outside of their own bounds, they only asked that they likewise should not be molested. They felt that they had a right to keep the seeds of evil away from the soil of their new state and to protect the wheat field of their

faith against those who would sow tares therein.

This was their intention, and it is curious to observe how their energy, intelligence, and study of the Bible gradually widened their mental and spiritual horizon. With their preaching and their schools, they were all the time building better than they knew. They would of themselves in time have worked the problem out, but they were not allowed to do so without interference. Their plans for building and maintaining a state of highest quality, united with a church having a creed correct and unalloyed, were soon disrupted in spite of all their care. The immediate causes of disturbance were: first, The Quakers; second, The Episcopalians, who, after Cromwell, asserted themselves; and third, The Baptists, with their pleas for soul liberty and hatred of state interference with religion.

Governor John Winthrop died in 1649, too early to know anything of the Quaker sect. He had managed the affairs of the colony with great discretion. Under his firm and judicious policy it had prospered in church and state. Those who would stir up theological strife were quietly sent away. "The settlers had come to New England," he said, "in order to make a society after their own model; all who agreed with them might come and join that society; those who disagreed with them might go elsewhere." In order to understand how people so inoffensive as the Quakers could stir up trouble in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, one should consider the origin of that sect. They, like the Puritans, were a product of the religious tendencies of the times.

George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, began to preach in England in 1648. He came, as he declared, to announce "the appearance of the Lord's everlasting truth and breaking forth again in His eternal power in this our day and age in England." His doctrines speedily attracted wide attention and he and his followers travelled about preaching to vast congregations like Wesley and Whitefield in later years. From the trembling and excitement at their meetings they received the name of Quakers. They claimed to be governed by no particular creed, but by the inward light of the spirit. Doctrines of this kind, however well presented, were calculated to attract the enthusiastic and eccentric, and the new sect had many of that sort. There were some among the fanatical disciples of the inner light who sought for striking and original ordeals by which to prove their zeal. They went far to invite persecution and indulged in strange and even gross performances. Mary Fisher, "a religious maiden," and Ann Austin, having visited other lands with missionary fervor, arrived at Boston in July, 1656, and there began to preach. In this steady going and well ordered community their radical doctrines excited horror and disgust. There was no law against Quakers as such, but the general statute provided: "although no human power be Lord over the faith and consciences of men, yet because such as bring in damnable heresies, tending to the subversion of the Christian faith and destruction of the souls of men, ought duly to be restrained from such notorious impieties . . . it is therefore ordered that every such person continuing obstinate

therein after due means of conviction, shall be sentenced to banishment." Accordingly, the books of the religious maiden and her coadjutor were burned by the hangman. They were searched for signs of witchcraft, and, after being confined in jail five weeks, they were placed on board ship and sent away. Thereupon the Quakers, as it has been said, "rushed to Massachusetts as if invited." Those who thus intruded their unwelcome presence upon a staid and sanctimonious community were not of the excellent and dignified class who settled Pennsylvania, but were mainly freaks and cranks who longed, with intemperate zeal, for martyrdom of some sort. They were representatives of the fanatics who travelled to Rome to denounce the Pope, and who visited Jerusalem to testify against the superstition of the monks. Mary Fisher, after leaving Boston, went to Turkey to preach against Mohammed IV. in his capital. Some of those who came to Massachusetts made themselves offensive by travelling about in sackcloth, like the ancient prophets. Others would rail at the Governor as he walked in dignified state along the street. They would go into the churches on Sunday with their hats on and interrupt and contradict the preacher. John Fiske relates that Lydia Wardwell and Deborah Wilson considered it their duty to travel about the streets of Boston entirely naked, and called their conduct "testifying before the Lord." The Puritans had set themselves up to criticise other religionists, and nothing could be more exasperating than to be denounced by these Quaker critics as the children of Baal and the enemies of God.

The same season that the Quakers first came, the General Court passed an Act with this preamble: "Whereas there is a cursed sect of hereticks lately risen up in the world which are commonly called Quakers, who take upon them to be immediately sent of God and infallibly assisted by the spirit to speak and write blasphemous opinions, despising government and the order of God and Commonwealth, speaking evil of dignities, reproaching and reviling Magistrates and Ministers, seeking to turn people from the faith and gain proselytes by their pernicious ways." It was therefore ordered that no shipmaster should bring them within the jurisdiction under heavy penalties, and if he should do so must carry them back.

Nevertheless the Quakers continued to appear and it was next ordered that no person should harbor or conceal them under a penalty of forty shillings for every hour's entertainment. A year later, 1658, it was enacted because "divers of our inhabitants have been infected and seduced notwithstanding all former laws made" and because "they have not been deterred from their impetuous attempts to undermine our peace and hasten our ruin," that every person of the cursed sect should be apprehended and sentenced to banishment upon pain of death. Three years later, the General Court again took up the case of Quakers who "do like rogues and vagabonds come in upon us, and have not been restrained by the laws already provided." It was ordered that one adjudged to be "a wandering Quaker, to wit, one that hath not any dwelling and not giving civil respect," should be tied to a cart's tail and whipped from town to

town till he be conveyed "to the outwardmost towns of our jurisdiction." If such wandering Quaker, having been thrice sent away, should, for the fourth time, return, he should be branded with the letter R. upon his shoulder and whipped and sent away again. If after this the wandering Quaker should come back once more, he should then be deemed an incorrigible rogue and an enemy of the common peace and be liable to the punishment of death.

Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth, as well as Massachusetts, passed laws against the Quakers. In Rhode Island, it was declared that any breach of the civil law should be punished, but she adhered to her declaration that the "freedom of different consciences shall be respected"; and to Rhode Island, it was said, they did least of all desire to come.

The death penalty was four times inflicted upon Quakers who defiantly and persistently returned from banishment. The most conspicuous victim was Mary Dyer, wife of the Secretary of Rhode Island. Hers was a pathetic case. She was of excellent family, but felt it her duty to leave husband and child and go to Boston to testify, in express defiance of the law. Again and again she was sent home. The Governor himself begged her not to return. Her family and friends entreated her to desist. On the gallows she refused to depart saying, "In obedience to the will of the Lord I come, and in His will I abide faithful unto death." Mary Dyer, living, defied Massachusetts. By her death she conquered Massachusetts, for her example more than anything else stirred up the feeling which, at the next session, caused the law to

be suspended. Two years afterward, in 1662, the Legislative Record reads, "This Court heretofore, for some reason inducing, did judge meet to suspend the execution of the laws against Quakers" and it ordered that the law "be henceforth in force in all respects." It was of no avail. Mary Dyer and her fellow martyrs had won. The exclusive rule of the Puritan Church in Massachusetts was broken forever. The Puritan Commonwealth in England reached its end the same year that Mary Dyer died, but, independently of that fact, public sentiment forbade the executions. The vagabond Quaker and the resident Quaker and other heterodox persons were thenceforth suffered to live and to preach.

In the early history of New England, the Episcopalians had little influence. The Puritans at home were members of the Mother Church, but they contended for its reformation by eliminating from it prelacy and vain ceremonies. The Virginia Charter established the Church of England there, but at the time of the Endicott settlement at Salem the use of the prayer book was prohibited, and thereafter those who used it were sent away. Such Episcopalians as were among them could not partake with them of the Lord's Supper, and consequently were not allowed to vote or hold office. This was a constant source of irritation and complaint, especially in New Hampshire and in Maine after they came under the dominion of Massachusetts. After the restoration in 1660, Charles II. had little regard for the provinces which gave him no respect as head of the Church and little respect in any way. It was then suggested that the Church of England should be estab-

lished as a State Church in Massachusetts and that none but its ordained clergy should solemnize marriages. This proposition aroused instant defiance and its enforcement was not attempted, but it was ordered that the laws prohibiting the Episcopal form of worship and restricting the right of suffrage to church members should be abolished. The Colonists took the royal order under consideration, but did nothing about it. The feeling of irritation increased, and it ended in a writ of *quo warranto*, under which writ a decree in chancery, June 21, 1684, was issued, annulling the Charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. That of Connecticut was also taken away. Plymouth had none to lose. The next year Charles died, and James II. succeeded him. The dull tyranny of James soon made trouble in England and America. Sir Edmund Andros was sent over as royal governor, and by the authority of the King Old South Meeting House was taken possession of for the use of the Church of England. The right of the Colonists to govern themselves was pretty nearly abrogated. Massachusetts was upon the verge of rebellion when the revolution of 1688 deposed James and placed William and Mary upon the throne. Andros was arrested and imprisoned, and government was again set up in accordance with the old forms. The new Sovereigns allowed Connecticut to keep her Charter as not having been regularly cancelled, but to Massachusetts, in 1691, was granted one entirely new. This Charter recited the grant to the Council of Plymouth, the conveyance made to the Colonists of Massachusetts Bay, and the writ of *quo warranto* under which the said letters

patent had been cancelled, vacated, and annihilated. Its terms differed in important particulars from those of the old charter.

The Province of Massachusetts Bay was to include the colony of New Plymouth, the Province of Maine, the territory called Accadia, or Nova Scotia, and all that tract of land lying between the said territories of Nova Scotia and the said Province of Maine. John Mason's New Hampshire grant, however, was not to be interfered with. The Governor was to be appointed by the King instead of being elected. Furthermore, no discrimination against Episcopalians or others in matters of government was allowed, for it said "forevermore hereafter there shall be a liberty of conscience allowed in the worship of God to all Christians except papists," and the General Court should consist of freeholders elected by the freeholders and other inhabitants owning property in the respective towns. The Episcopalians had supplemented the work of the Quakers, and theocratic government all over New England no longer existed. The new charter of 1662, which united Connecticut and New Haven, allowed no religious discrimination. New Hampshire, made a royal province in 1679, had no religious test for voting. Rhode Island, by her Charter of 1662, maintained, as she had always done, perfect liberty of conscience. It was fully time for such a change. A new generation had come upon the stage of action. The children were not walking in the straight paths of the fathers. Twelve years before the new charter was granted, it was reported that the religious test in Massachusetts excluded four fifths of the

grown men from voting or holding office.

Although church membership was no longer a requisite for suffrage nor for holding office, the connection of church and state still continued. It had long been declared to be the duty of the Christian Magistrate to take care that the people be fed with wholesome and sound doctrine, and the Statute provided that in each town an honorable allowance should be made to the Minister, respecting the ability of the place, that there should be convenient habitations for the ministers of the word, and later that there should be public meeting-houses for the worship of God, and that the expense of all this should be assessed upon each person and collected and levied as other town rates. It goes without saying that only that was considered to be wholesome and sound doctrine which was preached by the orthodox ministers, and that the money raised by church rates was applied exclusively for the benefit of the standing order. Against this injustice there was waged a contest, arduous and long, and the credit of bringing it to a successful issue belongs, most of all, to the Baptists, or, as they were called, the advocates of "soul liberty."

The origin of the Baptists is less clearly defined than that of some other denominations. Their beliefs were not derived from any one teacher, but were developed during the great awakening in religious thought which characterized the beginning of the sixteenth century. The principal point of difference between them and other denominations was not so much the manner of performing the baptismal rite as in their opposition to the bap-

tism of infants. Baptism, they held, should be given only to those who have been taught repentance and change of life and the baptism of an unconscious infant is in reality making a farce of what should be a most solemn and seriously considered covenant of the individual with God. To those holding this belief, infant baptism is little better than sacrilege, and is, as it was expressed, "one of the great abominations of the Roman pontiff." Anabaptists, as they were called, were early found among the settlers, and in 1646 the General Court decreed their banishment. Ten years earlier, in 1635, Roger Williams had been obliged to go beyond the jurisdiction to escape being deported. Although the Charter of 1691 granted toleration to the oppressed Baptists, they, with others, were compelled to pay their full proportion toward the support of the orthodox churches notwithstanding the fact that they neither believed their creed nor desired to attend their services. Naturally the Baptists, as well as the Episcopalians, Quakers, and non-churchmen, made strenuous objection to paying parish rates. A very comprehensive account of the long and systematic contest waged by the Baptists against these oppressive taxes and restrictions is found in the History of the Baptists in New England by Rev. H. S. Burrage, D. D. It was not until 1728 that any relief, even of partial or temporary nature, was allowed. Then an Act was passed exempting from payment for support of orthodox churches those who usually attended the meetings of their respective societies and lived within five miles of the place of such meeting. This exemption was only tem-

porary, and expired in 1773. The Baptists had become strong in numbers and in determination, and from this time they urged a persistent and uncompromising warfare for soul liberty. Rather than pay taxes, which they believed were wicked and unjust, members of the denomination suffered themselves to be distrained of goods and property, and many, refusing to pay, went to prison for conscience sake. All New England, outside of Rhode Island, compelled the payment of parish taxes, and in all New England the Baptists made resistance by peaceable and lawful means. Court and Legislative Records, of course, give only those cases where legal contest was made or petition presented. We find that Joseph Moody, of Gorham, Maine, having had his horse taken away, carried his case by petition to the General Court at Boston, but without avail. John Emery, of York, was distrained of his family pewter, but failed to have it restored. In New Hampshire for a while the same course was taken by the authorities, as appears by an occasional case where the party appealed to the Courts from an irregular distraint. The most vigorous enforcement of the law obtained, as might be supposed, in Massachusetts and in Connecticut. The Warren Association in Massachusetts as early as 1769 took these matters into consideration, and from that time carried on an organized and determined effort for a change of these laws, which they considered to be particularly oppressive. A Committee was formed to collect grievances, and they gathered a great many accounts, still upon record, of cases of hardship and confiscation imposed upon the poor brethren for the

support of the Standing Order. The General Courts of Massachusetts and Connecticut were besieged with reports of wrongs inflicted in behalf of the Orthodox Church and with petition for redress.

Down to the Revolutionary times the agitation was kept up with increasing force. When Samuel Adams was declaiming that taxation without representation is tyranny, Rev. Mr. Backus, Chairman of the Baptist Committee on Grievances, wrote to him with characteristic keenness "I fully concur with your grand maxim," and further, "I am bold in it, that taxes laid by the British Parliament upon America are not more contrary to civil freedom than these taxes are to the very nature of liberty of conscience."

During the Revolutionary War the agitation for religious liberty went on as occasion permitted. The laws, however, remained, although the rigor of their enforcement was largely abated. It had become a contest for a principle, not merely for the saving of money, and they were determined not to cease their efforts until the obnoxious laws were expunged from the Statutes. Their field of influence widened and they had a great following. When the Constitution of the United States was under discussion they urged that the principle of soul liberty be inserted in that instrument. As it was originally adopted it contained only the provision "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office of public trust under the United States." The vote in the Convention was close and they had pretty nearly enough members of their way of thinking to turn the scale. The Constitution was finally adopted, but

almost immediately twelve amendments were added, and the first of these contained the desired provision, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The question of any union of Church and State under the general government was thus eliminated by the provision in the fundamental law, but New England still held to the ancient custom. Indeed it seemed even to the radical advocates of free institutions that it was a question of morals, and its abandonment a concession to the spirit of infidelity engendered by the French Revolution. The support of churches by taxation had been a part of English law from times long prior to the Reformation, and to deprive them of such support seemed equivalent to the overthrow of religion. The payment of church rates came with none too much of good will and it did not seem possible that voluntary contribution could be obtained sufficient to keep churches alive. The agitation was kept up and gained ground continually. New Hampshire had been a royal province, and after the Revolution adopted a constitution. In this it was provided that no one should be taxed for the support of any other denomination than his own. This provision was so awkward to enforce that after a short time it became practically a dead letter, and New Hampshire Churches were obliged to learn that they could live and prosper without compulsory contribution.

Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791, and in spite of opposition her Constitution allowed taxation for the support of churches. The tide of public sentiment, however, had

set the other way and in 1807 all such statutes were repealed: Church and State in Vermont were thus divorced, no more to be united. Connecticut still adhered to the old ways, but the Baptists took the lead and others followed in an increasing warfare of resolutions, petitions, and remonstrances. In spite of most strenuous opposition from the favored churches, the new Constitution adopted in 1818 contained a provision, drafted by a Baptist Minister, which terminated the legal right of any one to compel contributions for religious purposes.

Massachusetts then stood alone in maintaining the system of supporting religion by law, and her opposition of what she considered modern degeneracy was steadfast. Concessions were made to those who protested against church rates, but the Statute was upheld. In 1820 a convention met for the purpose of revising the State Constitution. Daniel Webster was a member. A determined effort was made to eradicate the clauses which authorized assessments for religious purposes, which Mr. Webster opposed. He was content, he declared, with the Constitution of Massachusetts as it was. The amendment failed, but a change of four votes would have given it a passage. Though defeated, the friends of the measure were not disheartened, and year after year the contest was continued. The District of Maine became a separate State in 1820, and her Constitution provided that all religious Societies, "shall at all times have the exclusive right of electing their public teachers and contracting with them for their support and maintenance."

In 1833 the Massachusetts Legisla-

ture was induced to submit to popular vote a constitutional amendment of the form desired. It was ratified at the polls. The long warfare for full religious liberty was ended. The last stronghold had fallen. The old order had changed and had given place to new. Church and State were separate in New England. The Puritan ideal of a Commonwealth established and

maintained in righteousness by inexorable law had vanished and in its place there stood the Church in its various forms untrammelled; with all the glorious possibilities of time and eternity before it; and a secular and separate state whose duty it should be to keep secure for all its people life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Witch's Curse

A legend of an old Maine town

By James O. Whittemore

CLOSE by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy, old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot River, down in Maine, is a small family cemetery. Within the enclosure, with its high and somewhat ornate iron fence, sleep the Bucks, the blue-blooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed to it their name—and a legend.

Of the many moss-grown tablets and monuments by far the largest and most imposing is a tall granite shaft which stands close to the highway. On one side is the inscription:

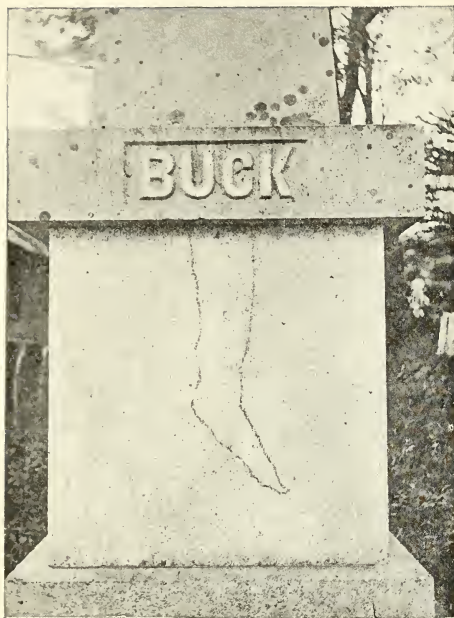
COL. JOHNATHAN BUCK
THE FOUNDER OF BUCKSPORT
A. D. 1762
BORN IN HAVERHILL, MASS.
1718.
DIED MARCH 18, 1795

On the other side is the single word "BUCK" and also something not wrought by the marble-worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is

a curious outline, irregular, and describing that which can by no great effort of imagination be called the resemblance of a foot.

Some say that it is a foot, but they are the superstitious people, who believe in the legend which has been current in the town for more than half a century.

Those who delight in perpetuating this gloomy legend say that Colonel Jonathan Buck was the leading spirit of his day and generation and was a very stern and harsh man. His word was law in the settlement. He was the highest in civil authority, and once his decision given he was as immovable as the granite hills which loom up on the northern horizon. He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the legend goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first murmurings of the people, Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned, and later, after the usual mere form of a trial, she was



sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded with her judge for her life, but as to a heart of stone.

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows, erected, according to tradition, on a rocky knoll directly across the road from the site of the present cemetery. As she went to her death she cursed her judge with such terrible imprecations that the people shuddered; but Colonel Buck stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman about to perform his grewsome duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven, as if to direct her last words on earth, pronounced this astounding prophecy:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only true and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over

your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know where the bones of the mighty Jonathan Buck are crumbling to dust. But listen! Listen all ye people—tell it to your children and your children's children—upon that stone will appear the imprint of my foot, and for all time long, long after your accursed race has perished from the earth, the people will come far and near and the unborn generations will say, 'There lies the man who murdered a woman.' Remember well, Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners and in a moment all was over.

"The witch's curse," as it was called and is to this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Bucksport's founder. The shaft had been in position but a few months when a faint outline was discovered upon the panel of the pedestal facing the highway. This outline grew more and more distinct, until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draughtsman had traced upon the granite.

The old legend was revived and the news of its fulfilment spread like wildfire. People came from miles around to gaze and wonder. An attempt was made to remove the stain but all efforts tended only to bring out the outline more boldly. The stain or "fault" seemed to penetrate to the very centre of the stone.

The hinges of the big cemetery gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and the maples and the setting sun throws athwart the double row of grassy

mounds the shadow of the monument of the once all-powerful Colonel as if he still dominated the dead as, in life, he did the living. And the same rays light up that mysterious tracing held up to the view of all that pass and re-pass along the dusty turnpike. The barefooted boy driving home the cows pauses and peers between the iron bars to gaze for the hundredth time, as his father did before him. It is one of the town's objects of interest for visitors. Verily, the "witch's curse" seems fulfilled to the letter. The imprint is there to-day and no doubt will be for a century to come, for the monument is of substantial grain.

More practical and matter-of-fact people pooh-pooh the legend and call attention to the historical discrepancy between the date of the witchcraft era



THE BUCK LOT

and the *régime* of Colonel Buck. They say that the tracing is entirely accidental, a fault in the granite which was either hidden by the makers or developed after the monument was in place, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot to fulfil the witch's curse.

But the foot is there.

The Law of Contrast

By Esther Kingsmill-Morgan

HAVE you ever studied contrast in mental development? It is one of those tiresome abstract affairs which is made clear only by illustration; this, by the way, is true of much of the inexplicable in life. Although creatures of emotion, we are only partially awakened by that which we feel; we are philosophers of enormous proportions when we are allowed to see with the naked eye. In one moment I can show you a picture which will give you a grasp of the whole subject

of contrast in mental development. You may then assume the melancholy of the psychological philosopher and divert your thoughts to steel-rimmed spectacles, blue stockings, and the amazing power of knowledge.

I sit each morning at my breakfast table, and, peering through the window and over the way, weave fantasies and dream of the mysteries and possible mysteries connected with a scarlet and white striped pole which stands close to the opposite sidewalk. It is the symbol of an artisan. At the

same moment the Parson has his head buried in the palms of his hands and his eyes fixed on the pages of a little book spread open before him on the white tablecloth. He is dreaming of the mysteries and possible mysteries hidden away in the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. I am practical: the dear Parson is a Theorist, which means that his mind can evolve some great thought that my poor machine has not the power even to comprehend. This knowledge, though staggering, is an evidence that comparison promotes humility and is an excellent tonic for a weak and self-satisfied mind. It is also an evidence that my intellectual range hovers about the dazzling barber's pole across the way. Modesty is only another name for knowing one's limit.

I share my dining-table with the Parson, and by way of reciprocating, he shares his thoughts with me. It is scarcely a fair exchange. I extend to him a material benefit and expect in return an intellectual recompense. But gratitude is a great and noble quality and must surely count for much—even though it be not so great as that quality of which modesty is only another name.

* * * *

This morning I was about to make some commonplace remark when the Parson suddenly looked up from his book. The expression in his face inspired within me an extraordinary interest in the tablecloth directly in a line with my nose, and involuntarily I began offering up a prayer of thanksgiving that diversified humanity existed in the world and that the element of hypocrisy was occasionally omitted in the process of construction. Hav-

ing finished, I turned and looked through the window. The barber's children were dancing a sort of May-pole Dance around the pole while an artist was endeavoring to re-decorate the barber's symbol, in spite of jostlings and various leap-frog games. I began to compose a suitable poem for the occasion, having due regard for all the modern poet's ideas of rapid transit. I was using the artist as an example of true art overcoming all obstacles and rising to the heights of sublimity. Suddenly the Parson interrupted me (The world will say that the Parson is a man who does the right thing at the right time.) He complained of having a poor night's rest, a chill after his morning dip, and a general attack of the nerves. When these complications set in, we are tolerably sure of a change in the weather; when they are accompanied by a volume of *Marcus Aurelius* we may expect anything. The Parson opened his book, looked up to give his order, and then read a few pages. Marcus was evidently tackling him from a hitherto unseen side, for, to my intense surprise, he presently turned to me abruptly and asked how much of life I considered real and how much farce. I made away with a couple of fried eggs before I replied, in the hope that they would chase the cobwebs from my brain. Now as I am never original, my answer is not worthy of repeating. It occurs to me that much waste time would be saved if this procedure were occasionally followed; my seeming brilliancy is only borrowed reflection, and if you have clearly defined discriminating powers you will observe many of my species in every-day life; I pray you mark them

closely and pay no deference to the passive moons of life whose light is entirely borrowed.

The Parson, not satisfied with my theories, began his breakfast and continued to read. I proceeded to grow jealous and was filled with the same feeling which would have taken possession of me had the Parson been a beautiful girl and Marcus a dastardly villain who was making love to her.

"Do you think Aurelius and bacon and eggs are congenial?" I began bravely and bitterly.

"Do not be disrespectful," he answered smiling.

"Pardon me, I forgot. You are very great friends." I tried to be sarcastic, but that is another accomplishment beyond my powers. At times I forget this and make a very great fool of myself, but people tell me this is not an uncommon failing. I attacked the parson from another side.

"I am surprised that you, a minister of the Gospel, should defend a pagan—an enemy to your faith."

"An enemy? In what way?" he said, looking up with his characteristic straightforward expression.

"In every way," I answered boldly. He looked at me for a moment seriously and then smiled.

"This is one of your side-tracks which I have never before seen. Human nature is ever-varying and full of surprises. I did not know that you could so well assume a rôle in order to make me companionable." He closed his book and laid it almost tenderly on the table, saying thoughtfully, while his hand still rested on the cover, "Poor old dreamer. What, my friend, could surpass in human perfection this wonderful pagan uprightness

combined with true christian consistency?" I looked at him solemnly and answered:

"Please let the matter stand until you have a fair antagonist. In the meantime, by way of diversion, be good enough to allow me to repeat to you the introductory verses on "The Re-decorating of the Barber's Symbol."

* * * *

My Spiritual Adviser has a clear comprehension of the Law of Equilibrium which accounts for his wonderfully well-balanced brain. He draws a distinct line separating the material from the spiritual and therefore sees nothing antagonistic between salvation and cigars. He informed me once that it was equally reasonable to connect religion with the person who is addicted to eating peppermint during the Athanasian Creed. I protested that the peppermint person was more guilty, because there was a larger number of people adverse to the peppermint aroma than to the odor of a good cigar. Furthermore I asserted that it was my conviction that, given a man with the aid of a good cigar to dispel the clouds of uncertainty from his brain, there is a very good chance of guiding his reasoning powers in the proper direction. The Parson confessed that was one way of looking at it, but decided, for the present, to confine his smoking to an after-dinner cigar, and leave the field open to the peppermint person. Furthermore, the Parson is convinced that humor is legitimate, that a hearty laugh is good for the soul and finds an echo in heaven.

Now there is a Pious Transient in the house who is an aggravation to the spirit. She is continually tackling

the Parson on what she calls "Outward and visible signs." When she drifts to what she picturesquely calls "the symbol of impiety" (smoking) the Parson grows wrathful, by which I mean that he speaks slowly and uses extraordinarily long words. As a rule, he is the essence of humility, and has the true scholar's simplicity of expression.

"And have you really no qualms about theatre-going?" said the Pious Transient one day recently.

The Parson looked puzzled. He goes occasionally to a play-house, being tolerably sure of what is going to be presented and intending to profit thereby. He is one of those philosophers who believes that knowledge of a profitable nature may be found in every condition of life, and that a man may take the hand of a little child and be led into hitherto untrodden paths of wisdom. He stood lost in thought for a moment and then a light suddenly dawned upon him.

"I understand, madam. You consider that which would be proper for my flock would be improper for their leader?"

"But you are different, sir."

"Only in so far as I try to show the way. They follow—and I follow with them," and he bowed his head reverently.

"But you are their example," persisted madam.

The Parson interrupted her gently.

"Pardon me, I am not their example. God forbid. I try only to hold before them the great Example, and, do you know, madam, who that really is? He is one of great charity, and although I daresay you doubt it, is tremendously glad to find truth where

there was supposed to be all untruth—or any small glint of light which may be trying to peep out of dark places." Now the Parson is a small man, and when he took a step closer to madam in order to whisper into her ear, he found it necessary to raise himself on his tip-toes. He spoke in a very low voice, and the words I caught sent a softer light into madam's eyes. They were: "greatest of these is charity."

* * * *

I am looking at a picture which is standing out in distinct outlines. It is suspended in a strange mist hovering above the chair where my friend the Parson sits. As I look I see another exemplification of the law of contrast, and the thought comes to me that contrast in goodness and purity may be only in quality, and may exist without detracting in the smallest degree from either. . . . The picture is that of a dear old man clad in shining broadcloth (if you look closely you can see your reflection in him.) A huge Bible is partly hidden under one arm, his eyelids are drooping and there is a plaintive note of the sorrow of sin in his high-pitched voice as he tells of the streets of gold for the saved and the fires of hell for the damned. There is a sweet sentiment hanging about him which is hidden away with all the dreams of our childhood. He was narrow—decidedly narrow. Nevertheless, for some strange reason, we should feel very restless to find him standing at our bedsides when the breath is beginning to come in strange and foreboding flutterings—when we are nearing that Future for which he tried to prepare us.

His narrowness will be forgotten

and his voice will sound very sweet as he ushers us on through the gathering mists and leaves us on the threshold of that Country of which he loved to preach. . . . Drawing his faded book from beneath his faded sleeve he will open it and begin to read, and it will all seem very real, for since infancy we shall not remember having seen him once without the Book. But there is no doubt of it, he was partly ethereal—too far removed from human sins to be companionable, much as he might desire it. He talked sweetly to us of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, but his message came to us through the clouds, from the halloved pinnacle on which he deservedly

stood. We buried it deep in our hearts and dreamed about it far into the following day; but that was the end, for then we awoke.

Now the Parson is of the earth, earthly. At the same time he has fanned the Divine Spark within his breast until it is a blazing torch, exemplifying human possibilities as linked with the divine in man. He is an example of moderation and good-fellowship and is wonderfully well adapted to the saving of the twentieth century soul, for he appeals to our reason, while the dear old man with the faded book sought only our hearts, which at best are unsatisfactory organs and have a curious habit of concealing themselves from spiritual advisers.

The Mills of God

By Charles Stuart Pratt

THE private papers of the late Prof. Thornton, of Banvard College, came duly into my hands last fall. Prof. Rosecroft Thornton was my uncle, and after several bequests to scientific societies, and a liberal endowment of the botanical professorship which he himself had held for half a century, he had made me his residuary legatee.

Among the accumulated manuscripts of his long life, I came upon a sealed packet, with this inscription:

TO MY NEPHEW.

*To be opened after my decease,
and then published, or destroyed, as*

his judgment shall decree—provided, in the former alternative, that the chief personage of the narrative, the Lady, shall also have passed beyond the reading, and beyond the comment of readers.

The narrative thus committed to my care was so extraordinary in circumstance, so intimate in revelation, that I long hesitated between publication and destruction. In deciding at length to make public so private a document, I am still haunted by a feeling that I may be indiscreet.

The Lady is no longer living.

The manuscript bears the date of 1880.

I have not ventured to change so

much as a single word of my uncle's strange story. I have suppressed no sentence. Here it stands in full.

Years may elapse, my dear nephew, before you read what I am now about to write—but the time has come to set down what some day I wish you to know.

I have never married—yet a romance has filled my life, and kept my heart young. For forty years I have loved a noble Lady—the Lady of the inscription you will have just read. No year for forty years has passed without our meeting, often daily for weeks—yet I never declared my love, and only once was the declaration imminent.

Last summer, among the Swiss Alps, the drama of our lives reached its *dénouement*. The closing scene which will end only with her death and mine, still plays its after-glow over our waning lives. It is this drama, my dear nephew, this one phase of my life that is unknown to you, yet the very essential and soul of that life, which I shall now make move before you.

All students of the Alps, and of Alpine phenomena, first lay laurels on the grave of De Saussure. His extensive explorations were made near the end of the eighteenth century—the last volume of his monumental record was published in 1796, and he himself died in the last year of the century.

After sixty years without a successor, in 1839 James David Forbes began his climbs and observations in the Alps, and became the pioneer of modern mountaineering. From Prof. Forbes, indeed, dates that outdoor

movement which has made the Alpine region the great health and pleasure resort of the world. At that particular time, too, our own Agassiz was making his famous studies of Alpine glaciers. It was from their movements and their *débris* that he deduced, and in 1840 announced, his grand generalization—that the drift, spread all over northern Europe and America, was due to the grinding and pushing of the vast sliding ice-sheets of the glacial epoch.

In that year so memorable to the world of science, in 1840, I completed my college course at Banvard. Almost immediately I went abroad, to pursue the post-graduate studies which were to fit me for the professorship I had in view. Foremost among the young men of that class of 1840 stood Charles Henry Kingsley—my close companion, my dearest friend, the very brother of my heart. Kingsley had made a brilliant record in physics, especially in geology, and went directly from Banvard to a position with the U. S. Coast Survey.

When Prof. Agassiz's conclusions were made public I was in Norway, and shortly after I received a letter from Kingsley, urging me to meet him in Switzerland. He wrote with much enthusiasm of Agassiz and his work, and went on to outline certain allied and certain diverse theories of his own, winding up with the statement that he had resigned from the Coast Survey and was coming over to test them by personal studies of the Alpine glaciers. I was then gathering data for my best-known book, "The Survival of Arctic Flora in the South," and as the glacier regions of the Alps were a promising

field for research, I hailed the prospect of so happily combining work and pleasure.

I spent the winter in the university at Leipsic, and it was toward the end of May when Kingsley wired me from Paris: "*En route* for the glaciers. Meet me at Belmat."

Now I was not sure I had ever so much as heard of Belmat, and when at last I climbed to the little inn, hanging with its tiny attendant chalets on the greening mountain-side, I wondered how my friend had found out so isolated a spot.

Kingsley was a man of singular bodily perfectness. I well remember how in the old college days the eyes of the men would follow him, in admiration and pure delight, as he made his way through the gymnasium or stripped for the swimming-tank. It was not a matter of build and contour of muscle merely, but rather as if the body were the outward expression of a singular perfectness within. As Kingsley greeted me that day in front of the Belmat inn, and I delighted in him anew, I noted a change in the man. There was a suppressed fervor thrilling through him, a new light in his dark eyes.

We had been stretched on the slope in front of the inn for half an hour, exchanging chapters of our private histories up to date, and Kingsley was just launching out upon his glacier theories, when he stopped short and turned to one side.

I turned, too, and beheld, emerging from dark evergreens, a radiant figure.

"Oh," said I; "I begin to understand."

"You are right, Thornton," replied Kingsley; "that is why I am here. But, come, and be introduced."

So I met the Lady of my life. I can recall no word she said—nor could I when she had passed like a vision into the old inn. Yet in that interval I had become conscious of a pervading pure presence, like the sudden break of sunrise. I was aware that I had touched the hand of the one supreme woman in the world, a woman the noblest man might love and die for—aye, might live and suffer for—yet, too, a woman of such physical superbness as might incite an unscrupulous man to crime for the sake of possession.

It transpired that Madeline Winthrop had come to that out-of-the-way spot with her mother, who was an invalid, and who had been ordered there by a distinguished Parisian specialist.

Kingsley made no secret, with me, of his devotion to Miss Winthrop. He had met her at a reception at the American legation in Paris, and, as he frankly said, had shaped his course into the Alps to coincide with hers. With that confidence which the masterly man has in his own destiny, Kingsley apparently never questioned the outcome of his suit; to him it was as inevitable as the rise and set of sun, or the consummation of the courses of nature. Somehow I did not share this feeling of my friend with my usual sympathetic enthusiasm, although I could not but confess they were magnificently mated; and presently I became aware that my friend himself did not quite hold his old place in my regard. I do not think I loved him less, or held him

less high—but only that my heart had placed another still higher.

On the evening of one of these early days at Belmat, our quiet was broken by a new arrival—a handsome man, with a dash of the sportsman in dress and manner. The name he wrote with a bold hand in the little book of registry was Louis Noel Beauregarde. I learned later that he was the son of a rich Louisiana planter. It seemed that like Kingsley he had met Miss Winthrop in Paris; indeed, at the same reception at the American minister's. He had come, ostensibly, to hunt chamois, yet I could not put down a suspicion that he had come also to hunt the woman he had met at the American legation in Paris.

But if the solitude of Belmat held a beautiful woman, it also held a glacier. Far up on the mighty slopes of the Oberhorn, where two great ridges gathered within their arms the snowfalls of winter, the glacier had its lair. Thence, down the dark winding gorges, moved the ponderous miles of the white monster, like some vast mythical dragon through the dusks of antiquity—moved with the imperceptible, unceasing, resistless force of eternity bearing down on the lowlands of time.

After a week of reconnoitring, Kingsley plunged into his researches with all the energy of his nature. He examined the *débris* piled up in the old terminal moraines, and the abrasion of the valley sides, for data as to the former extent and erosion of the glacier. He studied at the glacier foot the marks of its advance in winter, and its melting back in the heat of summer. He probed the *néve*

fields at the source to discover the secrets of the transition from snow to solid ice. He watched the opening and closing of crevasses. He set stakes across the glacier at various points, to determine the rapidity of movement, and the relative movement in straight courses, around curves, on levels, and down declines.

Kingsley had what I may call a scientific imagination. From the records of glacial phenomena, and the theories of glacial formation and movement, of De Saussure and Forbes and Agassiz, and his own observations, he reached conclusions closely allied to those so ably demonstrated by Prof. Tyndall twenty years later. Had his researches and conclusions reached publication, along with those famous names would stand to-day the name of Charles Henry Kingsley. But his records and notes were never written out, for reasons that will presently appear; but, as will also appear, they were not without at least one momentous result.

Meantime M. Beauregarde's hunting grew intermittent. I observed that the chamois were less attractive on the days when Kingsley was far away on the upper glacier. I observed too that on those days I myself found the possible survivals of Arctic flora less alluring. Kingsley's sky however was cloudless. His happiness in love and fruitful work was at the flood. His enthusiasm over his glacier problems was contagious. His reports were the looked-for event of each day, and presently the breakfast table became the scene of lively speculation, as to whether the stakes that marked the glacial movement would measure off fourteen or fifteen

inches within the next twenty-four hours.

For some days we had been planning an excursion to the head of the glacier, and thence to the peak of the Oberhorn. It was a considerable climb to the foot of the glacier, and a greater climb up the seven miles of rock-hemmed valley filled half a mile wide and perhaps a thousand feet deep with the ponderous river of ice; and so it was proposed to camp over night in Kingsley's hut on the edge of the upper snow-field, and take the ascent of the peak the following day.

On that memorable morning of the twentieth of June, 1841, we started from the Belmat inn in high spirits, Miss Winthrop, Kingsley, M. Beauregarde, and I, with Kingsley's helpers, and several guides for the ascent of the Oberhorn peak.

As we planned to visit Kingsley's various points of observation on the return trip, we pushed ahead quite steadily until about noon, keeping to the marginal moraines and the edge of still unmelted winter snow drifted in between the glacier and the valley side. Then we reached the terrific ice-fall, where, cut by intersecting crevasses, the ice tumbled in chaos down a quarter mile of precipice. Here we had to make a detour, and strike the glacier again above the fall. Snow still lingered in shaded spots on the mountain-side, but green grass was piercing up through the dry tufts of old growth, and bilberry bushes were in bud.

Under the very drip of snow, I came upon the glowing *gentiana bo-varica*; and then, within a miniature crystal palace, where the sun had melted the snow from under an icy

crust, Miss Winthrop found a clump of *androsace glacialis*. As she rose with a handful of the bright pink flowers, we men held our breath at a pretty spectacle. A butterfly, the magnificent *Parnassius Apollo*, with its transparent white wings dashed with scarlet and set with jet-rimmed ocelli, hovered about her, dipped to the flowers, alighted for an instant on her hand, and then took its swift uncertain flight off over the glacier.

"Blessed among butterflies," murmured Kingsley, as his eyes followed the airy visitant; and two others of the party could have echoed that little rhapsody.

Early in the afternoon we struck out upon the glacier itself, having reached a point, some four miles from its lower end, where it was fairly smooth travelling, and comparatively free from dangerous crevasses. As Miss Winthrop was growing tired from the unusual toil of rough climbing, Kingsley proposed that after rounding a point a little ahead, which would afford a shield from the chilling wind, we should halt for rest. Meantime he would switch off to a crevasse he was studying, and then join us in the course of a half hour. As we came into shelter above the bend, and made Miss Winthrop comfortable on a pile of luggage, she suddenly asked what had become of M. Beauregarde. I had been absorbed in assisting Miss Winthrop, and in watching out for a suitable halting-place, and had not missed him. No one recalled having seen him after turning the bend, and we finally concluded he had remained behind with Kingsley.

The half hour went by, and a little

later one of the guides announced that the men were coming. I too had been watching, and only one man had appeared, nor had the other come into view when M. Beauregarde walked leisurely up to us. In reply to our questions, he said he had remained behind to visit the crevasse with Kingsley; but that after parting from us Kingsley complained of a sudden indisposition, and decided to return to Belmat, insisting that the party should go on according to the original plan.

"But why did you leave him to return alone? Why did you not go with him?" questioned Miss Winthrop, a tinge of indignation in her tone.

"I did propose it," replied M. Beauregarde, "but Kingsley asserted he was familiar with the way, and there was no need. He positively refused to let me accompany him, and insisted that the pleasure of the party was not to be further broken in upon."

M. Beauregarde added that Kingsley had intimated we should probably find him at the hut on our return from the Oberhorn peak, and that he would then personally conduct us down the glacier, and exhibit his scientific work upon it.

We at last concluded to go on up the glacier. The leadership of the party now devolved upon me, and presently M. Beauregarde fell behind with Miss Winthrop, ostensibly, I believe, to examine a curious ice-table a little to one side. As they rejoined us later on, I noted a disturbed look on Miss Winthrop's face, and could fancy an uncomfortable flash in M. Beauregarde's eyes. Twilight was

falling when we reached the hut, and the vast glacier stretched away pallid and boundless through the dusk as we made camp for the night.

In the morning we found snow had fallen; only a few inches, but the clouds hung heavy and threatening, and the guides refused to consider the climb up the Oberhorn. It was finally decided to go back to Belmat. The thought of Kingsley made this a welcome decision for at least two of us. The snow, which had been hesitant all the dreary way down, began to fall, in slow solemn flakes, as we crossed the open space in front of the inn. Our host stood in the door, in evident surprise at our premature return. Suddenly he called out,

"Where's Kingsley? Have you left him up the glacier?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen, we could not have stayed more instantly in our tracks. Before I could move or speak, M. Beauregarde stood by me. He spoke quickly. "We must go back at once," he said, "with a party of rescue. Kingsley must have had some accident. Should we not find him, I could never forgive myself for allowing him to start back alone."

Every man within reach volunteered for the search. With a rapidity incredible outside regions of sudden and dire emergency, the needed supplies, ropes, ice axes, lanterns, were gathered, and in thirty minutes we were on our backward way.

That night climb up the precipitous sides and ragged glacier edge of the Oberhorn will never be effaced from memory. As the darkness settled down the wind rose, and the snow swirled about us, and the lantern lights flared, and cast weird distorted

shadows. And everywhere, like the pervading spirit of the storm, I saw the disembodied solemnity and despair of Miss Winthrop's face as she watched us depart from the inn door. A rosy dawn was breaking over the mountains when at last we arrived at the point above the ice-fall where Kingsley had turned back. At intervals all night we had halted and listened, and shouted and fired guns, and again listened with straining ears for some cry, some human sound, to come out of the stormy darkness. No answer had gladdened us.

We now separated and minutely searched the immediate neighborhood, and some distance down along the glacier edge. The snow had obliterated any possible traces there might have been, and there was no clew. Then, on the bare chance that some scientific afterthought might have taken Kingsley back for another look at the crevasse he was observing and measuring daily, we returned to the glacier. The drifting snow had bridged the narrower chasms, and progress was slow and dangerous, as a step might at any moment precipitate one into a crevasse hundreds of feet sheer down, with only the rope running from waist to waist as a safeguard.

All that day the rescue party pursued its search, and all the night that followed, and all the next day; and when, hope gone, we dragged our way back to the Belmat inn, Miss Winthrop stood watching in the gathering gloom as when, forty-eight hours before, we had started not all unhelpfully away. There was no need for question or answer; our reluctant feet and our faces told all; and before

we reached the door she turned back and passed from our sight.

As the days moved by, M. Beauregarde resumed his hunting. Miss Winthrop attended her mother with a perhaps tenderer solicitude. I went off again on all-day tramps after survivals of Arctic flora.

One morning Miss Winthrop surprised me by asking to borrow Kingsley's scientific notes and records, which had naturally come into my keeping until such time as I could take them to his relatives at home; and during the next few days she frequently consulted me on points not clear to her. I was still more surprised, later in the summer, when one of my botanic excursions took me up the glacier, to find that under her direction one of Kingsley's assistants was continuing certain of his studies and observations, particularly those touching crevasses and glacial movement. Delicacy however forbade my mentioning the matter to Miss Winthrop, and I naturally credited her action solely to an affectionate sentiment.

With the opening of the fall term at Banvard, I was to enter upon my duties as Professor of Botany, and so at the end of summer I reluctantly returned to America. Miss Winthrop and her mother were to go down into Italy for the winter.

In the spring I learned that the Winthrops had returned to Belmat; and when the long summer vacation set me free I need hardly say that I took steamer for the Old World, and was soon at Belmat too, taking up again the researches necessary to complete my book on "The Survival of Arctic Flora in the South."

Perhaps I should not have been

surprised to find that M. Beauregarde had arrived a few days before me. As on the preceding summer, he was hunting chamois. And again that unallayed suspicion whispered to me that he was also hunting other game; it whispered, too, however unjustly, that the motive was not different from that which moved him to scruple at nothing to possess the fastest yacht, or to put in his stables the finest horse-flesh that trod the turf of two hemispheres. Yet I could not but admire the delicate reticence of his manner toward Miss Winthrop; it was beyond criticism, as was her own reserved courtesy toward him and toward all others.

Near the end of the summer, I fancied an unbending of that reserve in her meetings with me; and I determined to say to her what my heart had been repeating over and over daily and hourly since I had first seen her emerging radiantly from the gloom of evergreens. Hence it was not without design that, on a day when M. Beauregarde was absent, I invited her to a little excursion after *chrysanthemum Alpinus*, which I had found whitening a slope of glacial *débris*.

But at the first intimation of my purpose, Miss Winthrop stopped me with a quick earnestness. "My friend," said she, "do not speak—do not ask. I loved your comrade Kingsley. I love him to-day and eternally. Let us be friends, drawn close by our mutual love for the man who must forever separate us."

So, as I have already recorded, my love for the Lady of my life was never declared.

Years went by, five, ten, twenty,

thirty, almost forty. And all these years the pervading pure presence, which, standing by the side of Kingsley, came to me like the sudden break of sunrise, has shaped my life, the real inner life. All these years we have been friends—she has been my friend, and I have been her friend—and only in the sacred secret consciousness of my soul have I been her lover.

After almost forty years, Miss Winthrop remarked to me last spring that she was going to Switzerland for the summer—to Belmat. The words were spoken simply, quietly, and yet, after almost forty years of close acquaintance, I could not but give some credence to my feeling that they were spoken with a subtile significance.

My book, "The Survival of Arctic Flora in the South," had been for some time out of print, and a new edition was called for. It seemed opportune that in its preparation I should revisit the Alpine glaciers, and review the field in the light of later knowledge. I will not pretend to deny that, even without this incentive, I should have followed Miss Winthrop. It was inevitable, for in Belmat, last summer, as I have said, the drama of my life reached its *dénouement*.

To be again at Belmat was like reliving a forgotten cycle of life. The mountains and the glacier, the inn and the chalets, were the same, only touched with the gray of time, and subdued by the seriousness of life. I am not sure but I took it as a matter of course that even M. Beauregarde was there—and still hunting chamois. But as the summer wore away, I became conscious of a change in Miss Winthrop, which grew and deepened and possessed her being. That perfect

poise of mind and body, which had been so like Kingsley's seemed on the verge of catastrophe. She appeared to be restlessly waiting, restlessly hearkening, as for the coming of a messenger of life, or of death—her face forever in transition between profound depression and profound exaltation.

One day I had been on a long climb up the Oberhorn—it was the day I made my great discovery, the day I found that unique flower, the rose-colored *edelweiss*, the dream and despair of Alpine climbers ever since—the flower I named for the Lady of my life, and which is described in the last edition of my book.

That night Madeline Winthrop met me as I entered the inn. She did not speak, nor did I—nor could I—I could only stand and behold the woman I loved, transfigured. After a moment she reached out her hand, in which lay a small red book.

"Rosecroft, read the inscription," said she.

I started. It was the first time she had so spoken my name; and though I saw in an instant that she had spoken it unconsciously, I still thanked God. I took the small red book from her hand in a daze of bewildered recognition. I turned the cover—I needed not to read the inscription—it was in my own handwriting—it was addressed to Charles Henry Kingsley, and bore the date of 1841.

"Why—this I gave Kingsley—at New Year's, forty years ago! How—where—it is impossible!" I cried.

"It is quite possible—it is so," replied Miss Winthrop. "Take it to your room, and read the record under the date of June twenty—"

"June twenty! Why, that—that was the day Kingsley disappeared!"

"Take it to your room," repeated Miss Winthrop, "and read the record under June twenty—then come to me;" and with a seraphic smile she turned away.

While the pink *edelweiss* withered, uncared for, I sank into a chair, and opened the small red book, and read, read on, breathlessly on, read to the very end that message from the dead—that message which, half a lifetime after my comrade's departure, came like a veritable voice out from the voiceless unknown.

"Why I, Charles Henry Kingsley, write these words—why I write at all—I hardly know—since mortal eye will never read. . . . Yet what may man do, who would see, would feel in some tangible way, the words his heart has longed and waited for, his whole being existed for—and which, too late, have come to him as a mystic consciousness! Too late? Nay, death with those words in my soul were better than life without. . . . And what may man do, with the resistless spirit of justice roused within him and demanding the proclamation of crime—even though that proclamation be but to the unrequitive ice of the glacier! . . . should I say, rather, to the God of the glacier? In truth, I am making deposition before the bar of God. . . . Is this coherent? . . . I will begin at the beginning. . . . A brief while ago, I was on the earth, in the sun, with the living. Now, half a thousand feet down in a chasm of the glacier, I am already in touch with the dead. . . . I would Rosecroft might know I did not meet disaster through weakness,

or recklessness. . . . When I left Thornton, Miss Winthrop, and the others, I expected to rejoin them shortly, above the bend. As I struck off across the glacier, to the crevasse I had been daily observing, M. Beauregarde went with me. While we were picking our way over the ice, he evinced an unusual interest in my work. As we stood on the brink of the chasm, and I was telling him how the crevasse had opened and how it was now closing, he struck me a blow in the back which hurled me headlong into the abyss. . . . I must have been stunned by concussion with the ice. When I regained consciousness I found myself at this terrific depth, my feet wedged immovable, and with barely width above to move my arms. As I have said, it is an old crevasse, now slowly closing. With the more rapid surface movement of the glacier, the chasm, which was perpendicular at the start, now leans in the direction of the foot of the glacier; hence, instead of being dashed down to instant death, I had, after striking the lower side, slid down its inclined plane, with a velocity regulated by the roughness of the surface, until the wedge-shaped opening became too contracted for further progress. . . . Far, far up through the azure twilight, at what seemed an immeasurable height, I could see a line of blue living light. No sound from that distant world of activity reached me in these depths of dead silence. I shouted—knowing the while how vain all effort was. I had no expectation of rescue. I knew that my murderer would allay, or mislead, any anxieties or suspicions that might arise, until search would be fruitless. . . . How long I had been

unconscious I could not measure, but I had been keenly alive for some time, when, suddenly, I heard voices. No, not heard, for it was not sound audible to the outward ear, but I was cognizant of voices—I felt them within my brain—as one deaf, with his hand touching an instrument, knows the melody played, through his own bodily vibrations. It was thus I heard voices—the voices of Louis Noel Beauregarde and Madeline Winthrop! . . . Hallucination? No. I am a scientific man. I have been testing the sound-transmitting power of glacier ice. I know that somewhere, far up and away on the glacier, at some favorable point, by a crevasse, or where sound was concentrated by the curved support of an ice-table, perhaps, the words I heard, or felt, were really spoken. . . . And I know the agony of a Prometheus bound. I know too a joy that is inexpressible. Held in these inexorable depths, I heard the lips of my murderer speak lying words to the woman I loved. I heard his persuasions and insinuations. I heard a noble woman's answers. I heard those last questionings of audacity: "Do you love Kingsley? Will you marry that man?" And I heard those dauntless replies: "I do love Kingsley. And I shall marry Kingsley, when he asks me." . . . Madeline—Madeline! "When he asks me"—as if my heart had not been asking, momentarily, ever since I first beheld you—as if my every thought and word and deed had not been pleading until their subtle pressure should gain me assurance to speak the words! . . . And now, though never more my lips shall speak to her, I have the answer. It makes me content—al-

most—to die. . . . The slant of this old crevasse lets in longer the light of the westering sun—but it is now growing dark—I can barely see the page as I write—and why do I write? . . . Just now, a faint fanning broke this abysmal silence, and my uplifted eyes saw a butterfly, glorious in white and scarlet, fluttering down through the gloom. With no sign of fear, it alighted on my hand, and there remained—like some devoted soul leaving the world behind and rejoicing in a death of ministration. Is this sentiment? Perhaps. . . . By and by I perceived the butterfly was lifeless, from the glacier cold. I laid it between the leaves of my diary. And then I knew it was the butterfly that earlier in the day had hovered about Madeline, and alighted on her hand. My lips went to the wings that had touched her. Brave-winged spirit that forsook the world for me! He dies with me—and who dare say he shall not rise with me on the day of my resurrection! . . . Far, far up I catch the rosy light of sunrise—the last I shall know. This is an old crevasse, and it is closing steadily. I am testing in my own person the glacier theories of plasticity and regelation. Irony of fate! My feet and limbs are already shut in by the reuniting sides of the crevasse. I can barely move my arms for writing. . . . As the hours go on I shall, I well know, be enfolded, imbedded, in the solid ice. . . . But I shall not know. . . . I recognize the benumbing chill that has been stealing through me all the night—the drowsy overpowering of the will—it is the somnolence that ushers in the death-sleep of the frozen. . . . What if . . . A strange,

sweet thought is vaguely shaping in my mind. . . . I cannot quite take hold upon it. . . . What if . . .”

Still the rose-pink *edelweiss* withered on my table, uncared for, forgotten. I did not even see it as I passed swiftly out of the room to go to Miss Winthrop. When I entered, with the small red book in my nervous hold, her head was bowed over her hands. As it lifted, I knew there were kisses on her lips—for in her hands lay a butterfly, a butterfly glorious in white and scarlet.

“It is so like Kingsley,” said I, “no word of pain, or terror, or fear of death. The saneness and veracity are beyond question.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Winthrop, taking the small red book, and folding the butterfly within its leaves,—“yes, it is all true, *all* true. And now,” she added slowly, “now is the day of resurrection.”

I started. I looked at her, standing in the dim-lit room, yet transfigured by a light that was not all of earth. I did not understand. I stood uncertain. I thought the shock had been too great.

“But where—how?” I began, touching the book in her hand. Then, before she could answer, the thought of M. Beauregarde came in a flash. “The assassin!” I cried, and turned to the door.

“Stay!” said Miss Winthrop swiftly, yet calmly and sternly, as one holding in her hand the meting out of justice. “Do not seek M. Beauregarde. I have arranged that you shall see him in the morning—but not here.”

Then she named the place of meeting, where we two should stand face

to face with the murderer; and I went back to my room marvelling much.

In the early dawn, Miss Winthrop and I passed out of the sleeping inn. The night hush was yet unbroken, and in silence we threaded the winding paths that led along and up the lower slopes of the Oberhorn.

Presently the glacier uplifted before us its vast sweep of gray-white ice, reflecting the rose-lights of sunrise; and as we came to the banks of the turbid glacier stream, flowing milk-white in the shade, the sun itself, poising an instant on the shoulder of the mountain, rose into the amber sky. We had come at length to a mighty cliff of ice, fractured and fallen from the melting foot of the glacier. As we turned its lower corner, we stood face to face with—M. Beauregarde!

The man had started forward eagerly, but fell back—he had not expected more than one to meet him at that trysting-place.

"I will see M. Beauregarde alone," said Miss Winthrop simply, motioning me to stay, and leading the way around the upper corner of the great glacial fragment, toward the face of the glacier itself.

M. Beauregarde followed.

I stood, and waited, wondering.

I heard low words, in tones that thrilled, and chilled. Then the terrible tension broke—an awful cry rent the air, a pistol shot rang.

I sprang forward, my fingers clutching for the throat of the double murderer.

I stopped in my tracks.

A figure lay at my feet, sightless eyes stared up from a face of fear, and the yet black hair of the temple

was crimsoned with blood—the self-shed blood of M. Beauregarde.

Half-dazed, I turned to Miss Winthrop. She stood silent, moveless, but with the awful majesty of an accusing angel—one hand holding the small red book at her heart, the other outstretched and pointing to the face of the glacier.

My eyes followed that commanding hand, and beheld—beheld the miracle of the resurrection!

Another had kept that sunrise tryst!

Within the transparent face of the glacier stood Charles Henry Kingsley!

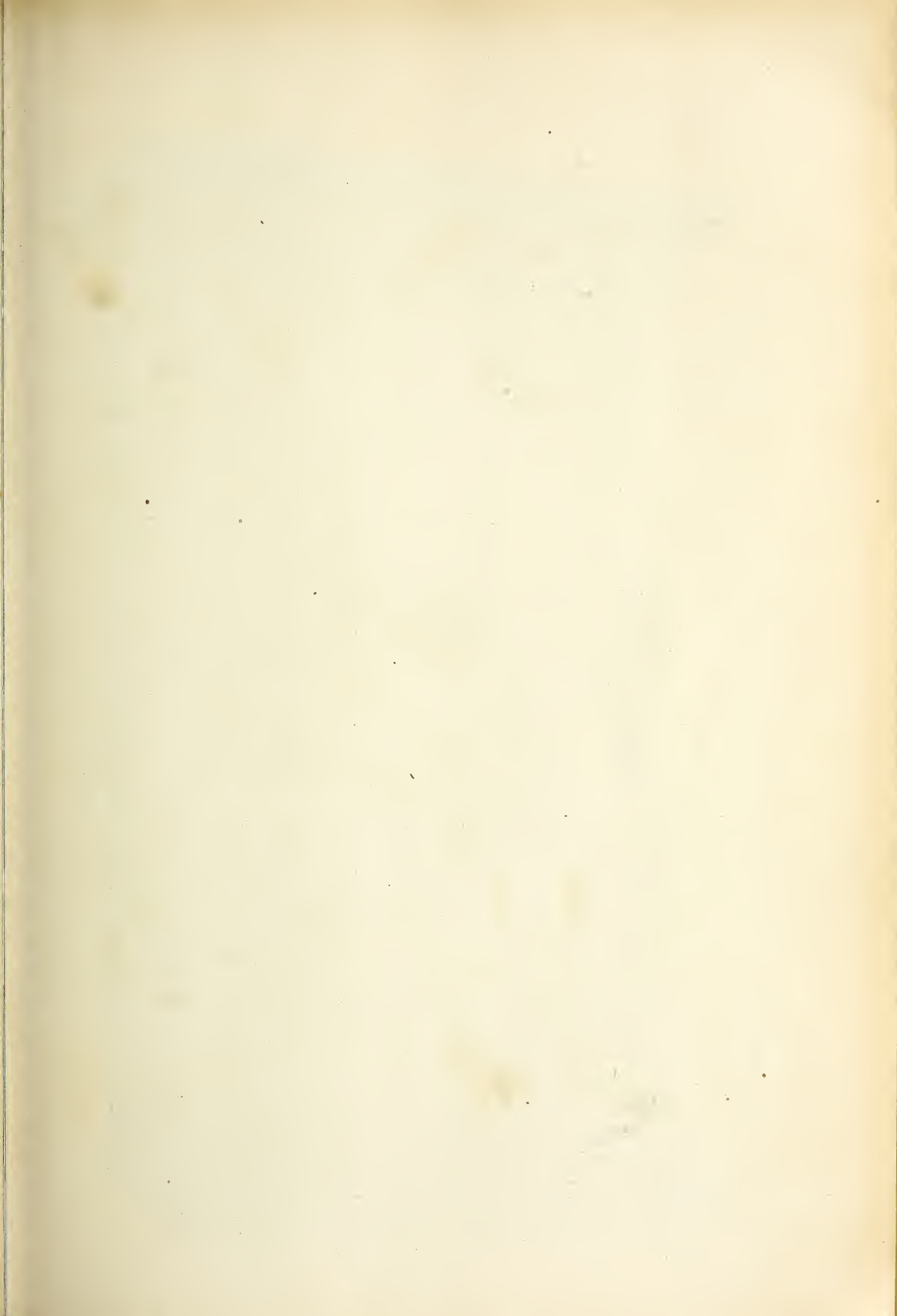
Dead those forty years, in the slow miracle of nature he yet stood before us, dead, but unchanged.

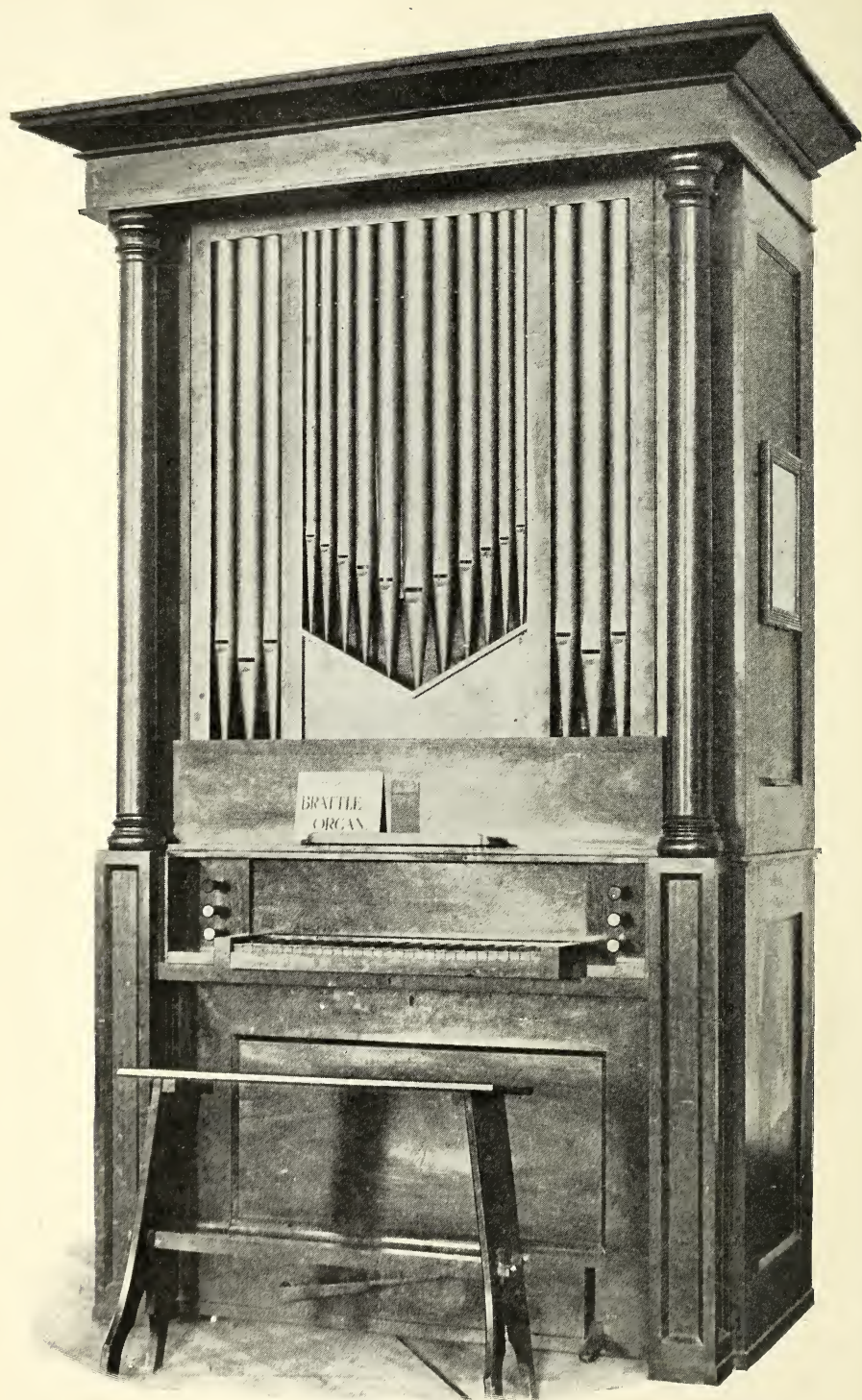
One white hand only broke the sheer front of the glacier—the hand that for forty years had held the retribution of justice, and the deliverance of love!

The ending of my uncle's narrative is abrupt. It is partly so, perhaps, because he was aware that his later life was known to me, and something of his delicate devotion to Miss Winthrop.

He knew, too, that my scientific training would fill in gaps. When Miss Winthrop borrowed of my uncle Kingsley's recorded observations she followed them out and accurately forecast the future; the daily movement of the Oberhorn glacier indicates a yearly progress of about five hundred feet, or a mile in ten years, requiring forty years for the chasmal ice which had engulfed Kingsley to bear its solemn secret down the four miles to the place of revelation.

Compare Prof. Tyndall's "The Forms of Water," pp. 57, 58, giving a brief account of the entombing of three guides swept into a crevasse by an avalanche in 1820, whose bodies reappeared more than forty years later at the end of the *Glacier des Bossons*.—EDITOR.





THE BRATTLE ORGAN
(See page 10)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

By James Phinney Munroe

IT requires only slight study of the history of New England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century to see that the pressing economic need of that time was for men specially educated to deal with the changing conditions of manufacturing and commerce. The growing use of steam as a motive power was revolutionizing the industrial world; and manufacturers and merchants, trained in the college classics or taught in the harder school of experience, found themselves seriously handicapped. Many of them, fully aware of the disadvantage under which they labored with these new and complex problems, were seeking with vigor and open-mindedness the best remedy. Especially were those of Massachusetts—a state de-

pendent almost wholly upon manufacturing and commerce—alive to the necessity of a different education for their young men and anxious to establish, upon a sound and permanent basis, this new kind of training.

Those in charge of higher education, however, were, naturally, not so conscious of this economic need as were the "practical" men; and, by reason of their training, were far less ready to perceive much relation between applied science and a college course. To grasp the significance of this new demand required a peculiar combination of intellectual qualities, supplemented by special experience. Fortunately these were found in the distinguished "Brothers Rogers," the four sons of Dr. Patrick Kerr Rogers, an Irishman by birth, a physician by



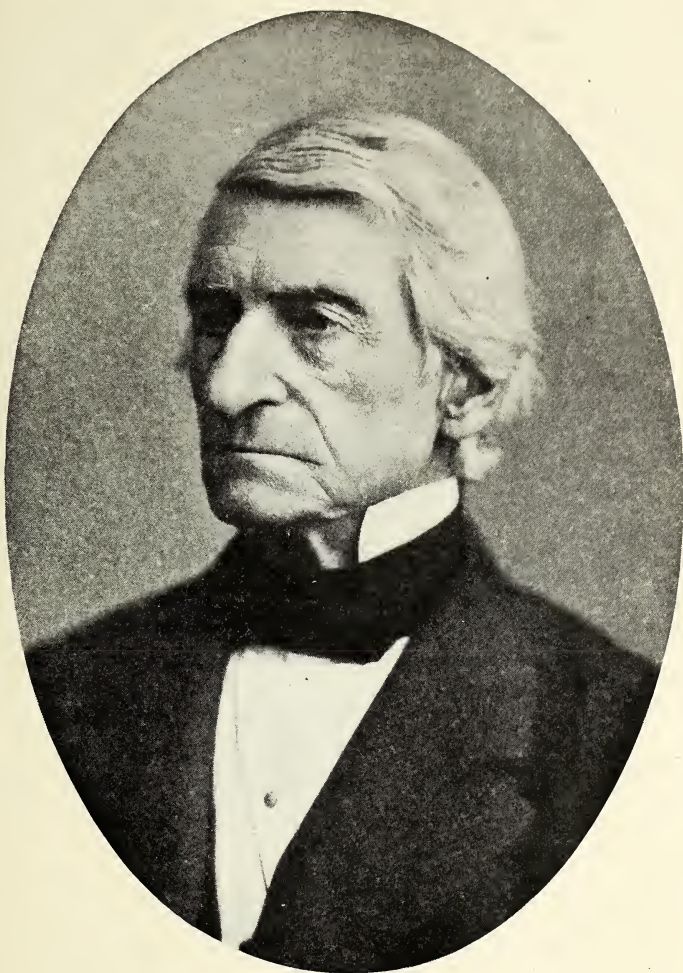
MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SUMMER STREET

profession, an intense lover of investigation, and, in his later life, while his sons were being educated, professor of physics and chemistry at the University of William and Mary, in Virginia.

All four of these sons (born between 1802 and 1813) devoted themselves to science and made for themselves names honored in this country and abroad. And with them—especially with the second son, William Barton, and the third son, Henry—originated, in 1846, an organic plan for a polytechnic institution for America, which, twenty years later, was to take shape in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

William Barton Rogers was born December 7, 1804, at Philadelphia. Twenty-four years later his father died and he succeeded to the professor-

ship of physics and chemistry at William and Mary College, leaving it only to accept the chair of natural philosophy and geology at the University of Virginia. To the duties of this distinguished position were immediately added those of State Geologist, to which office he was appointed by the Legislature of Virginia. The immense labor of making the survey of his adopted state, extending over seven years (1835-1842), in no degree abated his enthusiasm in his professorship. Fervent in imagination, though never unfaithful to the absolute truth of nature, gifted with eloquence extraordinary in itself, and doubly so in a student of the exact sciences, he could hold the most indifferent audience spellbound with the magic of his exposition. His students at the University of Virginia or wherever else he



WILLIAM B. ROGERS

taught gave no perfunctory attention. He not only forced them, by his marvellously clear and virile presentation of scientific facts and theories, to give strictest heed to him, but he aroused for the study itself an enthusiasm which did not die with the sound of his voice. This power to hold attention and to arouse enthusiasm was of immense value to the Institute of Technology when, later, it fell to him to plead its cause.

In 1849, Professor Rogers married

Miss Emma Savage, daughter of Dr. James Savage, the eminent genealogist. Largely because of this union, he resigned, four years later, his professorship at the University of Virginia, and took up his residence in Boston, the city for which, in the thirty years of his life there, he was to do so much.

In view of the general unrest already referred to, it would be an exaggeration to say that the idea of the Institute of Technology originated with Wil-

liam Barton Rogers and his distinguished brothers; but the following extracts from their correspondence make it clear that to them is due the credit of formulating what was but a vague desire into a definite and feasible scheme. On March 8, 1846, Henry Rogers writes from Boston to William Rogers, then professor at the University of Virginia:

" . . . I have to speak of another interesting matter. Mr. Lowell,* with whom I have been talking, after mentioning the feature in the Lowell will which enjoins the creation of classes in the Institute to receive exact instruction in useful knowledge, requested me to give him, in writing, the views I had just been unfolding of the value of a School of Arts as a branch of the Lowell Institute. . . . His plan would be to teach the operative classes of society,—builders, engineers, practical chemists, manufacturers, etc.; to admit in the first year only in limited numbers, and to teach them regularly; to have, perhaps, two permanent and salaried professors at the head of it, and to make up the rest of the instruction by assistants and by teachers who would give courses of instruction occasionally on special branches. How much I want you near me at this time to aid me in digesting and submitting my views on this important scheme to Mr. Lowell! If you and myself could be at the head of this Polytechnic School of the Useful Arts, it would be pleasanter for us than any college professorship, for there would be less discipline, indeed, no more than with medical students. At no distant day, if not indeed soon, Mr. Lowell will, I hope, organize such a branch in his Institute; and if he does not, you and I can surely get one founded here by going about it in the right way. Let us give this matter our earnest and sober thoughts. . . . Take Robert into counsel, and draw up a scheme of study: enumerate the things to

be taught, the nature of the apparatus for instruction aiming at economy, and show me your ideas of the value of science in this great modern application to the practical arts of life, to human comfort and health, and to social wealth and power. . . . "

William Rogers replies to this:

" . . . Ever since I have known something of the knowledge-seeking spirit, and the intellectual capabilities of the community in and around Boston, I have felt persuaded that of all places in the world it was the one most certain to derive the highest benefits from a Polytechnic Institution. The occupations and interests of the great mass of the people are immediately connected with the applications of physical science, and their quick intelligence has already impressed them with just ideas of the value of scientific teaching in their daily pursuits. . . . "

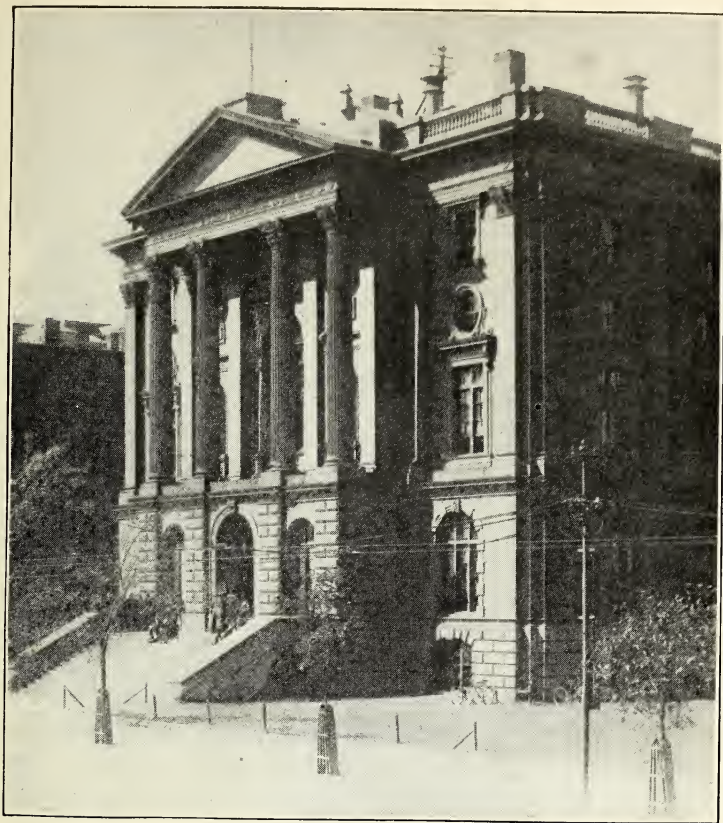
and he proceeds to draw up a plan for a Polytechnic School in Boston (this, be it remembered, was in 1846) from which, a few extracts, quoted, as were those above, from the "Life and Letters" edited by his wife follow:

"A school of practical science completely organized should, I conceive, embrace full courses of instruction in all the principles of physical truth having direct relation to the art of constructing machinery, the application of motive power, manufacturing, mechanical and chemical, the art of engraving with electrotypes and photography, mineral exploration and mining, chemical analysis, engineering, locomotion and agriculture. It would require two departments.

"*First*, one in which, by courses of lectures, amply illustrated, a broad and solid foundation should be laid in general physics, including especially the mechanics of solids, liquids and airs, and the laws of heat, electricity, magnetism and light, and in the chemistry of the more important inorganic and organic principles. . . .

"The other, and entirely practical department, would embrace instruction in

* Mr. John Amory Lowell, then Trustee of that Lowell Fund which has been such a beneficent factor in the educational progress of Boston and Massachusetts.



ROGERS BUILDING

chemical manipulation and the analysis of chemical products, ores, metals and other materials used in the arts, as well as of soils and manures. *Second*, a course of practical, elementary mathematics, and *Third*, full instruction in drawing and modelling. This branch should also include special courses in teaching in architecture, engineering and the various branches of the arts not treated of in the first department. . . . A scheme of this kind begun with two professors in the scientific department and two subordinate instructors in the other, under the direction of the former, would, I am certain, prove so signally successful as ultimately to require its expansion into a polytechnic college on the most ample scale in which, along with all the subjects above referred to, would be embraced full courses in

elementary mathematics and instruction, perhaps, in the French and German languages. In a word, I doubt not that such a nucleus-school would, with the growth of this active and knowledge-seeking community, finally expand into a great institution comprehending the whole field of physical science and the arts with the auxiliary branches of the mathematics and modern languages, and would soon overtop the universities of the land in the accuracy and the extent of its teachings in all branches of positive knowledge. . . .

"The true and only practicable object of a polytechnic school is, as I conceive, the teaching, not of the minute details and manipulations of the arts, which can be done only in the workshops, but the inculcation of those scientific principles which form the basis and explanation of them,



SEAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY

and along with this a full and methodical review of all their leading processes and operations in connection with physical laws. . . .”

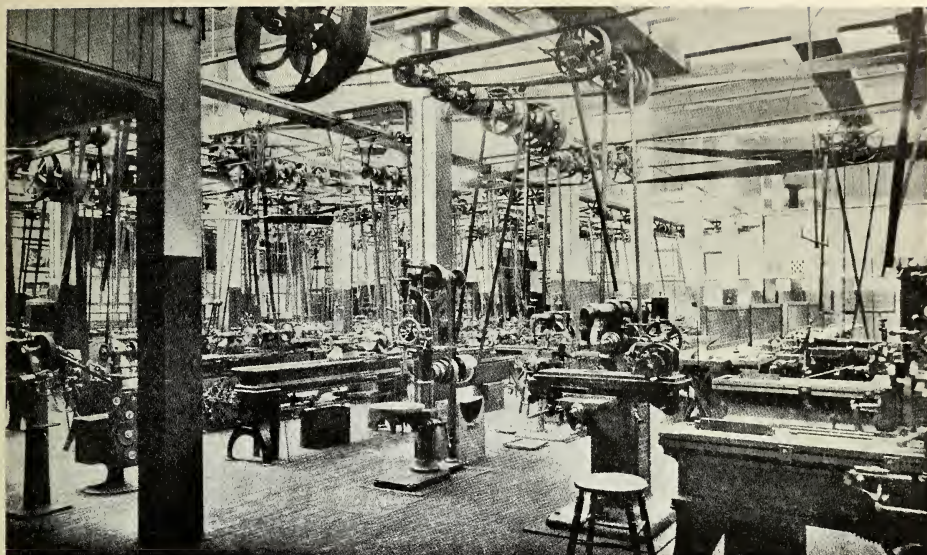
“To close this long, but still incomplete catalogue of illustrations, we may safely affirm that there is no branch of practical industry, whether in the arts of construction, manufactures or agriculture, which is not capable of being better practised, and even of being improved in its processes, through the knowledge of its connections with physical truths and laws. . . .

“A polytechnic school, therefore, fully organized, has in view an object of the utmost practical value, and one which in such a community as that of Boston could not fail of being realized in the amplest degree.”

The Lowell Fund being so far restricted as to make it unavailable for the purposes suggested by the Professors Rogers, and no other resource seeming at command, the opportunity for establishing the first school of applied science in New England—the Rensselaer Polytechnic, a school for civil engineers, having been founded at Troy, N. Y., in 1824—was lost

to Boston. Subsequent gifts, stimulated no doubt by the suggestions of the brothers Rogers, were made to establish the Lawrence Scientific School, at Harvard, in 1847, and the Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, about ten years later.

Perhaps because of their close affiliation to older colleges still strictly classical in their atmosphere, these two scientific schools seem hardly to have met the demand of the times in the education which they gave; and they certainly could not in point of numbers graduated. Therefore the agitation continued among an ever wider circle for an institution, the plan of which was still quite vague, but which should in the fullest way stimulate research and provide, for all classes of society, ordered instruction in the “natural,” the pure, and the applied sciences. This ferment at last took definite shape in a meeting called at the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History, then located on Mason Street, February 18, 1859. The meeting was attended by about forty gentlemen with Mr. Marshall P. Wilder as chairman, and Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Jr., as secretary. Professor Agassiz, Hon. Alex. H. Rice, Mr. John D. Philbrick and others spoke. While one of the gentlemen advocated the reservation of an open space of Back Bay land for the reason, chiefly, that the residents of Beacon Hill, heretofore cooled in summer by the breezes from that Back Bay, might not suffer by its filling in, and although another of the speakers had so mean an idea of the enterprise as to urge the purchase of the Hancock estate, then on sale, the majority of those present were more serious in



PORTION OF MACHINE-TOOL LABORATORY

purpose and more generous in plan than these, and heartily indorsed the proposal for the reservation of a large tract of the still unfilled Back Bay. A committee of seven was appointed, with power to memorialize the Legislature for authority to establish a "Conservatory of Art, Science, and Historical Relics."

The committee thus commissioned lost no time in presenting their petition. Premising that four squares of the proposed Back Bay lands be reserved for this "Massachusetts Conservatory," the petitioners suggest that: "Section No. I might be devoted to collections of implements, models, and other objects pertaining to Agriculture, Horticulture and Pomology.

"Section No. II, to Natural History, Practical Geology and Chemistry, with ample room for museums of specimens.

"Section No. III, to those institu-

tions devoted to the development of Mechanics, Manufactures and Commerce.

"Section No. IV, to Fine Arts, History and Ethnology.

"It is not proposed," the memorial states, "to merge the different institutions in one,—the perfect individuality of each being retained in every respect, having nothing necessarily in common but the general fostering care of the state."

This first exposition of the plans of its promoters shows their scheme to have been essentially a popular one. They hoped to provide higher education for the people, to train artisans and mechanics in such wise that the relations between them and the men of science might be close and cordial, and that the theories of the latter might be verified and checked by the work of the former, who, in their turn, would derive incalculable benefit from the experiments and researches of the

scientists. Popular lectures, skillfully arranged museums, published reports, were to be the means of education, and examinations and other tests leading to diplomas were to form the immediate aim and measure of the work. This popular aspect of the plan was emphasized by the *Conservatory Journal*, a short-lived newspaper issued during April, May and June of the year 1859, the publication of which led to a sharp controversy and eventually, probably, to a more ready acceptance of the maturer and wiser plans of Professor Rogers.

This first petition, because of the late date at which it reached the Legislature, failed of consideration. Early in the following session, however, was presented a second "memorial" substantially upon the lines of that of 1859.

Petitions in aid of the second memorial for a "Conservatory of Arts and Sciences" were presented by the Boston Society of Natural History, the Boston Board of Trade, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association and the New England Society; the endorsement of each of these distinguished bodies, representing such diverse interests, being most cordial and hearty. A favorable bill was presented, and passed the House, but, late in the session, was rejected in the Senate.

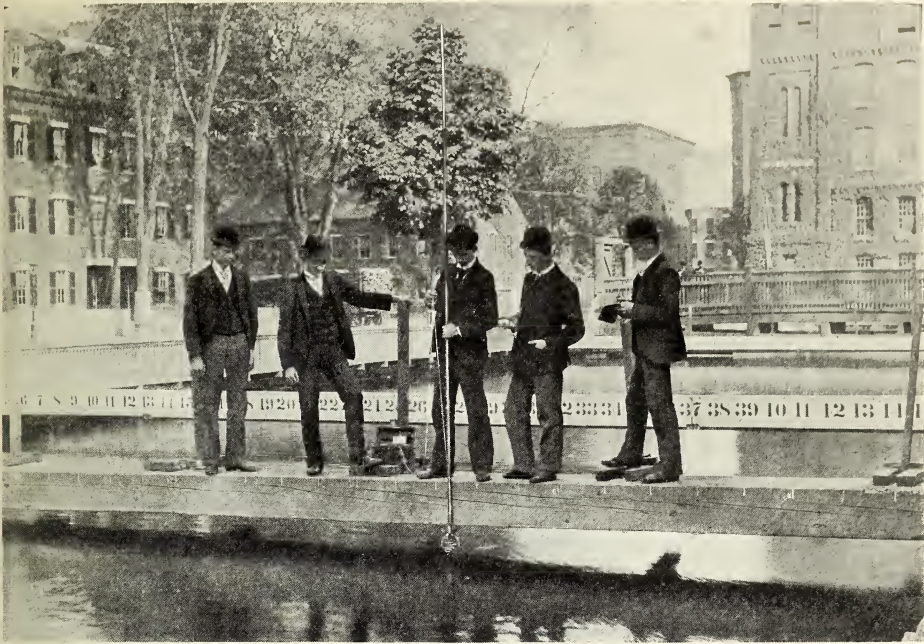
Four months later, the sub-committee, through its chairman, Professor Rogers, issued a call for a public meeting to be held at the rooms of the Board of Trade, on October 5, 1860; and at this meeting was adopted the report of the committee, outlining

the plan of the Institute of Technology. The Conservatory of Arts and Sciences, with its huge collections, supplemented by instruction, is found to have given place to a school, in which the instruction is to be first, and the collections merely subsidiary to the theoretical and practical teaching. After reciting the benefits to be derived from institutions of the nature contemplated, especially in a community like Massachusetts, largely devoted as it is to manufactures, the report says:

"With the view of securing the great industrial and educational benefits above alluded to, it is proposed to establish, on a comprehensive plan, an institution devoted to the practical arts and sciences, to be called the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having the triple organization of a Society of Arts, a Museum or Conservatory of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science and Art."

A pamphlet outlining the "Objects and Plan" of this proposed Institute of Technology, written by Professor Rogers, was distributed widely throughout the state of Massachusetts. Two months later followed a circular letter announcing a meeting to be held in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer Street, on the evening of January 11, 1861, "for the purpose of adopting measures preliminary to the organization of the Institute, and in furtherance of a petition to the Legislature for a charter, and a portion of the Back Bay lands."

The third memorial was, in January, 1861, properly presented to the General Court, and by them referred to a Joint Standing Committee of the Legislature. This committee made, on March 19, 1861, a report entirely favorable to the grant. Their report was accepted by both branches of the



HYDRAULIC FIELD WORK

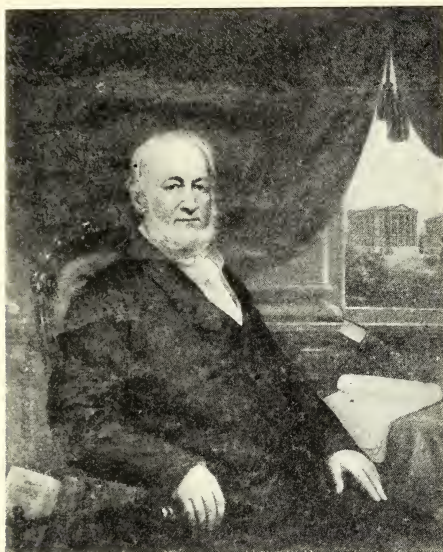
Legislature and, on April 10, 1861, more than two years after the subject was first publicly agitated, two years of almost constant effort in the face of opposition and discouragement, at an hour when the thoughts of the people were turned more toward impending war than in the direction of measures presupposing peace and well-being, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was legally established, by the approving signature of John A. Andrew, Governor of the Commonwealth.

This Act of Incorporation, however, contained a very important provision that

"within one year after the passage of the Act" (the incorporators) "furnish satisfactory evidence to the Governor and Council that the Institute has funds subscribed, or otherwise guaranteed, for the prosecution of its objects, to an amount of at least one hundred thousand dollars."

Owing to the distractions and excitement of the Civil War, the friends of the Institute had little to show at the expiration of that year, beyond some small subscriptions and a cordial letter from Mr. Ralph Huntington, stating that the Institute would receive \$50,000 from him by will. These the state authorities refused to regard as a compliance with the terms of the Act, and it was necessary, therefore, for the projectors to petition for a supplementary Act, which was passed, extending until April 10, 1863, the time during which the financial guarantee might be secured.

Notwithstanding the efforts of those deeply interested in the project, the unsettled condition of the business world, the many demands upon its leaders for money to prosecute the war, and the temporary diversion of interest and financial aid toward the



DR. WILLIAM J. WALKER

Boston Society of Natural History, which had actually begun to erect its handsome building, conspired against them; and the spring of 1863 found the Institute with little more to offer to the Governor and Council as an earnest of its good faith than it had been able to present the year before. Therefore, on March 7, 1863, the Finance Committee, consisting of Messrs. M. D. Ross, J. M. Beebe, E. S. Tobey, and N. H. Eldredge, to whom great honor is due for their exertions at this critical time, issued an earnest appeal for contributions. At the end of the month, however, less than \$40,000 had been pledged, and it seemed that the weary work of persuading the General Court further to extend the time must be undertaken, and that, with so little to indicate popular interest in the plan, the many forces working against an Institute of Applied Science might this time compass its defeat. With this discouraging outlook, and upon

the very last day of the year of grace, Dr. Rogers, who, in 1862 had been elected President of the Institute, received a letter announcing that

"... by an instrument bearing date Newport, second of April, 1863, a gift of property has been made to the 'Massachusetts Institute of Technology,' by Dr. William J. Walker, at present a resident in Newport, R. I., but formerly a citizen of Boston, which is worth not less than sixty thousand dollars, and probably from ten to twelve thousand dollars more. . . ."

In this almost dramatic way the expiring charter was saved.

Dr. William Johnson Walker, this earliest large benefactor of the Institute of Technology, was born in Charlestown in 1789, and was graduated at Harvard in 1810. After practising the profession of medicine for thirty years with signal success, Dr. Walker retired in 1845, removed to Boston, and interested himself in manufactures and railroads, then entering upon a period of wonderful development. He thereby amassed a fortune, large for the time, the greater part of which went to the furthering of education and other good works.

This almost providential gift of Dr. Walker's, and a subsequent equally welcome bequest from him of over two hundred thousand dollars, greatly stimulated the work and enlarged the aims of the nascent Institute, exerting no small influence upon its entire subsequent career. The gift, President Rogers declared at a meeting of the Government called to accept it, opened a "glorious prospect" to the Institution, but it also laid upon it "heavier responsibilities," so that "it had become still more incumbent upon both the officers and members of the Institute to strive to the utmost



A CORNER OF THE GENERAL LIBRARY

to form and sustain for it a character which should place it in the front rank of learned associations of a similar kind." And again, writing to his brother Henry, in 1865, President Rogers refers to the lately announced bequest of Dr. Walker as a reason for projecting the work of the school upon a much larger plan than had seemed before possible.

Public work really began with a series of lectures delivered before the Society of Arts in April, 1862. These lectures have been continued during every winter since that time, and have been the means of bringing many valu-

able inventions, processes and hypotheses before the public. Scarcely an important forward step in science has been made in the last forty years without being explained before the Society of Arts; and to-day because of the activity of the successive secretaries, and despite the multiplication of learned associations, its sessions are more largely attended than ever before, and its published papers more widely read. When, however, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is spoken of, reference is had, as a rule, solely to the School of Industrial Science. This division of the original

threefold plan of Dr. Rogers has grown so fast and to such proportions as to place the Society of Arts in the position of an adjunct to its work and to eclipse altogether the Museum of Arts, to which, in the original scheme, the school was to have been auxiliary. Conditions of education have so changed in the past forty years that it now seems doubtful if the Museum will ever be developed beyond its present useful point of providing typical small collections for the use of students in the several professional departments.

This School of Industrial Science—or as it will be called throughout the remainder of this article, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—was opened in February, 1865, in leased rooms in the building of the Mercantile Library Association on Summer Street and in the dwelling of Judge Jackson, on Rowe Place,—both edifices being afterwards destroyed in the great fire of 1872. The objects of the school and the courses that it offered were, to quote from the First Annual Catalogue,

"First, To provide a full course of scientific studies and practical exercises for students seeking to qualify themselves for the professions of the Mechanical Engineer, Civil Engineer, Practical Chemist, Engineer of Mines, and Builder and Architect.

"Second, To furnish such a general education, founded upon the Mathematical, Physical and Natural Sciences, English and other Modern Languages, and Mental and Political Science, as shall form a fitting preparation for any of the departments of active life; and

"Third, To provide courses of Evening Instruction in the main branches of knowledge above referred to, for persons of either sex who are prevented, by occupation or other causes, from devoting

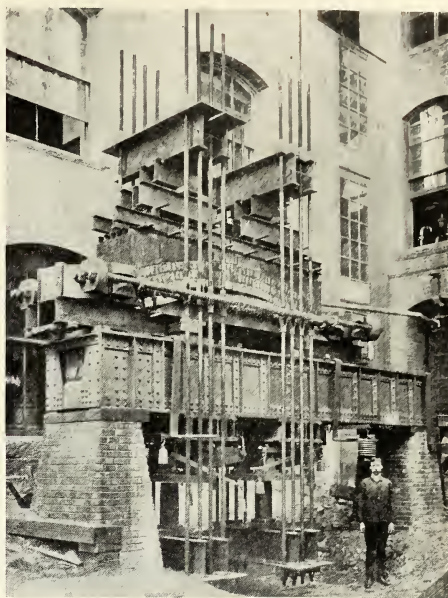
themselves to scientific study during the day, but who desire to avail themselves of systematic evening lessons or lectures."

The numbers in attendance in October, 1865, according to the same authority, were: Regular students, 2nd year, 30; 1st year, 32; special students, 7. The total number of the instructing staff was ten, and included, besides President Rogers, Professors J. D. Runkle, F. H. Storer, Charles W. Eliot, W. P. Atkinson, F. Bôcher, J. B. Henck, W. Watson, W. R. Ware and J. D. Hague.

In the fall of 1866 the Institute was removed from Summer Street to its first building,—named in 1882 the Rogers Building. This had been erected, at unexpectedly great cost, on the property, then on the extreme edge of the "made land" of the Back Bay, given to the Institute and the Boston Society of Natural History, in reversion, by the Commonwealth. There, in 1868, was graduated the first class of fourteen young men.

During the three years of struggle preliminary to organization, and from his election to the presidency in 1862, until 1868, when his health gave way, Professor Rogers was ceaselessly occupied in the enormous labor of organizing what was really a new venture in education, in planning and supervising the erection of the college building, and, hardest of all, in overcoming old prejudices against this new species of training for young men. He had the support, it is true, of a corporation, or board of trustees, made up of men of the highest enthusiasm and acumen; he had the advantage of a wisely selected faculty who gave themselves with extraordinary zeal to the solution of the many problems of

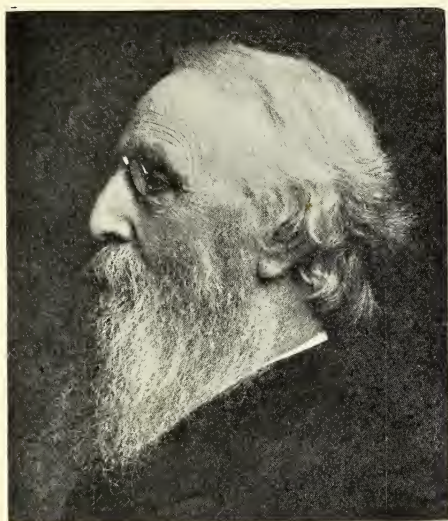
the new work; but the atmosphere of Boston, always cool to the experimental, was thoroughly imbued with the conservative traditions of the oldest college in New England, and, for many years, was a difficult medium through which to perceive the merits of this youngest college, with its aggressive disturbance of teaching methods. For, quite aside from the specific work of training engineers, chemists and architects which the Institute was doing, it was also making necessary the virtual reorganization of all higher education by proving the vast superiority, in many directions, of the laboratory method in giving instruction to young men. This way of teaching is to-day so much a matter of course, that it is difficult to realize how truly President Rogers and his colleagues were pioneers in one of the greatest advances in higher education. In his now classic statement, the "Objects and Plan of an Institute of Technology," in which, in 1861, the general features and aims of the great college of 1902 were so clearly foredrawn, Professor Rogers strongly advocated laboratory teaching; and the chemical laboratories were the department first to be provided for in the original building. Moreover in the first annual catalogue it is stated that "The Laboratory arrangements of the School are designed, when complete, to embrace the following departments: (1) Laboratory of Physics and Mechanics; (2) Laboratories for Chemical Analysis; (3) Laboratory for Metallurgy; and (4) Laboratory for Industrial Chemistry." And in this catalogue it is declared that "A high value is set upon the educational effect of laboratory prac-



MASONRY ARCH TESTING MACHINE

tice, in the belief that such practice trains the senses to observe with accuracy and the judgment to rely with confidence on the proof of actual experiment."

From this early day, and by means of ever developing and enlarging laboratories, the Institute has maintained the principle that a student shall not take on the word of his teacher what it is reasonably possible for him to prove himself. This simple, but far-reaching, principle has acted as an extraordinary leaven upon education, modifying the entire system. For by bringing professor and student close together over the laboratory table or machine, it has abolished the formal aloofness of earlier days and has established human relations between the teacher and the taught. Furthermore, laboratory methods have made "wholesale" teaching an impossibility; instruction to-day, to be good,



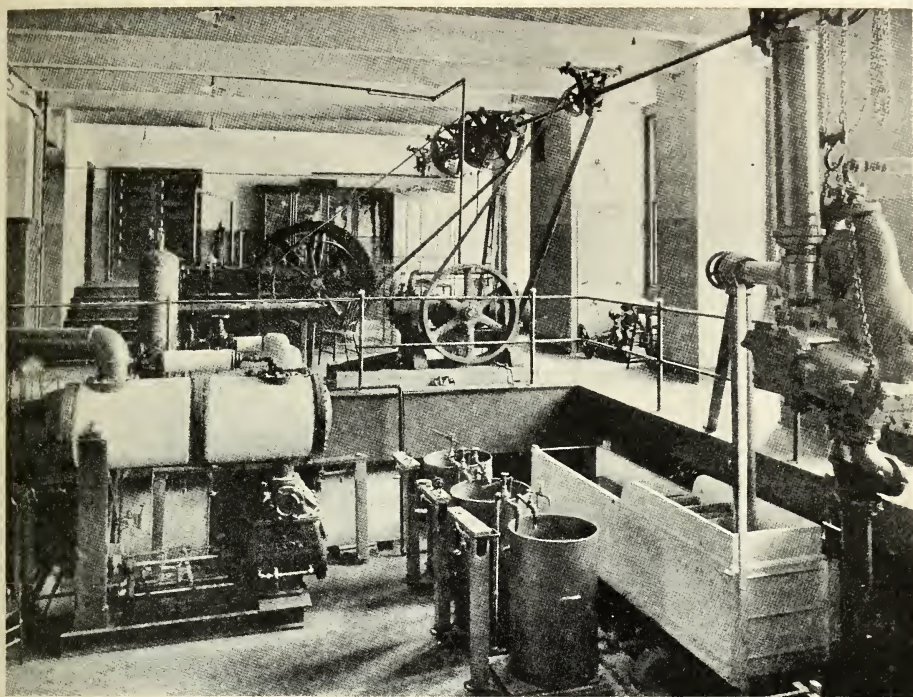
JOHN D. RUNKLE

must have regard to the individual student, not to great unknown bodies of young men. In the Institute of Technology, for example, the proportion of teachers to students is, omitting occasional lecturers, not less than one to nine. Finally, the principle of "learning by doing" has readjusted educational values, relegating some time-honored subjects to the educational rubbish-heap and raising other topics, formerly despised, to high and honorable place. So fully, indeed, has the laboratory method commended itself at the Institute that its very library is used as a laboratory. To that end, it is divided into departmental libraries scattered throughout the buildings, and each in close proximity to its appropriate laboratory. These divided libraries, containing a total of 60,000 volumes and 16,000 pamphlets, are made available by a skilfully arranged card catalogue placed in the general library, and duplicated, so far as may be necessary, in each department.

President Rogers's health failing under the stress of his great labors and not being restored by complete rest and absence from Boston, he felt obliged, in 1870, to resign. His successor in office was Professor Runkle, then, and from his resignation from the presidency until his death, July 8, 1902, senior professor of mathematics in the Institute.

John Daniel Runkle was born in Root, N.Y., in 1822 and was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School in 1851, receiving the degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Master of Arts from Harvard University. Before entering college he had taught for several years, and after graduation was a member of the staff of the "Nautical Almanac" and founder of the *Mathematical Monthly*. In 1865, Mr. Runkle was elected to the first Faculty of the Institute, and at his death was the sole member of that original body still connected with the college. Upon the breaking down of Dr. Rogers's health in 1868, Professor Runkle was appointed acting President, and upon the former's resignation in 1870 was, as already stated, elected to the presidency, having been recommended thereto by his predecessor.

During Professor Runkle's presidency were established three of the leading laboratories of the Institute: that in Mining, Engineering and Metallurgy, in 1872; that in Mechanical Engineering, in 1874; and the Shops, or mechanical laboratories, in 1876. The effectiveness of the mechanical engineering laboratories dates from a later time than President Runkle's administration; but the establishing of the laboratories of mining and



PORTION OF ENGINEERING LABORATORY

metallurgy and the planning of the shops along present lines were directly due to him. The former were initiated by a Summer School of Mining—the first summer session in the Institute's history—President Runkle, with five professors and seventeen students, making an extended tour through the mining regions of Missouri, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. Returning from this journey well equipped with ideas and with promises of practical assistance, the President, together with Professors Ordway and Richards, planned the laboratories which, under the uninterrupted care of Professor Richards, have been brought to such a high degree of perfection as to be models for other institutions.

The shops, or mechanical labora-

tories, were the outgrowth of a study by President Runkle of the Russian exhibit at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Shop-work instruction theretofore had had in sole view the manufacturing aim, the purpose being to perfect the student in the making of some one machine. The Russian system, however, kept before it the pupil rather than the machine, planning its exercises upon educational rather than upon utilitarian lines. President Runkle was quick to see the significance of this change of attitude and, immediately upon his return, began, with great enthusiasm, to lay out a course of manual teaching and to build shops which have been the standard for the best subsequent work of this character in America. In order that the benefits

of this training might be publicly manifest, a subsidiary school, called the School of Mechanic Arts, was maintained by the Institute for a number of years until by the widespread adoption of the idea and by the establishing, under the auspices of the City of Boston, of a Mechanic Arts High School, this model secondary school became no longer necessary. Since then the shops have served solely their proper function, that of mechanical laboratories for the students in engineering.

Other important events of President Runkle's term of office were the founding of three new courses: those in Mining and Metallurgy, in Physics, and in Biology; the starting, on a small scale, of laboratories in microscopic analysis and industrial chemistry, both of which were subsequently to be so greatly extended; the building of a gymnasium and the establishing of a lunch room for the students; and the admission of women to the courses of the college. Moreover very early in his presidency he preserved the autonomy of the Institute by successfully opposing a plan for the absorption of this newest Massachusetts college by the oldest college of the Commonwealth.

The serious financial panic of 1873, however, began as early as 1875 gravely to affect the numbers of students and to dry up that main source of the Institute's revenue, the annual contributions of generous merchants and manufacturers. By 1878 the numbers and income had so far diminished that this year saw the most serious crisis in the history of the institution. For many months its existence hung in the balance; and

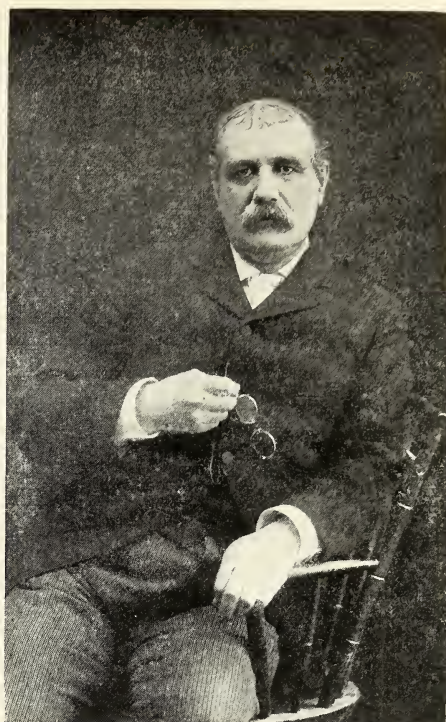
only through the self-sacrifice of the Faculty in submitting to a marked reduction of their already meagre salaries, through the heroism of Professor Rogers in resuming the presidency,—the long continued strain of which had proved too much for Dr. Runkle, making it necessary for him to seek rest abroad,—and through the generosity of the Institute's treasurer, John Cummings, in pledging his personal credit for large sums, was the life of the college saved.

Although in precarious health, Dr. Rogers held the office of President until the appointment of his successor in 1881 and, with tragic fitness, died, literally in harness, when formally introducing that successor to the public at the annual graduation exercises, on the thirtieth of May, 1882. From 1846, when he drew up that first plan of it, until this last earthly day, when he saw his vision realized and the Institute rapidly growing strong and already world-famous, the "Polytechnic School in Boston" had completely absorbed his thoughts, his strength and his ambition.

As Professor Rogers was pre-eminently the man for the building of such an institution, so Gen. Walker, who succeeded him, was superlatively the man needed at that time.

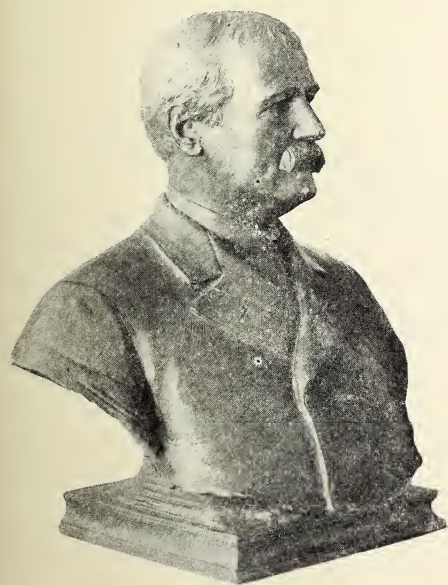
Francis Amasa Walker, born in Brookfield, Mass., in 1840 and graduated from Amherst—where his distinguished father, Amasa Walker, was professor of political economy—in 1860, had lived a singularly broadening and deepening life. Enlisting as a private at the age of twenty-one, and rapidly promoted, he served throughout the Civil War. He was upon Couch's staff, and Warren's; and was

chief of staff under General Hancock; was for six weeks in Libby Prison; and was made brigadier general for gallantry at Chancellorsville. In every capacity he won distinction for bravery, clear-headedness and maturity of judgment. The war ended, and bearing honorable wounds, young Walker taught Latin and Greek for several years at Williston Seminary and served as assistant editor upon the *Springfield Republican*. Called thence to Washington, he was successively Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Superintendent of the Ninth and Tenth Censuses, all of which positions he filled admirably. Meanwhile he had been made professor of political economy in the Sheffield Scientific School, where he taught, to the delight and edification of hundreds of students, for nine years. During this time he published a number of volumes on political economy, including a text-



GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER

book which is still standard here and in Great Britain.



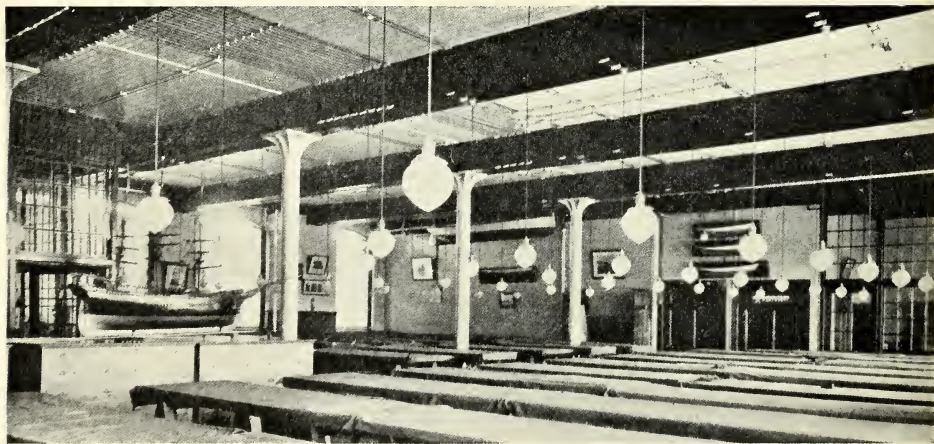
FRENCH'S BUST OF GEN. WALKER

This man, ripe in such an extraordinary range of knowledge and experience, the Corporation of the Institute wisely chose for their President in 1881. With his coming and with the restored financial stability of the times, the work of earlier days began to bear fruit and the Institute grew by leaps and bounds. During the fifteen years of his presidency the number of students increased from 300 to 1200, and the number of professors and instructors from 39 to 153. To meet this tremendous development and to fulfill the rapidly growing demands of industrial and educational life, the Institute during his presidency erected three large new buildings, and established four new courses, those in Elec-

trical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Sanitary Engineering and Naval Architecture. In addition to his enormous and unrelenting labors as President of the Institute, General Walker was extraordinarily zealous in the performance of his duties as a citizen of Boston and of Massachusetts. A member of the State Board of Education, of the Boston School Committee, of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, of the Park Commission, of the Art Commission, and of other similar bodies, he contributed notably and for all time to the upbuilding of the community; while as President of the St. Botolph Club and as a member of many kindred organizations, he did much for the social life of the city. During these fifteen years, moreover, he published several books and a great number of articles in periodicals, and delivered numberless public lectures and addresses. Splendid as this was, it was literally a giving of himself; so that, on the 5th of January, 1897, in the full vigor of his intellect, and when he seemed about to reap some measure of well-

earned leisure, President Walker suddenly died, worn out by nearly forty years of service to his country and his state. His funeral at Trinity Church and the Memorial Service held at the Music Hall in the following October brought together such bodies of representative men from all parts of the United States as clearly demonstrated that in losing him the Institute of Technology lost one of the great men of this generation.

After a short interregnum in which he served as chairman of the Faculty, James Mason Crafts, head of the department of Chemistry, was chosen successor to General Walker. Professor Crafts, born in Boston in 1839 and educated at the Lawrence Scientific School, has spent much of his life abroad in the laboratories of such men as Bunsen and Wurtz, and was for several years Dean of the Chemistry Faculty of Cornell University. From 1870 to 1880 and again from 1891 until his election to the presidency he was a member of the Faculty and, for the latter period, a member also of the Corporation of the Institute. The



DRAWING ROOM OF THE NAVAL-ARCHITECTURE DEPARTMENT



LABORATORY OF ELECTRICAL MEASUREMENTS

two years of Dr. Crafts's presidency were eventful, and he was active in carrying forward the policy of his predecessors. Large receipts from the bequest of Mr. Henry L. Pierce made it possible to erect a much needed building and to carry out important improvements in all the other buildings. Besides this Pierce bequest, the Institute received, during this administration, an unusual number of gifts and bequests,—among others, from the Randall Estate, from Mr. Edward Austin, Mrs. Julia B. H. James, Mr. George A. Gardner, and Mr. Augustus Lowell, the last gift of \$50,000, subsequently increased to \$100,000, creating a fund for the benefit of the teaching staff. These large accessions, together with the generous aid of the state, placed the Institute on a far sounder financial footing than it had ever before stood.

Finding, however, the work of chemical research more attractive to him than that of administration, Dr. Crafts resigned the presidency early

in 1900 and was succeeded by Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett, who was inaugurated in October, 1900. A Missourian by birth, son of Professor C. W. Pritchett, Director of the Morrison Astronomical Observatory at Glasgow, Dr. Pritchett was trained an astronomer under Professor Asaph Hall at the Naval Observatory at Washington and by study at the University of Munich, where he obtained his doctor's degree. Appointed assistant professor of mathematics and



JAMES MASON CRAFTS

astronomy in the Washington University of St. Louis in 1881, he remained on the Faculty of that institution for sixteen years, leading, meanwhile, the Transit of Venus Expedition in 1882 to New Zealand, presiding over the St. Louis Academy of Sciences, and publishing many papers on astronomical and geodetic topics.

Called in 1897 to be the head of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Dr. Pritchett made so admirable a record in that important administrative position that the Corporation had no hesitation in choosing him for the presidency left vacant by the resignation of Dr. Crafts. That this choice was a most wise and fortunate one no one who has been in relation with President Pritchett can for a moment question. A man of delightful personality, of enthusiasm, of good judgment, of tact, of courage, his varied training has peculiarly fitted him for the position which he so admirably fills. Moreover, following the example set by President Walker, Dr. Pritchett has identified himself widely with public interests, and is an incumbent of many positions of public trust and usefulness.

These presidents, well fitted for the executive work to which they were successively called, have been, from the beginning, supported and seconded by a devoted body of men upon the Corporation and upon the teaching staff. Among the trustees of the earlier days—to mention but a few—were such men as Jacob Bigelow, John M. Forbes, James B. Francis, Henry B. Rogers, John Cummings and Augustus Lowell, and the present Corporation is representative of the best in Boston and in Massachusetts. Never

content simply to lend their names, these successive fifty trustees have given largely of their time and of their means to the upbuilding of the Institute.

As to the members of the Faculty, their unswerving loyalty, their courage and zeal in attacking the many new and perplexing problems arising in an institution where so large a part of the work is of the nature of pioneering, their mutual support and tolerance, their patience and enthusiasm with their students have been undoubtedly the largest factor in placing the Institute of Technology in the high position that it holds to-day.

The thirteen undergraduate courses now offered at the Institute are as follows: Civil and Topographical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering and Metallurgy, Architecture, Chemistry, Electrical Engineering, Biology, Physics, General Studies, Chemical Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Geology, Naval Architecture. These courses lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science, and in addition there are offered graduate courses leading to that of Master of Science. The continuance of special research work for at least one year after receiving the Master's degree may add that of Doctor of Philosophy. Without entering upon a detailed account of the courses and methods at the Institute of Technology, it may be stated, in general, that the fundamental principle underlying them all is that the student shall have, in his studies, a considerable and a progressively expanding, but always a carefully directed, choice. For the first half of the freshman year all students follow a common course designed to

advance them from the supervised study of the preparatory schools to the more independent work of the college. At the middle of this freshman year the young man, after opportunity for consultation with his advisers and with the heads of departments, makes choice of his professional course. Thereafter there may be further differentiation until, in the second term of the senior year, in the preparation of his thesis, the young man is thrown in the largest possible measure upon his own resources and initiative.

In the course in Civil Engineering, for example, the student may follow one of three different lines of study: the first giving him a training in general civil engineering, the second permitting him to devote himself more closely to railroads and highways, and the third directing his attention particularly to geodesy and topography. The student who takes Mechanical Engineering may, in his higher years, follow the line of marine, of locomotive or of mill engineering, or may make a specialty of heating and ventilation. The Architects, again, may differentiate among a general course in architecture, one in architectural engineering and one in landscape architecture. And the students in most of the other courses are permitted to choose some specialty of their several professions. Moreover, within each of these so-called "options" there is again latitude of choice; while for his graduation thesis the candidate often does independent research and experimentation of real scientific value.

But while the student has an increasing range of choice as he progresses, it is always within education-



From photograph by Notman Photo. Co.

DR. H. S. PRITCHETT

ally and professionally rational lines, laid out for him by the Faculty of the college; for it is the belief of those governing the Institute that a body of trained teachers, with long professional experience, is more competent to direct the sequence and range of his study towards a definite end than is the undergraduate himself. After nearly forty years of experience, it seems clearly demonstrated that in this method of directed choice lies the wise medium between a single, rigid college course and a free, and therefore more or less chaotic, elective system.

The buildings now occupied by the Institute are seven in number: the Rogers Building, on Boylston Street, devoted mainly to instruction in mathematics, literature, history, and political science, and containing the adminis-

trative offices and the general library; the Walker Building, on Boylston and Clarendon Streets, for the departments of Chemistry, Physics, and Electrical Engineering, and Modern Languages; the two Engineering Buildings, on Trinity Place, given up to the engineering laboratories, to instruction in applied mechanics and hydraulics, and to the departments of civil and mechanical Engineering and Naval Architecture; the Henry L. Pierce Building, also on Trinity Place, occupied by the departments of Architecture, Biology, Geology, and by the laboratories of industrial chemistry and textile coloring; a series of mechanical laboratories on Garrison Street; and a Gymnasium on Exeter Street. Immediately to be erected is a new temporary building for electrical engineering and for recitation rooms which will leave the Walker Building free for physics and chemistry. A permanent building to provide for the departments of Physics and of Electrical Engineering had been planned; but the possibility of a removal of the Institute to another site—the rapid encroachment of retail business having rendered its present location in many ways disadvantageous—has made it seem wise to erect, at the present time, only this temporary building, in which, however, will be placed all the new apparatus which would have gone to the furnishing of the permanent new building and which will make the department of Electrical Engineering the most perfectly equipped in the country.

For the same reason, it has been deemed wise to postpone the erection of another building which was to have been begun this year,—the Walker

Memorial. The land for this building will be provided by the Corporation, but the cost of its erection will be borne largely by the alumni, as a memorial to President Walker. It will contain fully equipped gymnasia for the use of all the students of the college and will have also a number of rooms fitted up in such a way as to minister especially to the social side of undergraduate life.

Its laboratories being, as already stated, that feature in which the Institute has been most fully a pioneer, it may be of interest to give a few details regarding them.

The chemical laboratories, now under the general charge of Professor Henry P. Talbot, a graduate of the Institute, were developed by ex-President Crafts, by William Ripley Nichols, a potent force in the right progress of the Institute, by Charles H. Wing, by John M. Ordway, now at Tulane University; by Thomas M. Drown, now president of Lehigh University, and by the late Lewis M. Norton. Their enlargement having been made possible by the gift of Mr. Jerome G. Kidder, for whom they are named, these laboratories are believed to be the most complete in this country, and probably in the world, for the giving of instruction to large classes. Besides the main laboratories devoted to general and analytical chemistry, there are special laboratories for organic, industrial and sanitary chemistry, for oil and gas analysis, for the examination of sugars and starches, for dyeing and coloring, and for other particular kinds of research. In all, there are over forty rooms devoted to chemical analysis alone; and yet the department is most uncomfortably crowded. That



NICHOLS LIBRARY, DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

the teaching is thoroughly individual and personal for every student is well shown by the fact that the seven hundred students accommodated are taught by nine professors and nineteen instructors and assistants.

A similar range and specialization is found in the laboratories of physics, which, established by President Rogers and built up by Edward C. Pickering, now Director of the Harvard College Observatory, have been vastly extended by Professor Charles R. Cross during his twenty-five years of service, and by that splendid man, whose memory is so dear to all the students who came under his teaching, the late Silas W. Holman. The extraordinary expansion of the physical sciences, especially in the direction of electricity, has rendered these laboratories for a number of years quite inadequate, also,

to the demands upon them, and has made necessary a new building, already referred to, and has called for the creation of a separate department of Electrical Engineering, to the head of which Dr. Louis Duncan of New York, the distinguished engineer, has been appointed.

These laboratories of chemistry and of physics are the most used of any in the Institute; almost every student, no matter what his professional course, must experiment in them frequently and upon principles fundamental to all scientific research. But no less important are the more strictly professional laboratories, such as those of mining engineering and metallurgy, fitly named the John Cummings Laboratories, and developed by Professor Robert H. Richards and his colleagues from the humblest beginnings;

the biological laboratories, under the charge of Professor William T. Sedgwick, in which most important work in bacteriology has been and is being done; and the laboratories of engineering and applied mechanics, wherein is a multiplicity of apparatus for steam and hydraulic engineering, together with an Emery machine of 100,000 pounds' capacity, and a number of lesser machines designed for every sort of testing work, the results of which are authoritative among engineers.

In these various laboratories the student pursues, at first with the most careful oversight, later with ever enlarging freedom, real research work into the principles of pure and applied science. As a prerequisite to his degree, every young man must take up some distinct problem for a thesis, must work it out in his own way, but with suggestions and occasional guidance, to the farthest point possible to him, and must present his conclusions in writing to the Faculty. By this means the path from the schoolroom to the independence of the office or the shop is made complete, and the young man is taught so far to depend upon himself that the responsibilities which active life will throw upon him shall not prove too heavy nor too abrupt a test.

In addition, however, to the regular classroom instruction, the students of the higher years make frequent excursions to mills, chemical establishments and other places where the processes of applied science may be studied; and those in civil engineering, in mining and in geology do real and extended work in the field, making topographical surveys, laying out lines for rail-

roads, and performing other practical exercises. Moreover, in most of the courses, there is provision for extended summer excursions and sessions. The mining and metallurgical engineers, for example, travel every summer to Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia, or the West, where large mining and metallurgical operations are carried on; in the civil engineering department a summer course extending over a number of weeks, and in which the students perform definite and recorded work in geodesy, hydrography and surveying is held; while the students in architecture make visits for sketching and study to places noted for good architectural examples. Twice, in such summer sessions, have a number of young architects gone abroad under the leadership of one or more of their professors. A number and variety of summer courses in mathematics and languages are also given. The regular teaching is further supplemented, in all departments, by a series of lectures and informal talks by experts not connected with the Faculty, but brought in to stimulate the students and to enlarge their horizon by letting them hear and meet men eminent in their various professions. President Pritchett has extended this excellent plan by calling every month some famous man to speak to the assembled body of the students words of counsel, encouragement and hearty helpfulness.

The authorities are not content, however, simply to give their students a thorough grounding in scientific principles and to afford them ample practice in proving those truths. They never lose sight of the fact that these young men come to them not merely for the acquiring of professional



LIFE CLASS

knowledge and experience, but also and chiefly for a higher education. And it is their belief that real education—which means a broadening of the young man, a quickening of his ambition and an inspiration to secure an ever firmer hold upon the essential things of life—is as surely obtained by the study of pure and applied science, supplemented by modern languages, history and economics, as by the study of the ancient languages, supplemented by philosophy, history, literature and æsthetics. The only thing to be avoided in any higher education is narrowness of view, pedantry and sham; and as an antidote to these there are no better courses of study than those offered in the leading colleges of technology to-day. This work of a real college, not of a simple professional school, the Institute from its earliest day has planned to give. Therefore, from that very beginning there has been as ample provision as possible for so-called general, as dis-

tinguished from professional, studies. Every student is required to attend full courses in English composition, English literature, French, German, history and political economy. Moreover, with a view to fitting young men for business positions of responsibility or for government and municipal service, there was early established a general course, in which the student, upon a thorough groundwork of scientific study and experimentation, specializes, not in engineering, but in history, economics, literature and sociology. To show that the attention given to this part of the work is as complete as upon the engineering side, it is but necessary to say that in the modern foreign languages (under Professor Adolph Rambeau), in English (under Professor Arlo Bates), in economics (under Professor Davis R. Dewey), and in history (under Professor C. F. A. Currier), there are eight professors and twelve instructors. It is interesting to note that in the work in English

other departments in the college cooperate, and the fitness and accuracy with which the student expresses himself are regarded as essential factors in his written recitation or report.

Probably because of its carefully prescribed courses and of the fact that daily work counts in the student's record for as much as, if not for more than, examinations, and because the Institute has followed the policy of submitting young men to its own tests during the first year rather than of making the entrance examinations the touchstone of the pupil's fitness, the impression is somewhat general that the courses are very difficult, and that none but the strongest should undertake them. This is far, however, from being the case; for experience has demonstrated in thousands of instances that young men of ordinary ability and health can accomplish the regular work with credit, provided only that proper attention is paid to each day's duties and that no attempt is made to crowd into the few days before an examination the studying that should have been done weeks or months before.

The pages of the student's annual, "Technique," make it plain that the Institute course is not one long "grind"; but that, on the contrary, it permits of a large amount of social life and athletic activity. The "Technique" issued in 1901 shows nine Greek letter fraternities, with a total membership of 190; five other local societies, with at least 100 members; a general athletic association, which enters men at various intercollegiate and other meets; a track team; a football association; baseball teams; a tennis association; a hare and hounds

club; a hockey club; a basket-ball team; five professional societies; the Walker Club, which has given several successful plays, as have also two other clubs, *Die Gesellschaft* and *L'Avenir*; four or five clubs of men from a certain city or preparatory school; a large students' Y. M. C. A. and a Co-operative Society, both of which do excellent work. Moreover, there are Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs, which give many concerts in and around Boston; a "Tech Show," attracting large audiences to its performances, is given in one of the theatres every spring; and a "Technology Field Day," in which freshmen and sophomores engage in athletic contests, is held in the fall. The students publish, too, a weekly paper, the *Tech*, which is very creditable. Student dinners, formal and informal, are of frequent occurrence; and in April a "Junior Week" provides for dances, teas and other sociabilities.

This social activity, furthermore, does not end with the student's graduation; for, in addition to the Alumni Association, founded in 1875, which holds a notable annual banquet and an annual reception to the graduating class, there are now branch alumni associations in Chicago, New York, Denver, Philadelphia, Washington, the Connecticut Valley, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cincinnati and the Merrimack Valley. All these associations are brought closely into touch with one another by the Association of Class Secretaries and by the *Technology Review*, a quarterly magazine, in which, in addition to leading articles relating to questions of general and of local education, are chronicled all important facts and items

regarding the Institute itself, its students and its graduates. The headquarters of the Association of Class Secretaries, of the *Technology Review* and of much of the Institute social life is at the Technology Club, housed pleasantly near the buildings, and with a membership—including sixty undergraduates—of nearly seven hundred. In addition to furnishing the usual comforts of a clubhouse, it provides for its members each winter a series of talks from notable men from all parts of the country and upon a wide range of interesting topics.

In its thirty-seven years of existence, then, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has graduated 2,655 young men and 56 young women. It has, moreover, given from one to four years of education to some five thousand more youth, who, for one reason or another, did not follow the full range of the entire four years of study. It has established thirteen separate courses, has erected seven buildings, and has accumulated property—mainly the real estate which it occupies—valued at three and one-half million dollars. Its last annual catalogue shows on its rolls seven fellows, nine graduate students (candidates for an advanced degree), 986 regular undergraduates (candidates for the bachelor's degree) and 413 special undergraduates. Of this total of 1,415 students no less than 106 have been graduated from other colleges or universities before coming to the Institute. This is a wonderful advance from the humble beginnings in the Mercantile Library Building, and it has been accomplished in the face of obstacles that only those who have had to meet them could possibly conceive



TECHNOLOGY CLUB

and through a poverty that has at times been tragic. As compared with other institutions, the resources have been painfully inadequate. There have been generous gifts from individuals, from the Commonwealth and from the United States; but most of this money has had to go into buildings and land, or to maintain free scholarships. Therefore, the Institute is to-day poor; not simply because the college is developing as fast as its resources permit, but with a pinching poverty which keeps its President and his colleagues always anxious, always hard pressed, always forced to narrow, often to ultimately expensive economy. The very excellence of the college has kept it needy, through the extraordinary demands upon it of large numbers and of ever new work

to be done. Had the Institute but an unrestricted endowment of three or four millions it could and would at once develop in new paths,—especially in the direction of research and graduate study,—with the highest advantage to itself and the greatest benefit to the community.

On the educational side, in addition to training these thousands of young men, helping them to be industrial leaders and useful citizens, and sending them to every part of the world, so that to-day it is difficult to go to the remotest geographical point without meeting an Institute man, this "School of Industrial Science" has done much pioneer work of the highest importance to the country and the world. The first to demonstrate the value of the laboratory in the teaching of considerable bodies of young men, it was

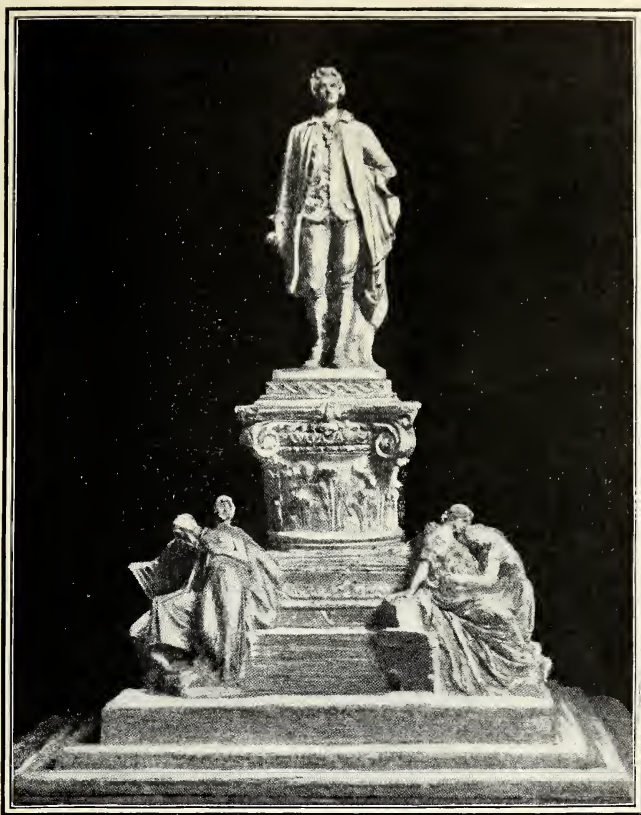
"the first to equip a mining and metallurgical laboratory for the instruction of students by actual treatment of ores in large quantities; the first to establish a laboratory for teaching the nature and use of steam, and a laboratory for testing the strength of materials of construction in commercial sizes; and the first in America to establish a department of architecture. Later still, it was the first school in America to establish distinct and special-

ized courses of study in electrical engineering, in sanitary engineering, in chemical engineering and in naval architecture."—PROFESSOR SWAIN.

In these and in hundreds of other ways the Institute of Technology has won for herself in this country and abroad a reputation of which her graduates have every reason to be proud. An exemplar to all institutions of the kind, she has seen many such establish themselves here and in Europe, and has found their success but adding to her numbers and her fame. And most of her children are fully worthy of her. It is no idle boast to say that wherever he is known, the "Institute man" is recognized as the safe man, the man of integrity, the man of vigor and wise initiative, the "man who can." The great need that the industrial leaders of the middle of the nineteenth century saw has been filled, but in a sense far greater than those men anticipated. So wisely, under Professor Rogers's influence, was that educational want supplied that there has gone forth from the college which he created not simply an army of trained men, but also a social and moral influence which not even he could possibly foresee.



PIERCE BUILDING



Courtesy of Literary Digest

Goethe

By Alice Crossette Hall

"An diesem Orte weilte Goethe Mit Vorliebe, sinnend und dichtend In den Herbtagen 1814 und 1815"

THERE, too, I oft have stood and viewed with awe
 The scene he loved, the quaint old town below,
 The brooding hills, the shining Neckar's flow
 Into the distance, where at eve I saw
 The sun o'er all the far Rhine valley draw
 A filmy veil, within whose tender glow
 The still more distant mountains seemed to grow
 Unreal as dreams; a scene without a flaw.
 Nor could I tell which most appealed to me,
 The beauty of that vision, or the thought
 That under its supreme enchantment, he
 The gifted poet, had so often caught,
 In the high service of his minstrelsy,
 Fresh inspiration. Doubly hallowed spot!

The Price of an Angel

By Ella Middleton Tybout

THE Ferndale Marble Yard was quite a flourishing institution, judging from the display of monuments artistically grouped about the front door of the office. There were all sorts and kinds of designs supposed to convey delicate consolation to the afflicted. What, for instance, could be more comforting to a mother than two little lambs curvetting on a pedestal, carved with the most sublime disregard to all known laws of anatomy? Broken shafts abounded; also crosses with "At Rest" in rustic letters upon them, with a space for the name left blank, to be filled in when opportunity offered. Children going to and from school used to stop and peer through the fence, choosing what stone they would have erected over them, and I regret to say more than one free fight had occurred over the above mentioned lambs, as they were a popular design and not enough of them to go around.

One morning in early April Mr. Cutts, owner and proprietor of the yard, sat on the doorsteps of his office and, as the sun felt warm and comfortable, he had removed his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves, thus making himself a herald of the approaching summer. He was watching a large figure coming down the road, and chuckled softly to himself as he did so.

"Here," he soliloquized, addressing a yellow dog who sat beside him, "here comes Deacon Grimes agin. I'll work off that stun on him yit, ef I hold off long enough. Ah, good mornin' Deacon."

Deacon Grimes mopped his face with a large red handkerchief for he had walked swiftly.

"Good mornin'," he responded genially, "warm weather for this season."

Mr. Cutts agreed that it *was* unusual, and Deacon Grimes unlatched the gate and walked up the path, seating himself beside the yellow dog. Silence ensued.

"The trees," volunteered the Deacon, "is all budded, pretty much; they'll be out soon. Shouldn't wonder ef we had a cold snap now."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Cutts.

Again silence while the yellow dog diligently searched for an annoying flea. The Deacon absently put his hand in his pocket and jingled his loose coin.

"Price of angels gone down any?" he inquired.

"Not a cent," replied Mr. Cutts.

"Cash, y' know," suggested the Deacon.

"Angels," said Mr. Cutts, "is troublesome things; anybody who has had anything to do with makin' an angel will tell you it ain't no joke.

The carvin' of the inside feathers of the wings alone is enough to make the man doin' the job wish they was provided with scales instead, and it ain't alluz easy to git the finger that's pintin' upwards jest plum with the rest of the hand, nuther longer nor shorter than the fingers that's curled up you know, and to git the proper resigned yit hopeful expression on the face. Ef there's any of your acquaintance thinks it's easy to make an angel, you send 'em to me and I'll talk to 'em."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I was jest askin' fur information. Business good?"

"So, so," said Mr. Cutts, "we've got orders from Millville for two 'At Rests,' a 'Not Lost but Gone Before,' and three or four 'Feed My Lambs'; measles is ragin' over there."

Silence again, and then the Deacon observed that he must be moving on.

"Mebbe you'd like to see the finger agin," suggested Mr. Cutts.

Deacon Grimes didn't care if he did, so they went inside where the choicer stones that were not exposed to the weather were kept.

The yellow dog remained on the doorstep and by so doing was the first to greet another visitor. A vehicle of the style known as a "rockaway," drawn by an old gray mare, drew up at the gate after many jerks at the reins and mysterious sounds supposed to be encouraging to the mare who, after the manner of her kind, paid not the slightest attention to them, but stopped where she thought proper. A round, good natured face was thrust out of the curtains and a voice called loudly for Mr. Cutts, but as that gentleman was en-

gaged in explaining the fine points in angel making he naturally did not respond. Clearly there was nothing to be done but get out and knock at the office door, which the occupant of the carriage prepared to do. Now there was a great deal of the lady in question and getting out was a serious matter; first she had to put out of her lap all the parcels she had collected during her visit to the village store; then she had to turn around and slowly back down, holding on firmly to the sides of the rockaway and feeling helplessly about with her foot until she found the step.

Whatever possessed the yellow dog, I cannot say. In general his manners were very gentlemanly, but the spring sunshine must have gone to his head for he did a dreadful thing. He had strolled down to the gate to see the lady alight and had watched her quietly enough until she turned her back, but no sooner did he see a foot encased in a prunella slipper with an ample display of white stocking around an ankle, once shapely, than with a joyous bark he rushed forward and caught that ankle between his teeth. To be sure he did not bite it and had no intention of doing so, but he gave it several vigorous shakes; he meant no harm, but the temptation of that prunella shoe was too strong, and he had yielded. Then ensued a harrowing scene. Free herself of the dog she could not, although she kicked violently; neither could she climb back into the rockaway for the dog anchored her firmly outside. Also, she was at a decided disadvantage for she could not see her tormentor and had visions of bloodhounds and hydrophobia,

and death in fearful agony. So she shrieked loudly, while the gray mare stood like a statue and the yellow dog hung on bravely.

"You see," said Mr. Cutts, inside the office, "this is a work of art. It ain't every day—"

He paused suddenly; through the window came the voice of a woman,

"Help! Help! Murder! Fire! Help!"

Beauty in distress having never failed in its appeal to chivalrous manhood, it is needless to say that both gentlemen rushed at once to the rescue, and Mr. Cutts bore away the aggressor and locked him in an out-house, while Deacon Grimes went to the assistance of the lady and, with difficulty, hoisted her back into the rockaway. No sooner did she find herself safe once more than she burst into tears, complaining that her heart beat like a trip-hammer and felt as though it might burst.

The Deacon fanned her with his hat and assured her that the dog should die an early and violent death, so, after a while, she became a trifle more composed and announced her intention of driving on without waiting for the return of Mr. Cutts, as she felt much too flustered to transact business. She also accepted with gratitude his offer to drive her through the village. When Mr. Cutts returned to apologize for the unseemly conduct of his dog, the rockaway was a mere black speck in the distance.

"I suppose, Mis. Oldham," said Deacon Grimes, "that you come here on the same sad errand that I did."

Mrs. Oldham sighed and nodded.

"It's the only thing that's left us now," resumed the Deacon, "and fur my part I feel a melancholy pleasure

in the selectin' of a stun that I feel sure Hetty would have liked, ef God in his mercy had seen fit to let her do the choosin' of it."

There was a rumor in the village that Mrs. Grimes, during her lifetime, had not often had the privilege of choosing *anything* for herself.

"What a woman she was," ruminated the Deacon, "what a woman she was. Do you recall her riz biscuits?"

"I ought to," responded Mrs. Oldham, "seein' as I give her the recipe fur 'em; two pints o' flour—"

"And Reuben Oldham," he continued, "what a man he was. Alwuz ready to lead a prayer meetin', alwuz beforehand with his work, alwuz keen at a bargain—"

Here Reuben's widow burst into tears.

"O, to think of what I've lost," she sobbed, "ef he'd only waited until the crops was in I think I could have bore up better."

"He left you the house, didn't he?" inquired the Deacon, gently pressing her hand in his.

"And farm," replied Mrs. Oldham, slightly returning the pressure.

Not very long after the above conversation Mrs. Oldham went to the cemetery to inspect for the first time her husband's monument, which stood glistening in the sunshine with all the hardness and coldness of which granite is capable. A broken column supported an open bible on which appeared the words "He is not Dead, but Sleepeth." The footstone, in rustic letters, announced the fact that it was a Widow's Tribute. The effect was most imposing, and it was no wonder Mrs. Oldham was transfixed

with admiration as she sat on the little iron bench placed there for her comfort and convenience when she came to mourn.

Mr. Cutts stood by her side with an air of pride, pardonable under the circumstances.

"Well Mis. Oldham," he said, "does it suit you?"

"Mr. Cutts," she replied, "it does. You've done yourself proud this time, and ef Rube could speak he'd tell you so fur himself."

"There ain't a handsomer stun in the place, Mis. Oldham; I seen to it myself. It was a melancholy pleasure, so to speak, to have everything of the very best. I'm glad you're satisfied for I done my best to please you."

Reuben's widow produced her handkerchief with a preliminary sniff.

"It's all that's left me now," she said, "A widder's life's a mighty lonely one, Mr. Cutts. Mebbe it won't be very long before you're carvin' another stun to match this one. You'll put on it, after the name and age, 'Relict of Reuben Oldham,' and also 'In Death they were United,' won't you? You'll bear that in mind as a sacred trust when I'm gone. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Here the handkerchief was brought into vigorous action.

"I never could bear that word 'Relict,' she said in broken accents. "Somehow I alluz think about remnants when I hear it. But what am I except a remnant, without a dear husband's strong arm to lean upon? Oh, dear."

"Don't take on so, Mis. Oldham, don't," said Mr. Cutts, seating him-

self beside her and timidly patting her hand. "I can't bear to see you so upset. You oughtn't to be grievin' so fur Rube when he's gone to glory in an ebony coffin, on a satin piller, with everything as handsome as could be."

"I done what I could," she sobbed, "I spared no expense."

"So you didn't, Mis. Oldham, that's a fact. And just see the monument you've put up! Why the whole country'll be talkin' about it. There's Deacon Grimes now; what a sad sight it is to see a man haggle over a little filthy lucre when an angel for his departed partner's at stake. Ef it wasn't fur the moral effect on him I do believe I'd come down to his price jest to see poor, dear Mrs. Grimes provided with a moniment."

"How good you are Mr. Cutts."

"O, not at all, not at all. I ain't comin' down one red cent, because I believe it's my Christian dooty to show Deacon Grimes the sin of stinginess. But I must be goin'; it ain't a very lively hum I'm goin' to, Mis. Oldham. A bachelor's a poor thing at the best of times, but as night comes on and he sets down to eat his lonely supper, he sometimes wishes things wasn't as they is; he ain't even got the comfortin' reflection that they isn't as they was."

"A lonely supper's a cheerless meal, Mr. Cutts, as I know too well. Ef you don't mind a melancholy companion I'd be pleased to have you set down with me to-night. I don't seem to relish my own company lately. O, dear."

"I'd be proud to come, Mis. Oldham. And as fur—"

Here a heavy step on the gravel interrupted them, and Deacon Grimes

appeared, bearing in his arms a red geranium in full bloom.

"I've jest brought you this little flower, Mis. Oldham," he said, "to put by the side of Rube. I've been plantin' some of 'em beside my dear wife. She set great store by red geraniums, did Hetty: alluz had a row of 'em in tin cans in the kitchen winders."

"A white marble angel'd look a heap better beside Mis. Grimes than red geraniums, Deacon," here interrupted Mr. Cutts, briskly leading the way to that lady's last resting place. "Jest pictur to yourself that angel a-standin' glistenin' at her head, with its wings furred, so to speak, and its finger pintin' ever upwards. It don't need no words carved on it, that angel don't. Why it's the whole Sermon on the Mount and 23rd Psalm combined in one. And then the location! Jest think of that, Deacon."

"It is a good location fur a handsome monument," murmured the Deacon.

"There ain't a spot in the cemetery like it. Right at the top of this slope, it couldn't help bein' seen the fust thing from any part of the grounds, and it *di*-rectly faces the main entrance, had you noticed that, Deacon?"

"I've told you my figgur fur that stun, Si Cutts, and I don't expect to raise on't. Ef you're thinkin' of goin' now, I'd be pleased to drive you hum, Mis. Oldham."

"Mis. Oldham's goin' to walk by way of the short cut with me, Deacon Grimes."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I did say I'd go that way to be sure, but I'm feelin' ruther tired, and as long as the Deacon's so kind as to ask me—"

By autumn all Ferndale was intensely interested in the romance transpiring in their midst. No one could decide which was the favored suitor.

Deacon Grimes, it is true, went almost daily and stood with bowed head beside the mortal remains of Mrs. Grimes until he could catch sight of a prunella shoe and bombazine skirt, when he would immediately betake himself to the iron bench beside the late Mr. Oldham, and there converse with Reuben's widow concerning their respective losses in the subdued tones suitable to the occasion. If, as often happened, duty brought Mr. Cutts to the cemetery, he immediately made his presence known in as obtrusive a manner as possible.

Mr. Cutts, for his part, often escorted the widow to and from prayer meeting. At such times Deacon Grimes prayed loudly and at length that the good Lord would strengthen our backs to bear patiently the burdens whereunder we were staggering; also that we might be delivered from our enemies and from those that despitefully used us and persecuted us.

And the angel remained the property of Mr. Cutts. The Deacon would often go and look longingly at it (when he knew Mr. Cutts was not there), and he registered a mental vow that somehow or other, sooner or later, the angel should be his, and for just what he chose to give for it.

There were rather strained relations of late between the two men, who began to watch each other narrowly. Did the Deacon stop at the Oldham homestead with an espe-

cially fine side of bacon from the last killing, just so surely would Mr. Cutts happen along with some extra good cider, or a few of his golden pippins. The lady herself was strictly impartial; the bacon was the best she had seen that year, and she had just been longing for some cider.

Matters came to a crisis in this manner.

It was the Thursday prayer meeting and an especially large attendance had been requested, to give thanks for the recovery of the minister's wife from a severe illness. Mrs. Oldham came alone and took a seat well forward. Mr. Cutts and Deacon Grimes entered almost simultaneously and marched, one up the left hand aisle and the other up the right, sitting down casually, one on each side of Mrs. Oldham, and the meeting progressed as usual. At last Mr. Cutts rose to make a few remarks.

He spoke of the joy of once more seeing their dear sister in their midst, raised from a bed of much suffering, and mentioned the patience with which she had borne her affliction. Then he digressed to the subject of woman in general, calling men poor worms in comparison. He referred to Jacob serving seven years for Rachel, and said that in his opinion it was nothing for Jacob to be proud of; surely he should have been quite willing to serve seventy years, if necessary, when Rachel awaited him as a reward. He (Mr. Cutts) would have been glad, in Jacob's place, to serve seventy times seven. After a few concluding remarks he sat down, having created something of a sensation. Mrs. Oldham had been christened Rachel.

"Let us pray," said Deacon Grimes.

If Mr. Cutts had been eloquent, he was quite equalled by the Deacon. He, also, commenced by giving thanks for their dear sister returned to them from the jaws of death, and who had so narrowly escaped reposing on Abraham's bosom. He told the Lord, confidentially, that he knew he (Deacon Grimes) was not perfect, but neither was Abraham perfect and yet Sarah had married him. He spoke vaguely of strong men weeping in great grief and being comforted by the gentler sex; and alluded in an abstracted manner to a Pharisee, presumably in their midst, who had almost thanked the Lord he was not as other men. The Deacon agreed with him in giving those thanks; he considered that it would be unjust to other men not to do so. Then he said "Amen," mopped his brow, and sat down.

The minister, feeling something was wrong, requested some one to start a hymn before benediction. Mrs. Oldham immediately responded with "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah." It was felt by many to be appropriate.

She walked home with Deacon Grimes on her right and Mr. Cutts on her left; when they reached the house both accepted her invitation to come in "and set a spell." It was not a cheerful evening. Any topic of general interest introduced by the Deacon was promptly suppressed by Mr. Cutts, and vice versa. Mrs. Oldham struggled bravely to maintain the conversation, but the gloom and silence of her companions proved too much for her. The air outside had been frosty and the heat of the fire was pleasant; her chair was large and

very comfortable, and as she swayed to and fro she seemed to be looking through a veil at two men a long distance away. Further and further they retreated, until at last they disappeared and she gave audible and convincing proof that she slept. Then Mr. Cutts leaned forward and addressed Deacon Grimes in a sepulchral whisper.

"When do you calculate on leavin'?" he inquired.

"About the same time you do," was the reply.

Silence for a few minutes, broken at regular intervals by sounds from the rocking chair.

"Look here, Deacon," said Mr. Cutts, "we might jest as well talk this matter over fust as last. We can't both have her."

"No," agreed the Deacon, "we can't. Nor yet her farm."

"It does seem to me," pursued Mr. Cutts, "that seein' as you've had a trial at it onct before and I ain't, you might be willin' fur me to have a show this time."

"Marriage," said the Deacon, "in some ways ain't all you expect it to be; in others its a blamed sight more. I don't know as I'm in any hurry to enter the blessed state agin, but I seen you meant business, and bein' as you served me a mighty mean trick in chargin' jest twict what that angel's worth (the way it riz in price when you seen I wanted it was surprisin') I thought I'd set in and cut you out. I knowed I could do it ef I put my mind to it."

"O hush," said Mr. Cutts, in agony, "she's wakin' up."

"No danger; when they snore like that they're good fur some time.

Well, as I was sayin', I set in jest to cut you out, then I begun to take notice on my own account. The farms jine, you know, and everything seems kinder suitable."

"Deacon," said Mr. Cutts, in a burst of generosity, "ef you'll shear off now you shall have the angel fur what you fust offered."

"And that's too much. I dunno as I want to shear off, and I dunno as I want the angel after all. I never did like the shape of the nose. I reckon I'll stay on. I've got jest as good a show as you have, ef not a little mite better."

Mr. Cutts grew excited.

"Deacon," he cried, "ef you'll go off quiet, and say nothin' to nobody, I'll give you the angel free. I can't say anything fairer than that, can I?"

"O, I dunno," said the Deacon, "how do I know you won't go back on your bargain when daylight comes?"

Mr. Cutts drew from his pocket pencil and paper. He wrote steadily for some minutes, then passed them over to the Deacon.

"You sign the fust," he said, "and I sign the other."

The first paper read, "I hereby forever give up any claim to the hand of Rachel Oldham;" the second, "Received from Deacon Grimes amount in full for marble angel."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I reckon I might as well do it. I ain't very hard hit nohow, and there don't appear to be no other way fur me to git possession of that angel."

"And now," suggested Mr. Cutts, "don't you think you'd better be movin' on?"

"I wonder," said the Deacon re-

flectively, as he put on his hat, "which of us has made the best bargain."

"I'd ruther have a livin' woman than a marble angel any day," replied Mr. Cutts, "I done you brown this time Deacon, sure."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I ain't so sure; angels is dumb. You're to be pitied fur you don't know jest what you're doin' and I do. I'll ask your opinion about bargains this day two years, ef we both live that long. I

wish you much joy; may you live long and prosper. You kin set up that angel tomorrow in the cemetry; you know where it goes. I'll dance at your weddin', Si, and keep dark about tonight, till I see fit to speak. Good-bye."

The closing of the door behind the deacon woke Mrs. Oldham, and she started up rubbing her eyes.

"I do believe I'm gettin' drowsy," she said.

The Colonial Parson

By Homer J. Webster

THE contrast between the good old times of colony days in America and the present is shown in no way more clearly than by comparing the life and work of the pastor then and now. The contrast is so strikingly in favor of the present that one is impressed with the advantages of our division of labor. In a word, the parson now has but one thing, while the colonial parson had almost everything to do. We should not think now of consulting a pastor on a question of law or medicine; nor should we expect to find him fishing, trapping or farming to increase the supplies of his table; nor, again, conducting a little private school, acting as town clerk, figuring and dealing extensively in trade and driving hard bargains in horse-deals and other commercial lines; yet all these activities came, as a matter of course, with-

in the sphere of the colonial parson. Nor were they indeed a mere matter of diversion; they were serious and necessary business with him and meant his bread and butter. Not that all were so situated that such vocations were necessary, but most of them were. To understand our subject we must know his environment; we must go with him and share his toils and difficulties, we must study the crude conditions with which he had to deal; the people with whom he worked; the house in which he preached; the attitude of the colonists towards him, towards the church and the Sabbath. The church, the parson and the Sabbath were almost everything in New England. The first was practically also the school and the state. Attendance upon it was compulsory and it afforded the one great opportunity for all the neighborhood to assemble and see

each other once a week. We must understand that Sunday was always the Lord's day, emphatically and exclusively, even though the devil might claim the other six; and that whatever the parson said was so, because he said it, and must not be questioned; that he held within his hand the power of earth and hell and woe be to him who should cross his path. When we remember all this, we are prepared to understand the work and character of the colonial parson.

And first as to the observance of the Sabbath. This always began on Saturday evening so that all might prepare for the following day. Sunday, strictly speaking, was from 6 P. M. Saturday to 6 P. M. Sunday. Saturday evening was the quiet religious evening of the week and was spent at home in Scripture reading, prayers, and catechising in the family circle. Then when Sunday evening came the young people might indulge in parties and social events. But from six to six, beware! God forbid that any should tread in any but the very straight and narrow path marked out by those strict New England laws! In Massachusetts, the rule was to stop work at three o'clock Saturday. The practice of observing Saturday evening was founded on the Scriptural text, "the evening and the morning were the first day"; and so thoroughly did the custom become ingrained into New Englanders that as late as 1855 in Hartford, Connecticut, the shops were kept closed on Saturday night. The so-called "blue laws" of Connecticut drawn up by Samuel Peters were false in letter but true in spirit and reflect the real customs of the times,

as may be illustrated by many examples. The following, for instance, were actual occurrences:

In 1670, two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman, were accused of and tried for "sitting together on a bench under an apple tree in Chapman's orchard on the Lord's day."

A Dunstable soldier was fined forty shillings for "wetting a piece of an old hat to put in his shoe to protect his foot on the Lord's day."

George Washington, after he was president, was stopped by a tithing-man and narrowly escaped arrest, because having missed his way, he had to travel Sunday morning to reach a certain place for worship.

Captain Kemble of Boston, who kissed his wife on his doorstep on Sunday, on his return from a three years' absence, was fined for "lewd and unseemly behavior."

Another offender was publicly whipped for staying in bed on Sunday while his only suit, which was drenching wet, was drying.

Of course absence from church was visited with fines and severe punishments.

The meeting-houses were located with a view to protection, convenience and a sightly place. At first they were built in the valleys, because the law required the colonists to settle near them for protection. But later, with the increased population, this was impracticable, and they were then placed on the hilltops. One meeting-house in Massachusetts was so located that twelve others could be seen from it. The first houses were constructed of squared logs and were on an average about 20x30 feet, and often with nothing but earth for a floor.

They also served for town halls, forts or courthouses as well. From the form of the parallelogram the style of architecture passed to that of the square, with a truncated pyramidal roof, which still later was adorned with a belfry. The Old South Meeting-house of Boston is representative of the third type of colonial church architecture. The first seats were long, narrow, hard benches made of hewn planks, supported by four legs, and having no backs. Soon, "spots or pews" were sold to the wealthier families and those who wished to be together. Many of these pews had towering partition walls, which were boarded up so high that only the tops of the tallest heads could be seen when the occupants were seated. In Haverhill church the pews were sold "provided they would not build so high as to damnify and hinder the light of them windows." All around the inside walls of the pew extended the benches, so that the occupants all sat facing the centre.

The seating of the congregation was a difficult task and often occasioned ill-feeling. Committees were appointed to seat the parishioners according to their standing and wealth, the richer receiving the front seats. No warm, cheery stoves ever graced the early churches. The first stove in a meeting-house in Massachusetts was put up by the first congress of Boston in 1773; and it was bitterly opposed on the ground that it was "contrary to the custom of their fathers." The introduction of stoves caused great opposition, and the sentiments of many were voiced by one who said that "good preaching was always hot enough for him without

any stove." As the result of having no stove the noisy practice of knocking the feet on the floor to keep them from freezing on very cold days was common. Later came the little foot-stoves, instead of which one man always used his dog. One advantage of having no stove in the church was that it made a safe place for storing powder, and it was often used for this purpose.

Near the church was the "noon-house"—a long, low, stable-like building, with a rough stone chimney at one end, so that a wood fire was kept in it on Sundays in winter. It was called so because it was the resort at the noon hour between the morning and afternoon services. Here the horses stood and here at noon the half frozen congregation collected around the log fire to eat their cold dinners and warm up for the long afternoon service which was to follow.

As to "tenure of office" of the clergy, they were expected to stay with the same church for life, so that the ordination of a minister was one of the greatest events in the life of the neighborhood. It was always accompanied by a great feast, and, frequently, by an ordination ball. The vigor with which these balls were participated in may be imagined when we are told that a young man at Danvers wore out a new pair of shoes in a single night, dancing on the sanded floor. At the ordination feast the minister's rum was placed on a stand near the church door, where the good churchmen could drink their fill. Some idea of the magnitude of these feasts may be gained from the statement that at the ordination of Dr. Cummings for the Old South Church, Boston, 1761,

the feast cost two hundred and fifty dollars,—a large sum at that day.

The dedications of new churches were also occasions for great celebrations. At the opening of the Old Tunnel Meeting-house at Lynn, Massachusetts, 1682, the feast was held in a large barn, where the fowls of the air persisted in flying in and roosting over the table, scattering feathers and hay-seeds over the parsons beneath. We are told, moreover, that here "Mr. Shepard's face did turn very red and he caught up an apple and hurled it at y^e birds. But this made a bad matter worse, for y^e fruit being well aimed, it hit y^e legs of a fowl and brought him floundering and flopping down on y^e table, scattering gravy, sauce and divers things upon our garments and in our faces. . . . Mr. Gerrish, y^e Wenham minister, did once grievously scandalize Mr. Shepard, who, on suddenly looking up from his dish, did spy him, as he thot, winking in an unbecoming way to one of y^e pretty damsels on y^e scaffold. And therefore laboring with him aside for his misbehavior, it turned out that y^e winking was occasioned by some hay-seeds that lodged in his eye; whereat Mr. Shepard was greatly relieved."

A high platform or box was placed in the front of the church for the minister, from which he could fire down on the people's heads and easily pick out any favorite for whom he had a special message. In the rear was the gallery, overhead, where the slaves were seated. At nine o'clock on Sunday morning came the call to worship. The call was made in various ways—by the firing of three guns, by a drum, by a conch-shell, by a horn, or sometimes by a flag. Precautions were al-

ways taken against Indian attacks during the services. For example, in 1640, it was ordered in Massachusetts that in every township the attendants at church should carry "a competent number of pieces, fixed and complete, with powder and shot and swords every Lord's day to the meeting-house." In 1642 six men with muskets and powder and shot were thought sufficient for the protection of each church.

The sermons were always extremely long, the average being from two to three hours, and the headings dragged on sometimes even to "twenty-seventhly" and "twenty-eighthly." Cotton Mather had the injunction, "Be short," placed in large letters on his study door; but he did not apply it to his sermons and prayers, for at his own ordination he prayed an hour and a quarter and preached an hour and three-quarters. Dr. Lord of Norwich always made a prayer an hour in length. An early Dutch traveller who visited New England asserted that he had heard there on Fast Day a prayer two hours long. Mr. Simms preached between four and five hours at the opening of the New Church at Boston. If the Puritans had left the Church of England partly to escape "stinted prayers," as was said, they could not complain of these in New England. A "poor gift in prayer" was a most deplored and even despised shortcoming in a minister. This is illustrated by the fact that Whitefield prayed openly for Parson Barrett of Hopkinton that "God would open this dumb dog's mouth." An old Scotch clergyman in Vermont tried to prevent the "popish innovation" and "Sabbath profanation" of a

Sunday-school which some daring members wished to hold at the "nooning," by lengthening all his morning sermons to three hours and thus reducing the interval between the morning and afternoon services. Finally, when the congregation rose in a body and established the school, he sullenly spent the "noonings" in the horse-shed, to which he ostentatiously carried the big church Bible, that he might not be at the service of the profaning teachers.

The sermons and prayers were no more remarkable for their length than for their direct allusions and informal character. Nothing was too personal or commonplace to be mentioned in a sermon; and nothing was considered irrelevant or outside the preacher's proper field. All social customs and manners were likely to be discussed and criticised in the sermon. Even the mode of dress was a proper subject for an elaborate sermon or series of sermons. The custom of wearing wigs was frequently attacked from the pulpit, many whole sermons being devoted to this one sin. Every unusual event in a neighborhood was sure to bring forth a sermon. The ministers preached politics and expounded and advocated business schemes. Mr. Peters gave many a long sermon to urge the formation of a stock company for fishing. In Connecticut it was ordered by law that each minister should give sound and orthodox advice to his congregation at the time of civil elections. Rev. Mr. Moody, who was ordained pastor at York in 1700, while offering prayer noticed young Ned Ingraham entering church at this unseemly time, airing his new suit and attracting the

attention of the congregation. In an elevated tone of voice he at once exclaimed, "And O Lord! we pray thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut." Rev. Mr. Miles, while praying for rain, is said to have used this extraordinary phraseology: "O Lord, thou knowest we do not want thee to send us a rain which shall pour down in fury and swell our streams and carry away our hay-cocks, fences and bridges; but, Lord, we want it to come drizzle-drozzle, drizzle-drozzle, for about a week. Amen."

Of a very different character, however, were the awful, weighty, threatening and fearful sermons of Jonathan Edwards. And of these perhaps the most remarkable was that famous one delivered at Enfield, Connecticut, July, 1741. Indeed, this was probably the most memorable sermon ever preached in New England. It consisted of powerful and uncompromising imprecations from beginning to end. He preached hell fire and preached it straight. Here are a few of his passages: "God is even more angry with many of those now living, yea, doubtless with many that are now in this congregation, than he is with many of those that are now in hell. For these the wrath of God is burning; the pit is prepared, the fire is ready, the furnace is hot, the flames do rage and glow. The devils are waiting and watching for them like lions restrained that are greedy for their prey. The unconverted are now walking over the pit of hell. God holds them over the pit of hell much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire; they are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than a venomous serpent is in

ours. And there is no reason to be given why those sitting in the presence of the preacher have not dropped into hell since they rose in the morning or since they have been sitting here in God's house, but God's mere arbitrary will—the uncovenanted, unobliged forbearance of an incensed God." Then comes his closing climax: "If we knew that there was one person and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was what an awful sight it would be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! instead of one, how many it is likely will remember this discourse in hell! And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out! And it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting-house, in health and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning!" Is it any wonder that in those days of ignorance and superstition such a sermon as this should cause a profusion of tears and outcries of distress? The poor hearers were terrorized and there was indeed "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The minister did not always observe the Scriptural injunction to "avoid vain repetitions." One such, after being newly ordained in a parish, preached the same sermon three Sundays in succession; and in reply to a deacon, who mildly suggested a change, he said: "Why no, I can see no evidence yet that this one has produced any effect."

As a rule the ministers were the hardest of workers. Besides their services they visited the sick and were often called upon for medical and legal counsel. Their spare moments were occupied in teaching and preparing young men for college, working on their farms, hearing the children say their catechisms, fasting and praying long in their studies. There is no nobler example of a busy and consecrated life than that of Cotton Mather. His biography is a gold mine of inspiration for young men. Graduated from Harvard at the age of sixteen, he threw himself into the active whirl of a busy life. He had twenty-four hours of the day and seven languages at his command. An impediment in his speech forced him to speak slowly, but made him all the more impressive. In his diary he writes: "This day I performed the service of my general calling, instructed the scholars under my charge, underwent the diversion of meals and company, with whom I was a considerable while; I made a long sermon and preached it; I spent more than a little time at the private meeting, where I preached, and read over 'Knox's Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon.'" A busy man! And yet he was always courteous to callers, one of his rules being, "The man who wants to see me is the man I wish to see." Another of his rules was to humble himself in prayer at least three times every day, and he taught his children to do the same. Again and again we are reminded that the one aim of his life was to do the most possible good. When we learn that amid all his difficulties and labors in his public capacity he was called upon to endure unusual domes-

tic troubles, our admiration for this hero is still further increased. He was married to a third wife, who became deranged, and of his fifteen children it was his lot to follow thirteen to the grave. Of the two who survived him, the daughter was attacked by almost all the diseases to which children are subject and had to be nursed through her tender years.

But sometimes there was an occasional drone, even among the busy hive of colonial parsons. Parson Judson of Taunton was so lazy that he preached while sitting, and was so fond of comfort that on hot summer days he would give out to the sweltering members the longest psalm he could find and then retire to a shade tree and lie there till the task assigned them was completed, thus escaping not only the heat, but what was probably still harder to endure—the singing.

This brings us to another interesting chapter—the church music. The musical text was the old “Bay Psalm Book” or “New England Psalm Book,” the first edition of which appeared at Cambridge about 1640, and which was the first book of any importance published in New England. A second edition was brought out in 1647 by President Dunster of Harvard College. The one known remaining copy of this edition sold for four hundred and thirty-five dollars. In 1676 Master Mace wrote of the singing in the English churches, “It is sad to hear what whining, toiling, yelling or shreaking there is in our country congregations”; and if this was the case in England we may be sure it was no better among the pioneers

in America. Here are some of the crude directions in the “Bay Psalm Book”: “First, observe how many note-compass the tune is . . . that you may begin the tune so that it may be sung in the compass of your voices, without squeaking above or grumbling below.” But if those lusty singers lacked quality, they more than supplied the deficiency in quantity, both in volume and duration, for the loudest singer was the best and the songs were not inferior, comparatively, in length to the sermons and prayers. The singing of the long psalms frequently occupied about half an hour. Dr. West, who preached in Dartmouth, 1726, one Sunday morning forgot to bring his sermon to church. He gave out a long psalm, then went home—a quarter of a mile—and returned with the sermon¹ before the singing was finished. As to the metre of the Psalm Book, it was very little better than the prose text in the Bible, in many cases no better at all. The first verse of the one hundred and thirty-third psalm was exceptionally smooth and read as follows:

“How good and sweet to see
it's for bretheren to dwell
together in unitee.”

The time was supposed to be set by the precentor, but practically each “set the tune” at his own will, and the loudest voices carried the day. Rev. Thomas Walter said that he himself had paused twice to gasp for breath during the prolongation of a single note. The awful reverence in which the singing of the Psalms was held by the Puritans is shown by the fact that whenever one of them, even in road or field, heard the sound of a psalm tune, he doffed his hat and

bowed his head in the true presence of God.

The attempt to introduce musical notes met with such weighty remonstrances as these: "The old way was good enough for our fathers." "The names of the notes are blasphemous." "To introduce them is popish." "It is a contrivance to get money." "It will bring musical instruments into the churches." "No one could learn the tunes any way." "If we sing 'by rule,' the next thing will be to preach by rule and pray by rule, and then comes popery." But finally those who wished to "sing by rule" won the day and the victory was crowned by setting apart a special seat for the leaders and by the establishment of the New England singing school. But the musical battle did not end here. The "lining" or "deaconing" of the songs was now to be choked down. This was done gradually by the choir by starting the line before the deacon had finished, and crowding him out more and more, till they gave him no time. An interesting instance is given of an old soldier deacon who was not so easily suppressed. Being sung down by the choir, he rose at the conclusion of the psalm and said calmly: "Now let the people of the Lord sing."

The maintenance of the parson was a frequent problem, for although his income was small, it was none the less necessary. He was often paid in kind, and indeed always assisted in this way, although the cloth had a general and natural preference for money. The average stipend was from 60 to 70 pounds a year. The minister of Andover church was voted 60 pounds, and "when he shall have

occasion to marry, 10 pounds more." In one church the deacons were directed to get in every man's sum either in a "church way" or in a "Christian way." Just what the "church way" was in this particular instance is not stated, but it is certain that if voluntary contributions did not appear, then involuntary ones did. And not only were all the members of the church "rated," but every one else in the community as well; and if they refused payment, were fined or imprisoned. In laying out new towns some of the best lots were set aside for the use of the minister. All the townsmen joined in building the church and the parsonage, mostly furnishing labor or material instead of money, and any who refused to contribute were fined. Pasturage for the minister's horse was also furnished and was sometimes abused. For example, in Plymouth, Rev. Dobbins was requested "not to have more horses than necessary, for his many horses that had been pastured on Burial Hill had sadly damaged and defaced the grave stones." Part of the stipend of a minister on Cape Cod was two hundred fish yearly from each parishioner, with which to fertilize his sandy corn-land. The men of the parish assisted the parson in his domestic labors. When his wheat was ripe they all came together and harvested it, receiving in return plenty of good rum to drink. Cordwood, also, was always furnished him, each male church member being expected to deliver a load at the parsonage. Sixty loads a year was a fair allowance, but Rev. Parsons of East Hadley used eighty, one hundred, and finally one hundred and twenty loads, when the parish called a halt and com-

promised with their extravagant shepherd by paying him a sum of money and letting him furnish his own wood. The minister's loads were expected to be good hard wood. One parson asked a contributor if that was not "pretty soft" wood. The reply was, "And don't we sometimes have pretty soft preaching?" It was well that this was late in the colonial times, for such repartee a century earlier would have been severely punished. It was the custom for the parson to receive gloves and rings at the time of weddings, christenings and funerals. Rev. Mr. Elliot, who was ordained pastor of the New North Church, Boston, in 1742, received in the course of thirty-two years 2,940 pairs of gloves, and of these he sold to the amount of \$640. In the earlier days some of the ministers were unable to have candles and wrote their sermons by the light of the wood fire and on scraps of brown wrapping paper, old envelopes, etc., paper being expensive, and then made the final draft in their sermon books. These were cramped and crowded, but legible and distinct.

Some of the parsons near the coast increased their table supplies by setting nets for fish, like the disciples of old. Trapping was also very common among them. We may judge how many needs a small income could supply when it is stated that Abijah Weld, pastor at Attleborough, on a salary of \$220 a year brought up a family of eleven children, kept a hospitable house and gave liberally to the poor. A cobbler clergyman at Andover, Vermont, worked at his shoe-mending all the week with his Bible open on the bench before him, and marked the page containing any text

which bore on the subject of his coming sermon with a waxed shoe thread. Often the Bible in his pulpit on Sunday had thirty or forty of these shoe thread guides hanging down from it. A minister having been reproved for his worldliness in amassing a large enough fortune to buy a good farm, answered his complaining congregation thus: "I have obtained the money to buy this farm by neglecting to follow the maxim to 'mind my own business.' My business was to study the word of God and attend to my parish duties and preach good sermons. All this I acknowledge I have not done, for I have been meddling with your business. *That* was to support me and my family; that *you* have not done. But remember this; while I have performed your duties, you have not done mine, so I think you cannot complain."

It should not be overlooked that the use of rum in those days was taken as a matter of course, even among the best of parsons. In the account book of one parson with the storekeeper, among thirty-nine entries twenty-one were for rum. And the ministers did not hesitate to own and operate distilleries. At harvest gatherings, church dedications, ordinances, wedding feasts and funerals drink always abounded. Indeed, the bereaved families were sometimes thrown in debt for years in consequence of the liquor which custom forced them to provide at funerals! The use of tobacco, on the other hand, was jealously restricted in New England. It was placed under the ban as the "devil's weed," and its use on Sunday or in public was prohibited by law.

But while drinking in those days

can hardly be branded as sin, we have other evidence to show that the parsons were human and subject to the same failings as their fellows. It was in Virginia and Maryland especially that they evinced the weaknesses to which poor fallen man is heir. As a result of this fact we have the expression, "Swear like a Maryland parson." Indeed, "Maryland parson" became a synonym for all that was disreputable. We note, too, the different attitude toward the use of tobacco in Virginia from that in New England, which should be expected, since it was the main product of the state. Sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco were given by law for the annual salaries of ministers in Virginia. The clergy were much more poorly supported there than in New England and the religious life was on a much lower plane. Under Dale's laws, 1611, three absences from church in succession were punishable by death. Laws passed there in regard to the ministers also disclose the grave abuses to which the profession was

subject. For example, statutes compelled the clergy to preach, which suggests that they had shirked their duty in the pulpit; also forbade them to indulge in excessive drinking and gambling at dice. Moreover, as if the vices of the ministry themselves were not sufficient, their ranks were occasionally enlarged by wicked impostors. One of these preached a most impressive sermon on the text, "Let him that stole steal no more," while his own pockets were stuffed with stolen money.

But while the duties and privileges of the parson were so many, there were two important ceremonies—weddings and funerals—to one's great surprise, from which he was excluded from any active or special part. This impresses one as very strange, since these ceremonies are now under the parson's special charge. But in colonial times no prayers were offered over the graves of the dead and the marriage ceremony was performed by a magistrate. In spite of this he was an important figure in colonial life.

A Song of Love

By Virna Sheard

LOVE reckons not by time—its May days of delight
 Are swifter than the falling stars that pass beyond our sight.
 Love reckons not by time—its moments of despair
 Are years that march like prisoners, who drag the chains they wear.
 Love counts not by the sun—it hath no night or day—
 'Tis only light when love is near—'tis dark when love's away.
 Love hath no measurements of height, or depth, or space,
 And yet within a little *grave* it oft hath found a place.
 Love is its own best law—its wrongs seek no redress;
 Love is forgiveness—and it only knoweth how to bless.

The Pine Trees of New England

By Annie O. Huntington

NOT long ago I visited a region in which there were no pine trees. The mountain sides were covered with a luxuriant growth of deciduous trees, maples, birches, and beech trees, and among the evergreens, were fine old hemlocks, firs and spruces, but in all that wooded area there was not even one solitary pine. It seemed to me then, more than at any other time, I realized the distinct individuality and rare beauty of a pine forest; its solemn stillness broken only by the low music of the wind through the trees, its cool, dark shadows, and wide-spreading depths of shade, its sweet-scented floor-covering of matted needles.

Three stalwart representatives of the Pine genus are found wild in New England. Each has a definite type of beauty, and the minor characteristics are so strongly marked, that there is no difficulty in learning to tell the trees apart.

The white pine (*Pinus strobus*), is as characteristic of the woodland landscapes of New England as is the American elm of open valley and village roadsides. Among evergreens it is marked by the same lofty carriage, grace and delicacy that distinguish the American elm among deciduous trees, but for dignity and an almost solemn beauty, it stands

alone. The branches often grow in separate layers one above another up the tree, and between these parallel masses of foliage dense shadows ob-



WHITE PINE CONE

scure the trunk. The bark is smooth on young trees, and a warm, reddish brown in color, and on old trees it is less scaly and rough than that of other pines, with smooth spaces between the shallow fissures. The delicate, slender needles are found in whorls of five, a characteristic which alone might serve to distinguish this from other native pines. In the spring, when the needles first unfold from the buds, and before they have begun to expand, they decorate the



SLENDER NEEDLES IN WHORLS OF FIVE

tips of the branches like little wax tapers on a Christmas tree, so slender and erect are they. The cones are long, with smooth, loose, thin scales which protect the small winged seeds, marvellous packing-cases indeed, holding within the fragile contents, promise of innumerable pine trees yet unborn, a forest in embryo. The roots of the white pine long remain sound. Up among the hills and mountains of New England, where new lands have been cleared, we often see fences made of their bleached, upturned roots, placed side by side, with the under surfaces facing out towards the road. It is said that after a hundred years these fences show few signs of decay. I remember one in New Hampshire, which looks as if it had weathered the storms of countless seasons, and witnessed the pass-

ing of many generations along the road. At night the seared and sun-dried roots are an unearthly white in the moonlight, and they seem to haunt the roadside, like pale ghosts of a forgotten forest. The wood of the white pine is light and soft. It is well adapted for masts and spars in ship-building, because it is lighter and more free from knots than other wood, and it is much used for shingles, laths, and interior finish in the construction of houses. The demand for it, for these and other purposes, is so great that it threatens the extinction of our white pine forests.

The lumbermen call it by different names, according to its growth and the appearance of the wood: "Pumpkin pine," when it is of old forest growth, for instance, such as is found in dense, damp woods. The trunks are clear with a few branches near the top, and the wood is a yellow, "pumpkin" color, free from resin and with scarcely any sapwood and of great commercial value. It is more scarce in New England than it used to be, and I consider myself fortunate in having come unexpectedly upon a large group of these trees during a recent afternoon's drive, in southern New Hampshire. A sudden turn in the road, at a height some distance above the damp thicket in which the pines grew, brought them into bold relief, and their enormous, towering trunks, entirely free from lateral branches, dwarfed the surrounding maples and birches into mere shrubs by contrast. There must have been at least twenty or thirty of these monarchs, but their doom was sealed, and even now three centuries' growth



THE WHITE PINE — THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF EVERGREENS

of cell upon cell, may count for no more than a ship's mast. "Bull sapling" resembles "pumpkin pine," but the color of the wood is white instead of yellow. "Sapling pine" is of rapid growth, and is found standing by itself, or among deciduous trees on the borders of swamps and woodlands. The wood is full of knots and resin,

with much sapwood, and it is practically of no value from a lumberman's point of view.

In landscape gardening too much praise cannot be accorded the white pine. It not only grows noticeably faster than other evergreens, but it also outstrips many deciduous trees in attaining its growth, and it cheer-

fully adapts itself to varying kinds of soil. In recalling memories of different individuals seen in surroundings both natural and artificial, it seems as though they never fail to harmonize with the landscape. A white pine composes well, and taken in numbers or alone, invariably adds its own peculiar strength and beauty to the landscape.

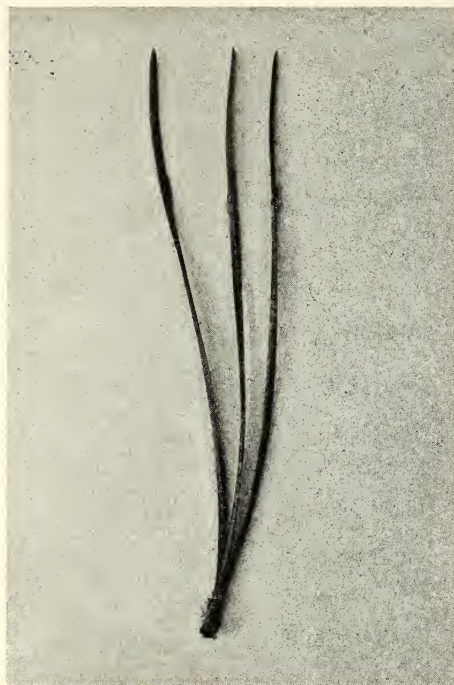
Two instances in particular stand out in my mind as conspicuous examples of true art in the treatment of this tree. One was the work of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, and the other that of Mr. Charles A. Platt, and although the conceptions of each were widely at variance, and their treatment of the trees showed a marked contrast, each produced an impressive and beautiful effect. The landscape forestry work of Mr. Olmsted to which I refer is the approach to a country-seat on the coast of Maine, through a forest of old pines. The entrance of the avenue from the road is across a curved wooden bridge, simple in design, but pleasing in outline and proportion, which spans the mouth of a river under the cliffs far below. From this point one directly enters the woods, which conceal the steep sides of a cove, and allow only occasional glimpses of the ledges through the tree trunks. The avenue follows the angles of this broken coast line in a series of gentle curves so naturally and gracefully beneath the pines, that one is scarcely conscious that it does curve, until at length it comes out on the open, cultivated lawn surrounding the house, where there is a view of the distant sea. A man with less artistic feeling, and with less skill in handling a

problem of this kind, would have marred the beauty of the place by planning the avenue without reference to the unusual natural advantages of the existing trees. On his estate at Cornish, New Hampshire, Mr. Platt has accentuated the solemn stateliness of a grove of old white pines by introducing several architectural features. The grove is on a plateau with steep banks on two sides, and commands an extensive view towards the south over undulating hills to Mt. Ascutney in the distance. A low, white parapet wall, severe in its simplicity, adds to the sense of enclosure in the grove, and also serves to throw the distance still farther off, it being the object of the artist to contrast the straight line of the wall with the rolling country beyond. At one end of the grove, where the wall makes a turn, there is a little faun, and in the center, beneath the trees, a large stone table gives a classic effect of rare dignity and charm. Thus the white pine lends itself with equal readiness to natural arrangement or to formal design.

The pitch pine (*Pinus rigida*) is not so beautiful as the white nor so desirable for ornamental planting, but it is rugged and picturesque and it enlivens many sandy, barren places throughout New England, with its cheerful, yellowish-green foliage and its irregular, spirited outline. The tree is of medium size, with a more or less straggling form. Along the coast, where it is found growing nearer the sea than any other pine, its trunk and limbs are tortuous, and its habit dwarfed; but in the woods its trunk is erect, and grows to a much greater height. The bark is



THE PITCH PINE, RUGGED AND PICTURESQUE



THREE NEEDLES IN A WHORL

dark, and very rough, the fissures deep and uneven, and on old trees layers of thick scales form masses of furrowed bark. Its appearance is utterly unlike the close fitting, evenly fissured bark of the white pine. Another contrast is found in the foliage, for the needles are longer and coarser than those of the white, and the spray is rigid instead of being pliant and delicate like that of the other. Three needles, instead of five, are found together in a whorl; the cones are shorter and rounder, and each thick scale is tipped with a sharp-pointed prickle. The wood is light, soft, coarse grained and very durable. It is used for fuel, charcoal, and occasionally for lumber. It contains large quantities of resin. When this tree grows in dense woods, with a clear trunk, and the wood is free from knots

and has a small amount of resin, the lumbermen call it "yellow pine" and use it as a substitute for white.

Back in the country where blueberry bushes and scrub oaks grow on flat, sandy lands near ponds, or where ponds once used to be, we find indomitable pitch pines flourishing where other trees would quickly die. The strong, resinous fragrance of the foliage is apparent here where the direct rays of the hot summer sun are left, and to zealous berry-pickers, who come to fill their pails with the larger, sweeter blueberries found on these barrens, the scent of the pitch pine becomes invariably associated with intense heat and sunshine. Near the sea, where strong winds and salt air are too harsh for many trees, the pitch pine clings with the same unyielding tenacity to the rocky soil. Michaux says that these trees bear actual contact with salt water, during the overflow of spring tides, and are not fatally injured, and G. B. Emerson suggests that for this reason pitch



A PROLIFIC CLUSTER OF PITCH PINE CONES

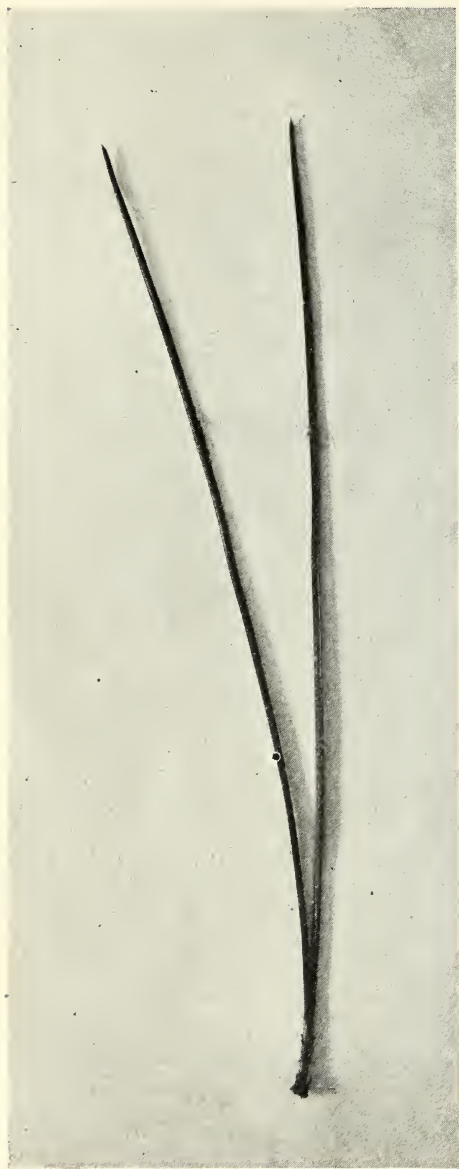


STUDY OF RED PINE BRANCHES

pinus might be planted on Cape Cod and other sandy places which are now unproductive and wind swept.

The red or Norway pine (*Pinus resinosa*), is a magnificent tree with conspicuous boldness of outline and foliage. It is found in the northern forests of New England, and is often

seen in striking relief against a background of distant purple mountains, the embodiment of strength and rugged beauty. The branches are arranged in distinct whorls, inclining first downwards, and curving slightly upwards towards the tips; they are more regular than those of the pitch



TWO NEEDLES IN A WHORL

pine. The branchlets are stout, and the needles are longer than in either of the others. Two needles are found in a whorl. They are pliant to the touch, a characteristic which readily distinguishes the red from the Austrian pine, a tree closely resem-

bling our native species. The bark is smooth and decidedly reddish-purple in color, which gives the trunks a most pleasing effect, particularly in contrast with the sombre green of the foliage. The scales of the bark overlap each other in thin layers; they are far smoother than those of the pitch pine, nor is the bark broken by regular fissures like that of the white. The cones are larger than those of the pitch and have no bristle points on the tips of the scales. These red pine cones form a marked contrast to the long, slender cones of the white pine. The wood is light, hard and close-grained, and is used for masts and spars in bridge building and for various purposes in construction. It is unfortunate that the name of Norway has become associated with this tree of typical New England origin. It has, I believe, no connection with the country of that name in Europe, but comes from that of a little town in Maine where much of it has been cut.

A list of our native pines would not be complete without including the gray, or Northern scrub (*Pinus banksiana*), a low straggling tree,



RED PINE CONE

found in certain localities in Maine and Vermont. It is an insignificant shrub-like tree growing on sandy, barren soil, and its short needles, barely an inch long, give it a dwarfish appearance, reminding one of the impish little pines from Japan.

It is interesting in June to look for the yellow flowers of the pine trees. The male and female blossoms are borne on different shoots of the same tree, and depend upon the wind for cross-fertilization. The pollen-bearing flowers are covered with its yellow dust, and the slightest breeze spreads it over the branches like powdered sulphur. The open scales of the fertile catkins bear a pair of inverted ovules at the base, and receive it as it falls, and these catkins afterwards become the cones filled with seeds.

It is fascinating to listen to the sound of the wind in the branches of the pines. Each species has its own peculiar quality of tone. The soft, swaying, singing music of the wind among the fine vibrating needles of the white pine is like the delicate intonation of a violin, in contrast to the deep, low, resonant bass-viol accompaniment of the coarse-neededled red pine. Both in winter and summer there is a delight in listening to the variations of these æolian harmonies, for the trees immediately respond to the most gentle breeze or



TRUNK OF A RED PINE

the fiercest gale, making a forest of pine the most melodious in the world.



Jane and Mary Findlater, Sister Novelists

By Nora Archibald Smith

IT was in the lingering twilight of the Highlands, in a walled garden gay with poppies, a laverock singing far above me in the lift, that I laid down "The Green Graves of Balgowrie" with wet eyes and an ache in the throat.

"Ah, Life, there are stranger things in you than were ever written," sighs the author in her opening phrases, but surely none stranger and more piteous than the brief, ill-starred existence of Lucie and Henrietta Marjorybanks in the old house of Balgowrie.

The recurrent *gs* and rolling *rs* of the title with the accent on the soft penultimate sang like a line of poetry in my head all night, and in the morning served as a magic phrase to draw me back to the red volume. I read it through again, held by the vivid style, the skill in character-drawing that brings the persons of the story before us, clear as old portraits in a gallery, and by the extraordinary power of vision which the writer possesses,—a gift which makes it seem as if she were looking through a window into the lives and innermost hearts of her heroes and heroines and turning eagerly to report to us what she sees there.

The world knew very little then of Miss Jane Findlater, for "The Green

Graves of Balgowrie" was her first book; it had not yet been privileged to learn that she has a sister as gifted as herself, though at least one of her readers had guessed that she could have painted no such picture of passionate sisterly affection had a dear "other self" not been living somewhere on this planet. "There was, as it were, one heart between them," says Miss Findlater in speaking of Mrs. Marjorybanks's daughters, "As you may sometimes see two branches of a tree almost grown together by continued pressure one upon the other, so these characters, that started on their journey so far apart, had been welded into one by their dependence on each other."

We were thinking of these words when we set forth from "Edinbruch" one May afternoon a year ago, to visit the "twa sisters" in their "bower." Sisters we, sisters they, how could we fail to comprehend one another? We were bidden to the Findlaters' seaside cottage at Cockenzie, East Lothian, and were to leave the train at historic Prestonpans where Prince Charlie won the victory in '45.

A strong sea breeze was blowing as we left the station and the Forth shimmered blue beyond us. As we drove through the green lanes, fruit



JANE H. FINDLATER



MARY W. FINDLATER

trees hung white with blossom on either side, and here and there rosy children were tumbling in the new grass where the little pink daisies were dotted. On the one side all was bright with youth and springtime, on the other gloomed a dark castle tower black with age and memories, its stones falling in crumbling heaps about its foot and the rooks darting in and out of its narrow window-slits. We thought of Betty Musgrave's lovely tower in the north, the tower for which she longed so passionately in the din and turmoil of London streets, and wondered if this one in East Lothian had served Mary Findlater as a figure-head around which to weave, in absence, her homesick fancies.

Now the road passed close to the yellow sands where fishermen were spreading their nets and in a moment we had reached the cottage at

Cockenzie, its shining windows gay with wall-flowers. Two slender, charming brunette girls came running out to meet us and we were ushered into the pretty room where by the bright fire sat their mother knitting, a sweet tranquil figure in her white shawl, her widow's cap and the bit of work in her delicate hands. It was a delightful afternoon, for Scotswomen are like their brothers, all cordiality and frankness and unreserve when once they have let you pass the barriers that guard their hearts. Over our teacups we sat and chatted and wished the sun might have stood still to give us time for longer converse, for topics of common interest are not lacking when four women, all of the same craft, are gathered together. We learned then of the methods of work of these sister novelists and found that they are very busy persons and like housewives of the olden days

devote their mornings to needlework and to cookery of the more delicate sort, that which it is said needs a lady's touch to make it perfect. With these duties and attendance upon their mother, who is something of an invalid, they rarely write more than an hour or two a day, and after tea station themselves with their papers on either side of the great dining table. The fact, as they say themselves, that they are "twined together like the strands of a rope" is evident enough here, for there are few of us who scribble, even on the dullest and most prosaic of topics, who could accomplish anything under such conditions, face to face with another scratching pen, another rustle of draperies and flutter of leaves.

From this afternoon and another meeting like it, and from talks with Scottish friends and admirers of these gifted girls have come most of the notes gathered for this article, though they have been largely and picturesquely added to by frequent letters from the authors themselves, each one sealed with its thistle, the words "Dinna forget!" stamped above it.

Their father, Eric John Findlater, a minister of the Church of Scotland, came from Sutherland and was of purely Celtic stock, all of his ancestors having been scholarly men, preachers but not writers. Their mother was one of the Borthwicks, a Lowland Scots family, and an aunt of theirs is well remembered in Edinburgh society as "a fascinating creature who sang Gaelic songs and wrote verses." She was called by Professor Blackie "the Charlotte Brontë of the North" and evidently had considerable literary and poetic faculty, for

with Mrs. Findlater she collected and translated a number of religious poems entitled "Hymns from the Land of Luther." Many of these are their version of Schmolk's "My Jesus! phrased with much grace and feeling, as Thou wilt," being the one commonly used in our churches.

Jane Findlater was born in Edinburgh, Mary at Lochearnhead in Perthshire, and they were brought up at the manse in the latter place, being educated entirely at home and leaving Lochearnhead only upon the death of their father when they were aged respectively twenty and twenty-two years. Since then they have lived most of the time at Harlaw Hill, Prestonpans, and there the greater part of their writing has been done. From childhood upward both girls were filled with the desire for expression in some form, but they thought in the beginning, it appears, that painting was their *métier*, until, as they humorously confess, a little humiliating study convinced them to the contrary.

Then they began to write, at first partly for amusement, afterwards with more steady purpose, the maw of the kitchen fire being crammed with most of the earlier efforts. Jane seems to have led the way in these literary flights, the first story she published being called "An Indigent Gentlewoman," and included in a collection written with a friend, appearing in Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Series under the name of "The Hon. Stanbury."

Next with great pains and care a long novel was written, which failing to find a publisher, still reposes in a desk drawer,—that tomb of neglected



HARLAW HILL, PRESTONPANS

and unappreciated manuscripts. "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," which we may thus see was by no means a maiden effort, won immediate acceptance and was published in 1896, Mary Findlater issuing a volume of poems, "Sonnets and Songs," about the same time.

In 1897 the elder author gave us her remarkable story, "A Daughter of Strife," the younger her first romance, "Over the Hills"; two years later two novels again appeared almost at the same time, "Rachel" (Jane H. Findlater, 1899), and "Betty Musgrave" (Mary W. Findlater, 1899), and the latter author has just published a third story, "The Narrow Way," so that in number of volumes the two sisters now stand equal.

This comprises their published work up to this time, though they

have also written occasional sketches and essays on political and literary subjects and are planning a volume of short stories soon to be issued under their joint names.

The lives of these two remarkable girls have been comparatively uneventful and the details of them so identical that what serves for the one would serve equally well for the other. Most of their days have been passed in quiet and retirement and they have travelled little save in the realm of the imagination, where it is easy to see they have been constant visitors. One of them speaks somewhere of the delicious imaginative games of lonely children; Henrietta Marjorybanks charms the long hours of the night when Lucie is wakeful with her "wonderful imaginings," and the same Henrietta always "keeps the blithest

company when she is alone and sometimes breaks into little trills of laughter over her own fancies."

Given the Scottish intensity and sternness, an inheritance, partly Celtic, of insight and spirituality, a tendency handed down from a long line of ancestors who have wrestled with the world, to look at sin squarely and grimly in the face and to do battle with it,—given all these things, and one cannot wonder that the sister authors commonly see the tragic side of life and have little to do with the conventional, or with the "things of parlordom" as they characterize them. Possessed of strong individuality, they have not rubbed it off by overmuch contact with ordinary things and people. In a back water of the river of present-day existence they have yet been close enough to the stream to hear the rush of waves and close enough to see the boats come floating down,—this, straight with the current, that, broadside on; sure-guided here, tossing helpless there; one sinking, another shooting to its goal sped by the winds of destiny.

Are they realists, or romanticists? One can scarcely say; for though the books are not realistic in the sense of being photographic, they yet have a grim, Balzac-like fidelity to nature in the drawing of character, and on the other hand they bear one on with all the rush and power and passionate intensity of a pure romance.

Both sisters have the gift not only of clearly seeing their own creations but of reproducing them in words as clear. The books are etchings; the authors use the etcher's needle to

"ramble on copper,
on its point

To catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create."

It is not altogether because they are sisters that they remind one of the Brontës: there is a certain resemblance also in the power and passion of style, in the way the books catch and hold and sweep one on and in the people they depict, sometimes repulsive, sometimes majestic, but always real to their finger-tips, actual, virile, more alive than many of the flesh and blood creations we meet in life's daily walk. It is the Celtic fire and energy, the Celtic dreaminess and melancholy commingled, that weave the spell of all these books,—those of the Findlaters as those of the Brontës. "We shall never build a Parthenon," said Renan of his own Celtic-Breton race. "Marble is not for us, but we know how to grip the heart and soul."

Were we to differentiate between the two sister novelists, so much alike in many ways, we might say perhaps that Jane Findlater possesses the more smoothly flowing style, the more purely romantic touch, the higher spiritual reach, while Mary has the greater power of character-drawing and the greater dramatic intensity.

One might state quite confidently that a more convincing picture of dipsomania in all its sordid details, in all its repellent outlines, has never been painted than that which the latter author gives us in Betty Musgrave's lady-mother. The vulgar, kindly lodging-house keeper in the same book is also a fine piece of work and for real depravity of nature, for absence of moral sense, for absolute selfishness, cowardice, and blackness

of heart under a fair exterior, we may commend ourselves to Annie Fraser in "Over the Hills." A simpler, clearer scene, telling with fewer words of the girl's complete heartlessness and selfishness could hardly be written than that in which Lord Glarn in Annie's absence finds the dead bird in its cage, its seed-cups empty of food and water and the old blind uncle alone, tossing on his sick-bed, his medicine out of reach, the food by his side soured in the hot airless room.

To turn to Dinah Jerningham in "Over the Hills" after contemplating Annie Fraser is to be transported to an Alpine lake from the bottom of a frog-pond. When she tells her lover that she will remember him "*Every hour of the day; every hour of the night; wherever I am—in my dreams—in my grave even, if I am there before you.*" we feel with a thrill the passion and power of the woman and are prepared for that most romantic ending when she leaves the world behind her for the man of her choice.

Another love-story, stormy and pitiful, is "Rachel," by Jane Findlater, and yet the main purpose of the book is not the master passion, but the delineation of the mind and soul of Michael Fletcher, "a Puritan Jove with his curling locks and his majestic manner," "a harp that gave music because the wind passed through it." Believed to be in some sort a portrait of the gifted Edward Irving, as the sect of Foreseers is said to have been suggested by the Catholic Apostolic Church, the love episode by Irving's passion for Jane Welch (afterwards Mrs. Carlyle),

yet these historic figures, if indeed they occurred to the writer at all, were merely used by her as fulcrums on which to rest her lever. Herself enough of a mystic, possessed of sufficient spiritual insight to appreciate the character with which she dealt, she has given us a striking portraiture of a man of mighty gifts, of exalted powers, breathed upon as were the prophets of old, "speaking as the mouthpiece of another," and yet led astray by the wiles of his own popularity. "It takes a great deal of grace to be a failure," says the old minister in "Rachel," "but it probably takes more to be a success—terrible tests both of the manhood of men."

We may not close even a brief review of the work of these brilliant young Scotswomen without some mention of "A Daughter of Strife," also by Jane Findlater. It is a story of singular dramatic force, pronounced by several critics to be the best of her work, and from the opening scene, wherein the lovely heroine, weaving rushes in her garret, first casts her spell upon us, to the last word of the last page, it throbs with passion and is dark with the mysteries of Fate. In this novel, as in all the others, one seems to hear distinct and clear—

" . . . the Parcæ reel
The threads of man at their humming
wheel,
The threads of life, and power, and pain,
So sweet and mournful falls the strain."

Mournful? Yes, and more than mournful; tragic.

"'It's a tale of life,' said the gray-headed gentleman, 'and life is made up of such sorrows.'"

Polly Stevens' Calf's Skin

By Mary McHenry

FROM His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut to the new settlement in the much-praised Valley of Wyoming was a long, wearisome journey for a lame calf to make. Pretty Polly Stevens regarded her pet anxiously as she led it forth from the deserted stable and down the village street to the public square where the little company was gathering in readiness for the start into the wilderness. Many of the young people smiled upon seeing the maiden and her calf, but the elder and more sober Puritans frowned. It was a foolish and wicked indulgence on the part of Uriah Stevens to yield to his daughter's importunities and allow her to add a crippled animal to the already burdened train of the emigrants.

Polly was happily impervious alike to smiles and frowns. She had saved Spotty from the butcher's block. "The sweet and tender grass of those wide meadows whereof Master Dywer spoke will be of great benefit to the calf, and the sight of her will be a solace where all will be strange and new," she asserted to her young sister, Cynthia, and Cynthia cordially agreed.

It was a grave undertaking to leave homes and friends and the well ordered safety of Connecticut towns for the dangers and hardships of the frontier. The band of New England men and women to the number of one hundred, bearing their household goods and driving their stock before

them, followed the trail that led down through the Minnisink region, on across high mountains and through dense forests to the distant Susquehanna where the hardy and persistent Connecticut people had been struggling for several years to maintain a position and establish permanent settlements. Progress during the journey was necessarily slow. The weather was pleasant, game was plentiful and little danger from the Indians was apprehended; nevertheless the expedition was attended by daily perils and excitement. It was on the third day that Polly Stevens was bereaved of her calf.

A wide and rapid stream, swollen bank full by spring freshets, had to be forded. The lame calf, unable to swim with the other animals, was taken up on a rudely constructed raft that carried the baggage and the women. In midstream there was a sudden lurch. The timid, awkward calf went sprawling into the water and Polly, who held to the halter by which she led her pet, was jerked suddenly overboard. The current was swift. Before her friends recovered from their consternation the maiden might have been whirled beyond help had not a young man leaped out from the farther shore and swum with strong strokes to the rescue.

When she had been lifted to the bank, Polly gazed about wildly. "Spotty! Spotty!" she ejaculated

Then she turned to the strong swimmer appealingly. "Save her! Oh, save her, too!" she cried.

The young man stared at the maiden for a moment, then wheeled with a short laugh and ran swiftly along the bank toward the spot where the red and white body of the calf had come up for the second time in the seething, yellow water. The New England men shouted warnings against the perilous attempt, but the young man paid no heed. It was a hard struggle. When the animal was finally hauled ashore the rescuer sank exhausted on the bank. And the calf was drowned after all.

With a protecting circle of dames and a thick clump of hemlock for a dressing room, Polly was helped into dry garments and properly chided meanwhile. It was bad enough, her mother declared, that she should foolishly fall into the water to the sad detriment of her new quilted petticoat, but it was worse that she should be so wanting in thought, so unmaidenly forward and troublesome as to request a stranger to risk his life for a worthless animal that was better drowned and out of the way. Under maternal conduct a depressed and shamefaced Polly approached her rescuer. With painful blushes and with her gaze upon the hem of her borrowed petticoat, she murmured her thanks for the stranger's good services and her apologies for her presumption in having required such. For one infinitesimal fraction of a second her eyelids were lifted, and her deep gloom was lightened to perceive that the dripping young giant quite equalled her in a display of embarrassment.

The young man was one of six travellers, father and five sons, who had joined the Connecticut party that morning. John McNeil and his sons were bound for the unbroken and almost unknown wilderness of the region west of the Susquehanna. The elder McNeil was known to many of the Connecticut men by reputation as a famous hunter, trapper and fur trader from along the Hudson. Since their route was the same and companionship a pleasant novelty, the adventurous Irishmen slackened their pace to linger a day and a night in company with the New England emigrants. Beside the big camp fire at night Polly Stevens found courage to glance more than once at the strong swimmer who had hair like the breast of a crow and eyes like a flash of blue flame when the fire begins to burn. And always as she looked she was curiously startled to find those brilliant blue eyes turned in her direction. After the strangers passed on their way Polly found the loss of her pet calf weighing heavily upon her. Not during the remainder of the journey did she regain interest in her surroundings.

At the settlement in the wide, beautiful valley of the gleaming river all was confusion and excitement. The settlers flocked out to welcome the newcomers, and old friends and acquaintances crowded about with eager greetings and questionings. Amid the bustle Polly Stevens did not experience surprise at being quietly accosted by the stalwart young man who had passed them on the way, pausing only long enough to save her from drowning. Now he seemed an old acquaintance. They greeted each other as

such and stood apart exchanging impressions concerning the fair prospect of the settlement. It was a time of peace and prosperity in the valley, a lull between the struggles with Penn's proprietary government and the outbreak of the Indian depredations that changed the name from Wyoming the Beautiful to Wyoming the Bloody.

"I am not denying that 'tis a pleasant place and inviting. But 'tis a fact that the best land is already taken up," the young man said. "Farther west the country is as lovely to behold and the soil is even richer. There a man can take what pleaseth him, and there will not be the annoyance of overmuch government. Therefore do we seek the newer regions."

"Then you do not remain here?" Polly's sun suddenly went under a cloud.

"Nay," the young man replied. "Dad and the boys have gone on. I waited here for your party to arrive because I wanted to give you this. It is the calf's skin," he added as he unrolled a bundle and showed the familiar red and white coat of the lamented Spotty.

"I went back and skinned her, then while I waited here I dressed the skin," he explained.

Polly gave a little cry of delight. "Oh, my poor Spotty! Oh, are you going to give it to me?"

The young man turned the pelt. Two sets of initials had been burned upon the inner side with flourishes and delicate tracery, right cleverly done. "'P. S.' and 'D. McN.'; 'Polly Stevens' and 'Deemer McNeil'" he pointed out. "I put them there together because I desire that you

should keep a remembrance of me, Polly Stevens."

There was meaning in his tone, Polly said nothing. What could she say? She stood blushing and trembling and clasping the calf's skin tightly. Deemer McNeil took courage (if he needed it) from her downcast face. "I am coming back," he said. "When next spring comes and we have the cabin built, Dad and the boys will go to New York after the women folks. But I am coming here after you, Polly Stevens. Sure as the breath stays in my body, that is what I am going to do. Will you wait for me? Just one year, dear heart, will you wait?"

Polly's mother was calling sharply, but Polly heard only the deep, soft voice with the persuasive touch of brogue that repeated so coaxingly, "Will you, Polly a *chara*, will you?"

How she came to do it, Polly never quite knew, but suddenly she raised her eyes, brave and clear: "Yes, I will," she answered him.

Who can understand the heart of a maiden? After the words had been spoken and the man had departed, Polly held her breath with fear and hid her burning face in her pillow and was ready to die of shame for her boldness in thus raising her eyes and thus answering one who addressed her in so strange and compelling a fashion. But she never really wished to recall the promise she gave the stranger; not even when her hand was sought in marriage by Peleg Apple, son of a Hartford magistrate and owner of the fertile half-section adjoining her father's, nor when prosperous John Hollingworth, the first storekeeper in the valley, came a-woo-

ing, as did also the widower, Guy Brion, a man of learning and piety, nor yet when the suitor was Ezra Parker, the well favored young hunter who was her second cousin.

Her mother thought it perverse and wrong that where so many God-fearing, sober, well-to-do young men needed wives the maiden should stay unwed; but her father said, "Let her bide her time. I will not have her harried."

So Polly waited. One evening when there was a faint feather of new foliage on the trees, and the warm, moist air was sweet with the breath of blossoms and the first whip-poor-will was calling, she went to the pasture lot with her sister, Cynthia, to milk the cows. "It is a year; it is just a year," she said, looking off toward the forest.

Even as she spoke a young man crashed through the brush and leaped forth from the woods and stood before her.

Polly Stevens' parents sternly disapproved of the Irish hunter. Being prudent and thrifty they did not desire a son-in-law who could offer only his strength and agility, his skill with a rifle and a sixth share in a rude clearing far beyond the edge of civilization. They threatened to send their daughter away. A missionary to the Indians, passing through the settlement, had described a school for girls kept by the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem on the Lehigh.

At the trysting place on the little bridge in the pasture lot Deemer McNeil laughed in scorn. "And do they think they can send you where I cannot go? Indeed, and it would not be the first time a McNeil stole his bride from a convent."

Then he squared his broad shoulders and walked straightway to the house and spoke out manfully to Uriah Stevens himself. The Reverend Broadhead Johnston, a beloved and highly esteemed clergyman who had but recently arrived in the settlement from Connecticut, sat unperceived in a corner. Hearing Deemer's appeal, the preacher was moved to speak in his favor: "The young man seemeth honest and courageous; two sterling qualities, Brother Stevens. When the hearts of virtuous young persons lead toward the true mating, 'tis not to the honor and glory of God that the parents should interpose."

So, with the reluctant blessing of her parents Polly Stevens wedded Deemer McNeil and went off to the rude clearing beyond the edge of civilization.

There were hardships and privations, even dangers to be encountered in the new home, but it is Love that builds the Palace Beautiful and spreads the couch of roses. For six months there was unbroken happiness, then Polly's husband with his father and his brothers went off to join General Washington's army. "You must go, Deemer. I would not have you stay," Polly said.

For a year the Indians had been quiet along the West Branch, but no one knew when that quiet might be hideously broken. It was a strange madness that left the women and children of the frontier at the mercy of the savages while the men were fighting the British. Polly closed her own house and went to live with her mother-in-law along the river where three or four houses stood together within a rude stockade.

The winter passed in safety. With the opening of spring a blight of dread and terror fell over the unprotected settlements. There were rumors of a general Indian uprising and news of murders and massacres near at hand. Many settlers fled down the river, hoping to find safety in the fort at Sunbury. The McNeils did not flee. There was a bedridden grandfather who could not be moved. They made such preparations for defence as they could, the women and the boys and the old men, and then they waited.

Early one morning it came. Doors and windows had been thrown open to admit the bright sunlight, the fresh pure air. Suddenly the sunlight was darkened by forms of naked, leaping savages, the air was filled with shrieks of terror and death agony. Before the outbreak Polly had been giving the old grandfather his breakfast. She slipped her fingers within the bony, yellow hand on the patchwork quilt and remained in her seat in the corner beside the high bed. Those two, silent, frozen with terror, saw it all—saw the other inmates of the cabin dragged forth and cruelly butchered, saw through the open door the inexpressible horrors of the torture stake, saw their neighbors' houses in flames, heard the crackling and roaring of the fire that was destroying the roof over their heads, and the walls about them, knew at last that in all the settlement they were the only ones left to suffer.

Then the paralytic who had not spoken for a twelvemonth, turned his hollow, glittering eyes. "Now, in pity, kill me, daughter," he said.

In the deep, hoarse voice that she had never before heard there was

such command, such entreaty that Polly reached with unshaking hand for the long barreled pistol her husband had given her. The muzzle was against the gaunt temple when part of the burning roof crashed in, a heavy beam across the head of the bed. Still unscathed, Polly walked out from amid the smoke and flame and stepped across the body of a woman she had loved in the path that was slippery with blood. An Indian sprang forward with uplifted tomahawk, but Polly looked at him with wide, unseeing eyes and laughed shrilly. "Kill, kill; now in pity, kill," she chanted. Because of that look and that laugh, the brave's arm fell to his side. Out of superstitious reverence for the demented, the Indians forbore to harm the woman. When they returned through the forest they led her with them. Polly never remembered anything of that march. Why or when she picked it up no one knows, but when she went into the woods with her captors she carried with her the red and white calfskin that Deemer had dressed for her, and throughout her captivity she clung to the skin and took care of it.

Late in the summer a party of Tuscaroras Indians came to a trading post on the shores of Lake Erie with a prisoner, a white woman, whom they offered to exchange for certain stores of rum and calico. The traders purchased the woman's release. When she was brought into their camp one of their number sprang to his feet with a loud cry. The young hunter from Wyoming, Ezra Parker, recognized in the wretched captive his cousin, pretty Polly Stevens. Polly looked at him with wide, unseeing

eyes. "Kill, kill," she whimpered. And the rough traders, seeing her pitiable condition, turned away their heads and swore great oaths of vengeance upon the redskins.

Ezra Parker conducted his cousin to Wyoming and her parents received her with great tenderness and rejoiced and wept and prayed over her. But she did not recognize them and could give no rational answer to their questioning. Throughout the winter Polly dwelt in her old home, gentle and uncomplaining, but ever with the vacant, absent look in her eyes. With the approach of spring she showed signs of returning memory. Every evening at milking time she would go down to the little bridge at the edge of the pasture and wait there until darkness fell, looking off into the woods expectantly. One night in May, Cynthia in bed beside her afflicted sister, was awakened by Polly's hand on her shoulder: "Cynthia, dear heart, Deemer is down at the door. Hasten to get up and light the candle that I may find my gray cloak. I must not keep him waiting."

It was the first time Polly had spoken her husband's name since her return. "Nay, Deemer is not at the door, sweet sister. Deemer was slain by the Indians," said Cynthia, for no one in Wyoming knew that Deemer McNeil was away in the army at the time of the massacre.

"He is down there. He does not knock, fearing I may not be here," Polly insisted. The light of the candle showed her face white, her eyes bright with joy and meaning. Trembling with anxiety, Cynthia followed down the narrow stairs. A flood of moonlight entered as the door was opened.

And it was true that a man stood there, a man who fell upon his knees with a great cry, clasping Polly and hiding his face against her with hoarse sobs and strange, uncouth sounds that Cynthia turned faint with sympathetic emotion to hear.

When Uriah Stevens and his wife came forth from their bedroom they found Polly in the arms of her husband, sobbing and weeping tempestuously while Deemer strove to comfort and quiet her. "Nay, let her cry it out," said Uriah Stevens. "These be the first tears that have come to her relief, and with God's grace they may clear away the cloud that has darkened her reason."

Then Polly raised her streaming face and said, "*Father!*" and they knew the full powers of her mind had come back to her.

Not until later did they permit Polly to recall the tragic events that had for a time overthrown her reason. But as they all sat together in the candle light for the rest of the night, Deemer McNeil told how after a hard campaign and much fighting, he had returned to conduct his family to a place of safety; and how in the place where his home had stood he had found only heaps of blackened ruins. Believing that his wife with all the others had met death at the hands of the Indians, he made a vow of vengeance. With rage and despair in his heart he plunged into the wilderness, the only desire left him being that of wreaking as heavy a punishment upon the redskins as he might, and so doing to meet death himself. For every slain Indian he made a notch on the stock of his gun. There were twenty-seven such notches.

He told how his wandering led him to the Wyoming region where he was seized by a longing to see once more a spot sacred to the memory of one whom he deemed lost. Shunning the sight of his fellows and intending after that night never again to visit a clearing, he sought the trysting place in the pasture where he had so often met Polly Stevens. Standing there in the moonlight he saw spread out on the little bridge the well known spotted calf's skin that his bride had carried with her to their home in the wilderness and had placed on the back of the little hickory rocking-chair he made for her. The sight of the skin in that place gave him wild, new hope. Shaking with eagerness, he leaped the fence and ran to the house. But

there his courage failed. Dreading an adverse answer he waited long, not daring to knock or call. Deemer looked down at the wife against his breast, safe in his strong arms. "And so, Polly, a *thaisge*, it was your calf's skin that led me to find you, that with God's great mercy," he added.

Uriah Stevens arose and opened the door. The pink glory of the dawn and the fresh gladness of renewed life rushed in. "Let us pray," said the old man solemnly.

And that is the reason there remains to this day in the attic of a Pennsylvania homestead, in the big cedar trunk, wrapped in a length of linen of Polly Stevens' own weaving, a worn, moth-eaten calf's skin with the initials "P. S." and "D. McN." showing faintly thereon.

Story of Mazzei

By Helen Zimmern

THERE is a strange old Italian book, long out of print, which bears the date, Lugano, 1845, and has for its title, "Recollections of the Life and Peregrinations of the Florentine Filippo Mazzei, with Historical Documents on his Political Mission as Agent of the United States and of King Stanislaus of Poland." The book shows neither publisher's nor editor's name, the historical documents referred to in the title are most of them wanting, but there are printed in an appendix a number of most interesting letters. Its rambling disjointed pages are

merely preceded by a letter addressed to a "dear, loved, and esteemed friend," who is not named. Indeed the whole book seems little else but a long discursive letter to this friend. The one by way of preface is dated Pisa, August 12th, 1810:

"You have asked, more than once, for the history of my life, and I have always pointed out to you that besides its being an arduous undertaking for one who is nearer 80 than 70 years old, materials are wanting for the most interesting period, that namely between 1770 and the middle of 1772, to give you an account of my conduct, first in the state of Virginia as a good citizen of my adopted country, then as agent for

the said state in Europe, afterwards as agent for King Stanislaus of Poland, then as *Chargé d'Affaires* of the King and the Republic—because the first were left behind in Virginia in 1785 (with the intention of returning within the year) and the second in Warsaw in July, 1792. You nevertheless persisted, and I will give them to you, but I warn you that certain and precise memoirs of my life consist of little more than the insolence of infancy, the irregularities and strangeness of youth, and some weaknesses of old age. Meanwhile I send your own note, written 1809, in order that you may say, every time you find them before you, '*Mea culpa.*' I send also my manuscript on the great rivers of Virginia, which was the cause of your writing the note."

It will be seen from the above that a lucid style was not one of our respectable envoy's specialties.

And the subject of the memoirs is as enigmatical as his style is tortuous. In vain have we searched for a reference to him in biographical dictionaries and in works referring to the times of which he writes; although he speaks of himself, and apparently with truth, as having been on intimate terms with many well known people both in Europe and America, such as Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Sir Horace Mann (Horace Walpole's friend). All we can learn about him then we must cull from his own pages. From these it appears that Filippo Mazzei was born on Christmas day, 1730, at Poggio a Cajano, a little hamlet near Florence, familiar to modern visitors as the site of a beautiful Medici Villa in which lived Bianca Capello, the reputed witch-wife of a Duke de Medici, and whence Catherine of the same family departed from her own folk for France to marry King Henry II. Where he died we do not learn, but apparently, either at

Lucca or Pisa. He was the last of his family, which, when he was born, consisted of his grandparents, his father and mother, an aunt, an elder brother, Jacopo, the villain of the family, and another, Giuseppe, who became a Capucin monk, much to the grief of Filippo, who loved him. After the economical Italian custom, prevailing to this day, these and other members of the Mazzei family all lived together in a big house of their own. The grandfather, who was the Cappoccio (family chief), was the undisputed master of them all. He appears to have been well off. The aunt "kept the keys." Filippo's father was a dealer in timber, on his own account. Filippo tells us that his grandfather was very fond of him, and would have left him the whole of his property if the boy (then between eight and nine) had not himself dissuaded him. He loved his father and mother too well to allow it, he says. Mazzei's education seems to have been anything but systematic, as the family finances steadily declined. He was obliged to change his school, and never for the better. At last he went to study medicine in Florence, where his father, coming up to nurse him when ill of a fever, caught the disease himself and died when the boy was about nineteen. Thus Jacopo (the grandfather having died before) became the head of the family, and on pretence of debts, of which Filippo had never heard, mulcted him of more than half of his inheritance. Filippo asked for a division of the property, then an unusual proceeding. The portion which he received was only four hundred scudi, fifty being payable down, and the rest

in seven years. The document by which he agreed to this arrangement he calls his "certificate of poverty." After obtaining his diploma, and after leading during his student years, despite his poverty, a life of a rather *Gil Blas* character, he went to Leghorn, where he met with a Jewish physician named Salinas, who was, he says, "much valued among Christians as well as Jews." As this gentleman's assistant, he set out for Smyrna by way of Hungary, Austria and Constantinople. Of this journey he gives an amusing and interesting account. The two friends seem to have succeeded well in their business at Smyrna, and it is not told why he threw up the work and set out for England. Evidently he was a restless spirit, born to wander. In a note to one of the chapters of his Smyrna life, he first mentions Virginia, when telling the story of an old woman who applied to him to be cured of a chronic disease. "Jefferson had told me," he says, "that in America uneducated persons believed that Europeans knew everything, even the unknowable."

He left Smyrna in December, 1755, in a vessel carrying what he calls a "patente de Corsaro," in view of a possible war between England and France, reaching London March 2, 1756. Directly after their arrival, the whole crew was captured by the press-gang. Mazzei after some stay in London resolved to go into business there. He returned to Tuscany to make some financial arrangements, passing through Paris on the way—of which city he gives a lively account. While in Tuscany he had many family annoyances, especially with regard to his eldest

brother. He also went on to Naples, where he met with Sir William Hamilton. On this occasion he makes use of an aphorism which may tend to explain much of his success in life. "I never wished," he says, "that any one should say, 'Why is Mazzei here?' but rather, 'Why is Mazzei not here?'"

At the time of Mazzei's second return to Italy, the reigning Grand Duke of Tuscany was Pier Leopoldo, the duchy having passed to the house of Lorraine. Pier Leopoldo was brother of Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, and of Marie Antoinette, and afterwards became Emperor himself. Mazzei disliked the whole family, calling the Queen Marie Antoinette one of the five enemies of France, the others according to him being the Duke of Orleans, the English government, the King of Prussia, and the Stadtholder of Holland. He gives a most amusing account of the way in which Maria Theresa managed and governed her whole family; Emperor, Grand Duke, Duke, Queen of Naples, and Queen of France, as if they had all still been little children. Is it possible that his very plain speaking about Pier Leopoldo may explain why his book was published out of Italy and so long after the time it refers to?

When Mazzei returned to London he had arranged for receiving regular supplies of wines, cheeses, and other Italian products for sale in England. He opened a large, handsome shop in London, in partnership with one Martin, trading under the name of Martin & Co. This Martin some time after died, and Mazzei took his widow and daughter to live with him, an act which turned out to be the greatest

mistake of his life and the source of much future annoyance.

In spite, perhaps in consequence, of his business connections, he seems to have come in contact with the best London society of the day. It was at this time that he made acquaintance with Sir Horace Mann, whom he was to meet again later on in Tuscany, when he was himself agent for Virginia. He also seems to have been a most influential person in the Italian colony then resident in England. In England too he first knew Franklin.

"At that time there came to me from Florence a letter from the Abbé Fontana, director of the Museum, asking, by order of the Grand Duke Peter Leopold, for two stoves made on Franklin's pattern. As Franklin was in London, agent for the state of Pennsylvania, I went to him, who deigned to accompany me himself in search of the stoves, having told me that it was difficult to find them made exactly according to his pattern, because artists (as he called them) of that class were given to making alterations of their own, disdaining to be simply copyists. In fact we went about a great deal, but did not find one. Finally, when we had quite given it up, Franklin caught sight of one, by chance, in a small shop, where he had no idea of looking, which diverged less than the others from the proper form. While Franklin was indicating the alterations he desired in the two stoves he wanted, the man showed his persuasion that he had done better by interposing with, 'But I think—' I would not let him go on, pointed out to him his silly presumption, and succeeded in inducing him to go to Franklin's house the next day with the materials for a small model. This little scolding was the cause of Pier Leopoldo's possessing the two first stoves made in Europe exactly after Franklin's pattern; and of making the fortune of the person scolded, as he himself told me some time after."

"Beginning in this way," says Mazzei, "I contracted a friendship with Franklin, and

through him became acquainted with other persons belonging to the Colonies which now form the Republic of the United States. One of these was Mr. Thomas Adams, a Virginian, who, being a great friend of Jefferson's, managed so that Jefferson and I knew each other several years before we met. There was in London a lady from Virginia married to a Mr. Norton, an English merchant, of the highest class in the city, who every year at Christmas gave a dinner to all the Virginians. Mr. Adams took me there, and this was probably the reason, or at least one reason, why I knew more Virginians than inhabitants of other colonies."

These acquaintances opened a new branch of business for Mazzei, namely, shipments of his special wares to America. He had the misfortune to lose his shop and its contents by fire at this time; but it was insured, and he set up again in other premises, where he lived in the same house with his shop. It was then, he goes on to say, that—

"For some time past my new American friends, especially Doctor Franklin and Mr. Thomas Adams, advised me to go and live among them. I doubted lest their government should be a bad copy of the English one, and lest the bases of their liberty should be even less solid than they were here, but Franklin as well as Adams demonstrated to me that there was no aristocracy, that the people had not their eyes dazzled by the splendour of a throne, and that every head of a family had a vote at the elections and might be elected, that they had their own municipal laws, and that of the English laws they had only adopted such as were convenient to themselves. But what most contributed to my determination was my certain knowledge of the views of the (English) government, which was to reduce the colonies to rebel, to subdue them, and to increase the number of officials in order to facilitate the establishment of a despotism, which should sustain itself upon its own basis, without the need of bribing a parliamentary majority. The great improbability

bility that they would attain these ends made me hope that the colonies might arrive at complete independence."

In short, thanks to his novelty-loving temperament, his native restlessness, he made up his mind to go out to Virginia,—in those days a really adventurous undertaking. To prepare for it, he once more returned to his native land, for he desired to take out with him a number of Tuscan peasants, as he wished to introduce the cultivation of the vine into America. In order to be able to do this, he had to obtain permission from the Grand Duke; and it was on the occasion of this audience that sovereign and subject indulged in a political talk. For the news of the stamp act and the tea duty troubles had just reached Europe, and people were anxious to know whether these events really foreboded a serious storm or were a mere passing disturbance. Mazzei told the Grand Duke that a breach between England and the colonies was inevitable, because they did not understand each other.

"The colonies," I said to him, "are persuaded that the Cabinet of St. James will never take up arms against them, that if they wished to do so the Parliament would not permit it, that even if Parliament were willing the nation would oppose it. The Cabinet, on the contrary, believe that the colonies will not have the courage to oppose regular troops, and that even in such a case a few regiments would be enough to bring them back to duty. This mutual mistake will cause them to advance so far (each expecting the other to recede) that war will become inevitable, and I have the courage to predict that your Imperial Highness (being so much younger than myself) will have the satisfaction of seeing the rise of a direct trade between that part of the world and the port of Leghorn, without the need of permission from England."

These prophetic words were recalled at a later date by the Grand Duke himself.

Mazzei now proceeded to the country districts to choose his laborers, submitting the names of those willing to go out with him to the Grand Duke, who gave him a written permission signed by himself, allowing the peasants to emigrate. Different times were those, indeed, when the permit of the ruler was required in order to enable a subject to leave the country! The Grand Duke also told him that if he should ultimately wish for more laborers, they would be allowed to follow him.

All was now ready for Mazzei's departure, a vessel was found and hired, when an unexpected obstacle occurred in the shape of the defection of his ten Tuscan peasants. It seems that a certain man of a village near Florence, who had been in the Antilles with mules, had told the men who had engaged to go that in America the stars fell from the sky and burned up those men who were working in the fields. By this silly story Mazzei lost his Tuscans; but the men from the other provinces kept their contracts, so that the company was able to embark on the second of September, reaching Virginia towards the end of November, 1773. Mazzei's contadini were rather alarmed when they got into the tropics, having heard the story of the "falling stars."

"We arrived," Mazzei narrates, "before Cape Charles and Cape Henry one morning before daylight, and a pilot of the coast boarded us. From him we heard that the Colonial Assembly was then sitting at Williamsburgh, but was nearly at an end. I knew that Williamsburgh was not far from

James River, and the pilot told me that between the town and the river there was the house of Mr. Eppes where I could rest. We were fifty miles out, but had wind and tide in our favour, so we arrived quickly. The pilot sent his boy with me to Mr. Eppes's house."

Mazzei, it seems, was expected by this Mr. Eppes, whose wife was Mrs. Jefferson's sister.

"He ordered two carriages to be got ready. One he sent to the ship for my travelling companions, Mrs. Martin and her daughter, and in the other he drove with me to the house of Mr. Richard Adams, to whom I had sent a consignment of wine from Leghorn, and who lived in Richmond. The morning after, his brother Thomas joined us, having been told by Mr. Eppes of my arrival: he lived about 16 miles off."

Mazzei was treated with much distinction at Williamsburg. One of the first gentlemen to call on him was George Washington — "afterwards rendered famous," writes Mazzei, "by having commanded the American forces during the war with England, of which was born the Republic of the United States, of which he was the first president." Several members of the assembly remained after its close on purpose to meet Mazzei. His first care was to arrange for the shipment of twelve ship-loads of corn to Leghorn, where there prevailed at that time a great scarcity. He also himself bought and despatched a ship with a similar cargo, and several rare animals and birds as presents for the Grand Duke; among them was a rattlesnake, which lived five years in Europe.

Soon after this Mazzei went with Thomas Adams to the house of Mr. Jefferson, then thirty-two years of age. He was at once invited to take up his quarters in Jefferson's house, where he remained some time, knitting that

friendship which lasted their lives long. Jefferson was able to talk in "Tuscan" with the Italians who accompanied his friend, though he had never heard it spoken before. The European tools and utensils which the little band had brought with them were soon copied and made use of in all the country round. A tailor who was among the group also found plenty of work, while Mazzei's other workmen, in concert with two hired negroes, were busy clearing a piece of land that the Italian had purchased immediately on his arrival.

The next step for Mazzei was to get himself naturalized and legalize his relations with Mrs. Martin, Thomas Adams having told him that this was quite needful to make his position possible in America. It proved an ill-starred union. Lord Dunmore, the English Governor of Virginia, seems to have incurred Mazzei's dislike, and his interview with his lordship on the subject of his naturalization caused him to indulge in some political reflections. He avers that the Cabinet of St. James was desirous of keeping the colonies apart, upon the principle of *Divide et impera*. But they had perceived this, and the Virginian Assembly had elected a committee of seven gentlemen whose duty it was to keep up a correspondence with the other colonies. This idea was due to the genius of Dubney Carr, Jefferson's cousin, who had recently died. Lord Dunmore saw this at first with indifference, but was sharply recalled to a sense of his duty by letters from the Government at home and owed the fact that he was not recalled to the circumstance that he was a Scotchman and a countryman of Lord Bute—at least

such is Mazzei's version. It is worthy of note that Mazzei always speaks of the English Government as the "Cabinet of St. James," because he says the nation was from the beginning to the end of the struggle opposed to the action against the colonies.

Meanwhile the formation of volunteer companies was actually going on; also the convocation of the representatives of the people, with the title of "Convention" instead of Assembly, as the right of convoking the assembly belonged to the Governor, who immediately convoked that body in order to nullify the Convention. In return the people elected the members of the Assembly to the Convention. A committee of twelve was chosen to communicate with the other twelve colonies. Mazzei was chosen one of these twelve, only five of whom had more votes than he had. Jefferson could not be elected, being already a member of the Convention. He (Mazzei) was also chosen one of the commissioners of the poor, and afterwards by them one of the administrators. He was, he says, delighted with these honors because they gave so much pleasure to the poor people whom he had brought with him from Italy.

With the return of his brigantine from Leghorn, six Lucchesi came out to join him. The meeting between the newcomers and his own people was something never to be forgotten, he tells us, so overjoyed were they at seeing some countrymen. It seems that at this time Mazzei was in the habit of writing for Jefferson's newspaper a weekly article in Italian, which Jefferson translated into English. After a while Jefferson begged him to write in English, saying that transla-

tion weakened the Italian expression. "Jefferson," says Mazzei, "was the first person to observe that the Italian language was capable of being employed with energy."

One May night about this time, Lord Dunmore, after a long service of stupid blunders (Mazzei says of him: "His head was no better than his heart, and he knew no more how to do evil than how to do good"), was obliged or thought himself obliged to take refuge on board an English frigate, leaving his family and property in the hands of those who had become his enemies. The Convention meantime had prudently retired from Williamsburg to Richmond. When the news of the landing of the British troops at Albermarle arrived, the "Independent Companies" were called out. Mazzei had three guns, he tells us; he gave one to Bellini, an Italian who had joined him by return of ship, one to the tailor who took charge of the house, and kept one himself, taking besides three horses, which proved very useful.

Most interesting is Mazzei's account of the march of this company, of which Charles Lewis was captain, and in which Jefferson and Mazzei were simple soldiers. At first they had no guns except fowling pieces, but they learned to make them, as well as their own powder. They were soon obliged to form another company, with Patrick Henry for its Captain.

"Every imaginable means was tried to keep peace with Great Britain; but finding this impossible, the Convention declared independence, followed by the Congress which gave to the colonies the name of the United States of America." Mazzei was soli-

cited to stand for Congress, but declined, "because," he says, "I could not, as a speaker, do myself justice in English." Very amusing is his account of the catechism to which he was subjected on this occasion, principally on account of his religion, some people fearing that he intended to introduce papistry into the country.

Jefferson had confided to him, before this, that Patrick Henry (then Governor of Virginia), George Mason, John Page, and some others, with himself, had thought that it would be proper that the State should send an agent to Europe "for economic affairs," and that the other gentlemen had asked whether Mazzei would accept the agency. To this he replied, that he accepted it willingly. The Assembly had already been given power to pledge the State for a million pounds, to be spent as should be considered necessary for the public good. Mazzei relates:

"When I returned to Williamsburgh, all was ready, both the commission, as well as the instructions, to which I caused to be added an order to mention the subject to Franklin (the mission being of course secret) and to obtain information and advice from him, as the Congress had determined to send him as envoy to France. The session was over, and Jefferson was gone to his country estate, so I did not meet him. I went to the Governor, who had everything prepared for me. I was asked whether 1,000 pounds sterling would be sufficient for my expenses. I replied that I should require that amount for the first year, but that if my mission was prolonged beyond that time, 600 pounds would be enough, as we should be more respected if we preserved a decent republican economy, even though it were not imitated."

When all was ready, there occurred the untoward accident that the vessel

in which Mazzei was to have embarked was burnt by the British. He had some trouble in finding another; and hardly had this left port, when it was captured by an English corsair and taken to New York.

Fortunately Mazzei had made a copy in cipher of his instructions, and was able unseen to drop the originals into the sea. When his papers were examined, a letter from George Mason to his son in England was lost. Mazzei avers however that he remembered it word for word, the writer having read it to him. It ran thus: "God bless you, my dear child, and grant that we may meet again in your native country as freemen; otherwise that we may never see each other more, is the prayer of your affectionate father, George Mason." Mazzei complains bitterly of the conduct of Sir George Collier, commander of the British fleet.

After a period of detention in New York, Mazzei was able to leave America at last and reached Cork, in Ireland, with four pounds in his pockets. He speaks enthusiastically of the kindness he received from General Patterson, to whom he owed his permission to leave America. He left Ireland at night, to avoid the fate of Mr. Lawrence, who was arrested and taken to the tower of London, sailing for Nantes in a Portuguese vessel. This landed him however at Rochelle, by reason of a mistake of the sailing master, so, with his wife, step-daughter, and his servant, he had to proceed to Nantes by land. In Nantes he was extricated from his money troubles by a kindly Irishman, and from thence he wrote to the Governor of Virginia, giving an account of his adventures

and describing his critical predicament, owing to not having found at Nantes as he had expected a duplicate copy of his commission and instructions, which they had promised to send.

In Paris Mazzei's first care was to seek out a translator who could put into French his writings with regard to American affairs. It came out that Franklin, who had met with no obstacles on his journey, had arrived in France before Mazzei. He was living at Auteuil, where he received the Virginian envoy on the footing of an old friend.

"I explained my position to Franklin, telling him of the commission I had received from Virginia and the reasons why I had not arrived before. He disapproved of the conduct of the State of Virginia, saying that foreign affairs should be left to the care of the Congress; and he lent me also a work of his, translated into French by the celebrated Abbé Morellet, in which he demonstrated that the United States were much safer than England. But among the reasons cited by him (after mentioning the waste of public funds in England) is this, that in America all public functionaries were paid. At one time this certainly had not been the case, but if it had continued would have produced in time the worst consequences, among which would have been that of keeping out of public life all those whose means were small, however superior they might be. As the greater number of the men of merit in any nation are not (as you well know) the richest, this method if prolonged would have opened a way to the government of a few proud and powerful persons, which is the worst of all possible governments. But the good old doctor would not concede the point nor correct his mistake, which is the only weakness of his otherwise just and solid argument. As to what he said of the State of Virginia relative to the commission given to me, I reminded him that the powers granted by the States to the general government consisted only of making war and peace with other

nations, exacting military contingents for the States, and deciding such questions as arose between one State and another (in which case the deputies from those States could not vote): and I added if anything could be dangerous to the Union it would be the error of putting themselves (the States) under the direction of the general government for their private affairs. But he would not agree with me, and we talked of other things."

One of Mazzei's own articles then in course of translation into French dealt with this very subject.

So here we find already thus early Federal versus Democrat in full force. Mazzei lingered in Paris much longer than he had intended, waiting for the duplicate copy of his instructions. He met many distinguished persons there, including D'Alembert, Marmontel and Horace Walpole. But his letters not coming he resolved at last to proceed to Italy without them. He arrived in Florence on a Thursday evening (apparently in 1782).

"I went immediately to my friend Luider Priore of San Simone; and sent to the post next morning for my letters. I had caused letters to be written to me at Florence from Paris, Lyons, and Geneva. They had been seized as I expected and wished, as they tended to give erroneous impressions to the English cabinet. I went the same morning to Savanti, another old friend, and told him everything begging him to ask the Grand Duke, in whose household he held an important position, when I could have an audience, and to tell his Imperial Highness that the real object of my coming was known only to their two selves. Savanti told me it would be better to let his Highness suppose that he only was in the secret. He had always, it seems, boasted of being better acquainted with American affairs than anyone else, without ever hinting at the source of his information. The Grand Duke told Savanti that he was aware of my arrival and that I might come on the following morning—before 10 o'clock. Hardly had I

entered the room when he exclaimed: 'Certainly you have predicted everything which has happened.' I drew from this a good augury for the success of my mission. Before speaking of anything else I mentioned my letters. He expressed great displeasure at their having been stopped and ordered that in future they should be given to nobody but myself. I assured him that I was quite certain that those I missed had been taken on account of Sir Horace Mann, the English envoy to his government."

Now Sir Horace Mann and Mazzei had been good friends, having known each other in London years before. Mazzei explained this to the Grand Duke who authorized him to choose his own line of conduct regarding Mann. Mazzei knowing that the English envoy breakfasted every Sunday in his garden and that many people visited him in order to hear the latest English news, went to him then, not wishing to meet him for the first time when quite alone. He writes:

"When I arrived, they were reading the English *Gazette* aloud, but stopped on seeing me; and I almost immediately took my leave on the ground that there were a great number of people whom I had to see that morning. As I was passing through the garden to go away, Sir Horace Mann entered the storeroom which was parallel with the path by which I was obliged to pass. I had not seen him, but turning towards the gate to go into the street I saw him coming towards me, and understood that he had taken this way of meeting me alone. I went to meet him, he seized my hand but could not speak. 'Signor Cavaliere,' I said, 'I can read in your heart what you wish to say to me.' I was as deeply agitated as he. 'You can imagine,' said he in a broken voice, 'after so long an absence, to meet so dear a friend, but,' still holding my hand, 'I depend—I am not my own master.' I kissed his hand, holding it in both of my own, and left him. After this I never saw him again."

The Grand Duke was very anxious

to hear how the meeting had passed off, and appeared much pleased with Mazzei's account of the touching story. It was now arranged that the agent from Virginia should communicate with the Grand Duke in writing, not to draw attention by too frequent audiences. He wrote, he thinks, eleven letters, and also sent copies of his papers already written, namely, "The Justice of the American Cause"; "The Importance of Obtaining Trade with the State of Virginia"; and his favorite "Reasons why the Americans Should not be Called Rebels." The first three papers he fears had been either lost or destroyed. Another called the "History of the Beginning, Progress, and End of Paper-money in America," written in 1782, is printed in the appendix to his memoirs. Mazzei's letters to the Grand Duke were, a description of his travels and adventures (date August, 1781); a letter in which he gives a translation from Franklin, which seems to be lost; in a third he dwells upon the advantages which would accrue to Tuscany from trade with Virginia; a fourth (18th April, 1782), referring to the paper entitled "Reflexions Tending to Prognosticate the Event of the Present War" (in America), reminding his Highness that all Mazzei's prophecies had come to pass.

"In the fifth letter" (writes Mazzei, dated the 27th of the same month) "I make him (the G. D.) aware that I am informed of what goes on in England, as well in the Cabinet as in the Parliament, in order that they may be warned:—and when you have read the sixth, of which *no mention* was made by that prince, the day after, to the writer, whom he kept waiting for an hour and three-quarters to show him that he had no time to lose, being obliged to do every-

thing himself, you can form an idea of his mind as well as his heart."

The letter in question gave an account of how Mazzei's instructions had arrived from Paris without any remittances, and of the urgent necessity there thence arose for the return of the Agent for Virginia to America, stating that he was at liberty to pledge the credit of the State, and asking for an advance in funds from His Imperial Highness. It was certainly rather unkind to "make no mention" of such a letter as this. The seventh was written, apparently by request, on street-begging in Florence, which Pier Leopoldo was anxious to put down. He had therefore ordered papers to be prepared giving the regulations in force in Great Britain, Holland and the Hanse towns. Mazzei prepared a paper giving an account of his experiences as an administrator of the poor laws in Virginia.

Mazzei appears, notwithstanding his apparent favor with the Grand Duke, to have been unable to convince him of the ultimate success of the Americans in their struggle for independence, and the consequent advantages which would accrue to Tuscany from the conclusion of a commercial treaty between Congress and the Tuscan government. In the eighth letter Mazzei tries to prove that he knew more of English affairs than Mann did himself, as he saw only the Ministerial Journals, while Mazzei read both sides. There were two newspapers published at this time in Florence, the "Gazetta Universale" (Universal Gazette) and the "Notizie del Mondo" (News of the World). The editor of the first took his English news from Sir Horace Mann, and Mazzei regularly contra-

dicted them in the second. Once he wrote his refutation *in anticipation* of the English news, and was afterwards obliged, in order to procure the liberation of two young men accused of stealing the English article, to reveal his proceeding to the Grand Duke, who assumed the credit of having found it out himself. The eighth letter begs that the Grand Duke will at least give an answer to the Agent for Virginia that he may carry back to his State. He writes:

"You will be surprised at my patience when you read the eighth and ninth letters" (they are all masterpieces of courtly flattery) "and will wonder how I could have spent so much time in trying to instruct a prince whose conduct towards me in political affairs will appear to you quite incomprehensible. But you will be able to see that I did my best to satisfy the wishes of my adopted, and to further the interests of my native country. One day I was speaking to him of the disposition and character of my new compatriots, to shew him that the 'Cabinet of St. James' would never attain their end. He answered, 'I am sure that they can do a great deal by themselves, but if they trust the French—?' Although the Queen of France was his sister, he could not disguise his envious antipathy to the Bourbons, and showed it in various ways. For instance he was delighted with Rodney's victory over the Comte de Grasse, saying, 'Il l'a le Grasse.' Another time he said that American independence has never been recognized by any power but France, and on my reminding him that the Republic of Holland also recognized it, he added: 'Holland hangs by a thread, and before long, even the name of the Dutch Republic will have ceased to exist.'"

Mazzei managed to convey the account of this speech to the Comte de Vergennes in France, fearing, he says, that there might be some secret league formed against Holland. Soon after this audience, Mazzei left Florence by

way of the Tyrol, for Holland. From Amsterdam he wrote a tenth letter to Pier Leopoldo, telling him that preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the United States were under discussion, and pointing out that there was still time for him to arrange a commercial treaty with the newborn nation before any other power had done so. "When you read my letter," he tells his friend, "you will wonder that it produced no greater effect." It is evident that the Grand Duke was devoted to England and English ideas, for the Austrian feeling towards Great Britain as her "natural ally" was strong in him. Mr. Adams had carefully prepared the way for Mazzei in Holland, so that he was well received there, and from a business point of view successful. His evident power of gaining friends stood him in good stead, so that he was able to obtain both money and influential assistance. Mazzei's eleventh and last letter to the Grand Duke was written from Paris in 1783. It is very interesting, but arouses wonder that Mazzei found time to write, or Pier Leopoldo to read, such lengthy documents. The American commissioners for the treaty of peace were Franklin, John Adams, and the Mr. Lawrence who had been a prisoner in the Tower.

"After many conversations with these gentlemen I had become cognizant of European as well as of American affairs, and I pointed out in my eleventh letter to the Grand Duke that I was quite aware of the machinations of my enemies in Florence; not with the hope that it would produce any effect, but that I might not have to reproach myself with leaving anything undone; and also to relieve my feelings a little regarding the foolish and puerile attitude maintained towards me by that sovereign, whose char-

acter (too favourably painted by many meritorious persons in Tuscany) was perfectly and universally known in Germany, as soon as he became head of the House of Austria."

Here Mazzei mentions how he had heard, in Vienna, where he had gone when in the service of Stanislaus, King of Poland, such things, as if he lives and they meet again he will tell his friend; they being too serious to commit to paper. In Paris, Franklin presented him at court, an honor he had much desired. Indeed he was so "sought after" at this time that he envied the power attributed by legend to St. Anthony of Padua, of being in two places at once. In November, 1783, he once more reached Virginia. Here he learned that Jefferson was gone to Boston to embark for France where he was to succeed Franklin. Mazzei wrote immediately to Condorcet, to Rochefoucauld, and others of his French friends "that though they had lost in Franklin one of the luminaries of the century, they would find themselves recompensed in his successor."

Mazzei's first step on returning to his adopted land was to render his account to the Governor and to receive the honorarium owing to him. But neither the Governor nor the Councilors knew anything about it, the public papers relating to that period having been burned. A meeting of the Council was called, with the result that Mazzei was requested to find witnesses among those who had formed the government at the time of his taking the office of envoy. In Mr. Jefferson's house were found Mazzei's letter and copies of Jefferson's answers (of which Mazzei had received only one),

the authentic copies of Mazzei's commission, and his instructions

"but nothing relating to the honorarium. It was therefore necessary that I should make a great round in search of witnesses. Patrick Henry, who had been first Governor of Virginia after the independence, had moved about 250 miles away. The nearest witnesses were James Madison, then, that is, when I received the agency, the youngest of the councillors of State, and now President of the United States."

To him, as he lived only about thirty miles from Mazzei's place, he first went, and remained with him four days, "discussing," he says, "an affair which concerned the national honor." This was a project then under discussion for repudiating the debts of Americans to British merchants, as a measure of retaliation for the destruction wrought by British troops in America. Patrick Henry had expressed his opinion in the strongest terms in favor of repudiation. The Madisons, father and son, were convinced that Mazzei was the only person who could dissuade him.

"Patrick Henry was a perfect gentleman, good, universally loved and esteemed, and the most seducing orator," says Mazzei, "that I have ever known. I had determined to go to him last of all; but went there straight from the Madisons, James Madison accompanying me part of the way always discussing the same subject."

Mazzei did, he says, succeed in persuading Patrick Henry, having had an opportunity during an early walk which he took the day after his arrival, of persuading his steward first. Madison had made a copy of Mazzei's narrative, which he took with him and showed to Patrick Henry, consequently upon which he gave him a letter to the actual Governor. After stating

that as his period of office expired immediately after Mazzei's departure in 1779, he himself could not personally give any account of his services, he copied the following sentence from a letter of John Adams to him which that gentleman had given to Mazzei in Paris June 23d, 1783, when he left Europe to return to America. These words are given by Mazzei in English: "Mr. Mazzei has uniformly discovered in Europe an attachment and zeal for the American honour and interest which would have become any native of our country. I wish upon his return he may find an agreeable reception." "I have often told you," continues Mazzei, "that in that country diversity of opinion does not diminish friendship or esteem. I had been informed of the character, the talents, and the patriotism of Mr. John Adams, and he had conceived a favourable opinion of me from what he had heard of me in Congress from the Virginian deputies." In a controversy growing out of a question of the real nature of the United States Constitution, not then reduced to writing, Adams and Mazzei had taken different sides, notwithstanding which he not only wrote the lines quoted above to Patrick Henry, but also letters regarding Mazzei still more favorably expressed to his friends and relations in Boston.

In the end Mazzei obtained his money, amounting to six hundred louis a year for eight years of service, with a declaration signed by the Secretary, Mr. Blair, "that in all that time I had conducted myself with zeal, activity, and assiduity, and that the unfortunate issue of the affair was in no way imputable to me, but to certain concurrent circumstances, and that my con-

duct merited the approbation of Congress. It was ordered that a copy should be given to me." A short time after this it was considered advisable that some clever person should go to Europe to make it clear to European men of business how safe they would be in dealings with the United States, which the strange state of their finances, owing to the paper money, made it difficult to do in writing. Mazzei was longing to get back to Europe and to his friend Jefferson, and he eagerly clutched at the idea of carrying out this mission. Early in 1783 he started on his second European trip, and reached France without adventures. At Paris he found Jefferson, "dear and charming as of old." He also saw Marmontel, Piccini the composer, and many more old and new friends. Talking with Marmontel and Jefferson of the ways of the envoys of different powers, Jefferson said that he could not see why they made so much mystery about things of no importance, to which Marmontel replied: "It is true that they always keep the padlock on their mouths, but if you took off the padlock you would find that the trunk was empty." About this time Mazzei began to write his *Historico-Political* researches, originally begun in answer to the strictures of the Abbé Mably, on the American Constitution. Jefferson was also writing, "at the request of many friends, his *Notes on Virginia*." Meanwhile American credit having righted itself there was no longer any need for Mazzei's explanations to the European powers, and he could therefore listen to overtures made to him to enter the service of King Stanislaus of Poland. In this

capacity he made himself very useful and accumulated a modest competency, which led to his contracting a second and happier marriage. Mazzei avers that it was in accordance with his advice that King Stanislaus abdicated at the right moment. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, he was once again for a short time *Chargé d'Affaires* for the United States, acting as agent for America. Years after this, when Jefferson was President, Mazzei received a letter from the Superintendent of Public Works at Washington asking him to send out two Italian sculptors, for the service of the States, who should conduct the decoration of the Capitol at Washington, and begging him also to sound Canova as to whether he would be willing to make for the Government a sitting statue of Liberty seven feet high. Canova, who was at the time working on his statue of Napoleon I., could not undertake the commission. Mazzei then turned to Thorwaldsen, but his prices proved to be too high. It is certainly a pity from an art point of view that America did not get this statue. Mazzei afterward found two young sculptors in S. Frediano, a suburb of Florence, willing to go out to America, one named Andrei, twenty-six, and the other Franzoni, twenty-eight years old.

And herewith Mazzei's memoirs come to a close as abrupt as their opening was sudden. In what he calls a supplement he adds, "Last night, reflecting on what I had written respecting adding or taking away, I have changed my mind. I am of opinion that you may add the date of my death, and a copy of my will. September 24th, 1813."

These are the last words of the book.

The First Organ in America

By Arthur W. Brayley

IN an unpretentious little chapel in Portsmouth, N. H., stands an instrument whose voice was the first organ tone to be heard in the New World. Could it describe the scenes of which it has been a spectator, often not a silent one, how full of interest its narrative! It could tell of the requiem for Queen Anne and of the important happenings in the reign of five kings upon the British throne before the crowning of Queen Victoria. It could tell of the stirring events of the Revolution, and of how, at the age of eighty-four, it sounded the dirge of Washington. Sacred, however, to the holy purpose for which it was erected, it has been an onlooker instead of a participator in the secular events of its time.

Its advent was the cause of a bitter controversy that lasted for years and brought upon the cultured donor the severest censure. The prejudice against organs—called by the Scotch “a kist of whistles” and by the Puritans the “devil’s bagpipes”—was an inheritance of the days of Puritanism when the hatred of all forms of the Established Church of England was carried to such a degree that the Government was petitioned to “put down all cathedral churches wherein the service to God was most grievously abused by the piping of organs, ringing of bells, singing and trowling of chants from one side of the choir

to the other, with the squeaking of chanting choir boys, and such like abomination which were an offence to the Lord.”

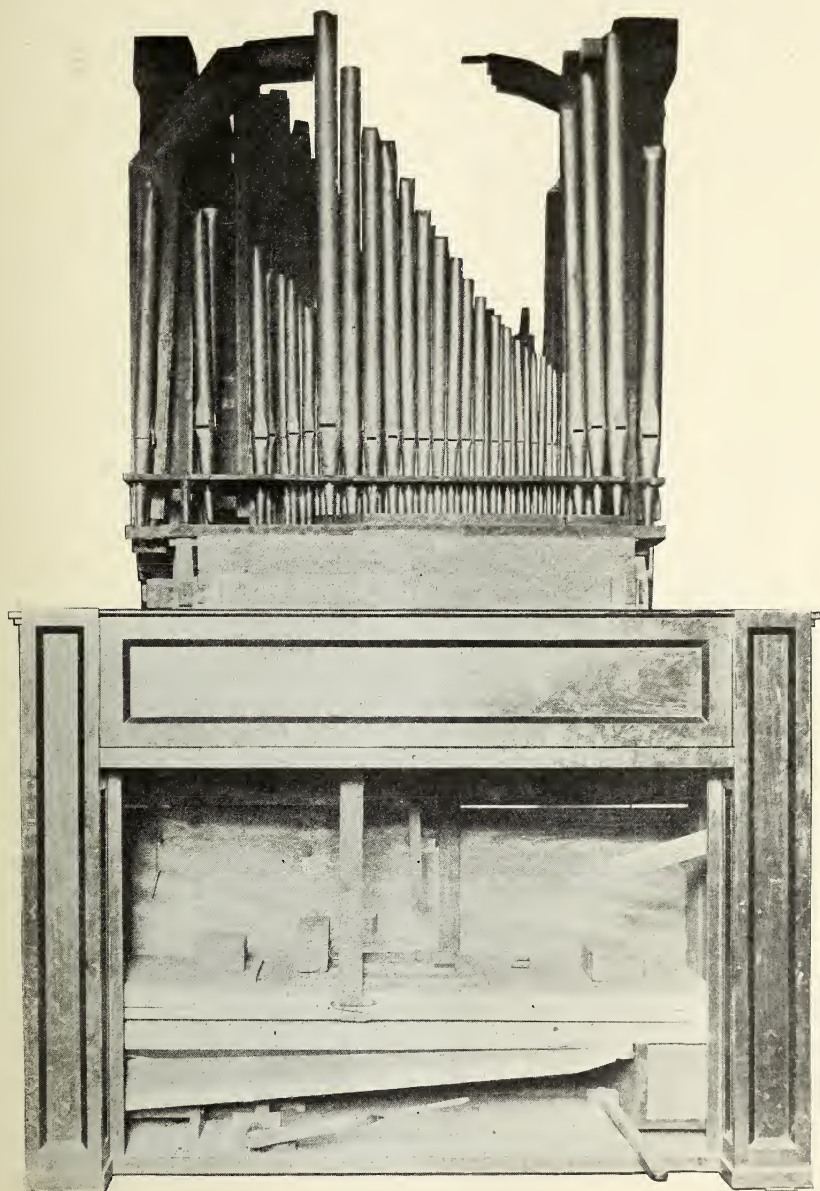
Cotton Mather, in his “Magnalia,” has a question “whether such music may be lawfully introduced in the worship of God in the churches of the New Testament.” He says also, that “there is not one word of institution in the New Testament for instrumental music in the worship of God and because God rejects all He does not command, therefore, says in effect: ‘I will not hear the melody of thy organ.’ But, on the other side, the rule doth abundantly intimate that no voice is now to be heard in the church but what is significant and edifying by signification, which the voice of instruments is not.” He asks, “If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among the ancient Jews? Yea, dancing as well as playing and several other Judaic actions.”

The subject was discussed in various theses at Harvard College Commencement:

“Do organs excite a devotional spirit in divine worship?” Negative, 1730.

“Does music promote salvation?” Affirmative, 1762.

“Does the recent reformation in vocal music contribute greatly toward



BRATTLE ORGAN
WIND CHEST AND ARRANGEMENT OF METAL PIPES

promoting the perfection of divine worship?" Affirmative, 1767.

It was disputed even in England whether organs were to be considered superstitious and popish. They had been destroyed or silenced in the time of the Commonwealth and it was not without much misgiving on the part of timid Protestants that, after the Restoration, one London church after another admitted the suspected instrument. It was noted as one of the high church reactions in Queen Anne's time that churches without organs had thinner congregations.

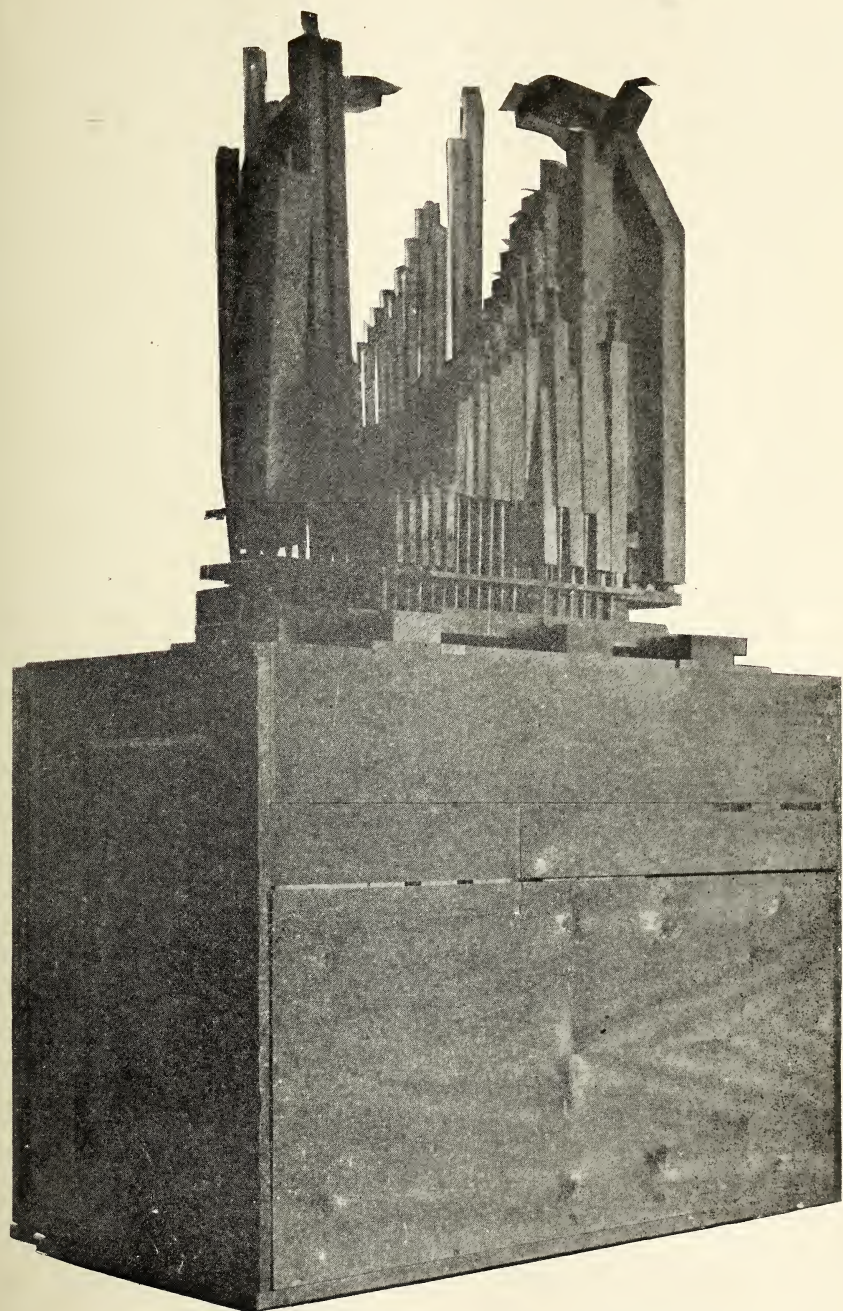
This organ was imported probably in 1708 or 1709, by Hon. Thomas Brattle, a noted citizen of Boston, where he was born June 20, 1658, and where he served from 1693 to 1713, the year of his death, as treasurer of Harvard College. He held a prominent place in the town's affairs and was distinguished for his activity and ability as well as for the zeal and readiness with which he devoted his time, wealth and intellectual powers to objects of private benevolence and public usefulness. Mr. Brattle was one of the founders of the Brattle Street Church, first known popularly as the "Manifesto church," his name leading the list of communicants, and he gave to the corporation the land in Brattle Square on which the church edifice stood. He was a zealous friend of the church, but the liberality of his religious views and his opposition to the popular witchcraft delusion brought upon him great hostility in both his private and public life. He also was a musician of no mean ability, and having none of the prejudices of the day against musical in-

struments and their use in public worship, he imported from England the instrument described in this article. The first reference to it is in the Rev. Joseph Green's diary: "1711 May 29 (Boston). I was at Mr. Thomas Brattles, heard y^e organs and saw strange things in a microscope."

Mr. Brattle died in 1713 and his will, probated May 23 of that year, among other bequests contains this item: "I give, dedicate and devote my organ to the praise and glory of God in the said Brattle Street church, if they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease procure a sober person that can play skilfully thereon with a loud noise; otherwise to the church of England (King's Chapel) in this town, on the same terms and conditions, and on their non-acceptance or discontinuance to use it as above, unto the (Harvard) college and in their non-acceptance to my nephew, William Brattle."

The following action upon the matter was taken by the Brattle Street Church:

"July 24, 1713, the Rev. Mr. William Brattle, pastor of the church in Cambridge signified by a letter the legacy of his brother, Thomas Brattle, Esq., late deceased, of a pair of organs, which he dedicated and devoted to the praise and glory of God with us, if we should accept thereof, and within a year after his decease procure a sober person skilful to play thereon. The church, with all possible respect to the memory of our deceased friend and benefactor voted, that they did not think it proper to use the same in the public worship of God."



BRATTLE ORGAN, SHOWING THE SMALL WOODEN OCTAVE OR PRINCIPALS

The matter now rested with the officers of King's Chapel, and they accepted the gift. The entry in their books recording the event is as follows: "At a meeting of the Gentlemen of the church this 3d day of August 1713, Referring to the organs given by Thomas Brattle, Esq., De'as'd, Voted, that the organs be accepted by the church." And at another meeting held February, 1714, it was voted, "That the church wardens write to Col. Redknap and desire him to go to Mr. Edwards Enstone who lives next door to Mr. Masters on Tower Hill, and discourse him on his inclination and ability to come over and be the organist here at 30 pounds per annum, this money, which with other advantages as to dancing, music, etc., will, we doubt not, be sufficient encouragement." On March 2 of the same year it was "Voted that the organ be forthwith put up."

We know that the organ lay unpacked in the tower of the chapel from the time it was received until the above vote, a period of seven months, and that between March and December, 1714, pending the arrival of Mr. Enstone, it was played by a Mr. Price.

The following contract was made by Col. Redknap with Mr. Enstone in London, and is interesting from the fact that it is the first agreement of the kind in the country:

"Articles of agreement made, had, and concluded upon the 29th day of June Anno Domini, 1714, and in the thirteenth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady Ann, By the Grace of God Ruler of Great Brittain, France and Ireland, Queen defender of the Faith etc, Between Edward Instone of the city of London, Gent, of the one part, and Collo

John Redknap of Boston, in North America, Gent, (for and on behalf of the churchwardens and vestrymen now and for the Queens Chappel in Boston aforesaid) of the other part, in manner and form following, viz; whereas, the said Collo John Redknap was authorized by the churchwardens and vestrymen of the Queens Chappel in Boston aforesaid, to procure, contract and agree for them and in their names with a person well qualified and would undertake to be organist in the said chappel; and if said Edward Instone being a person fitly qualed for the said Imployment and willing to undertake the same. It is therefore mutually covenanted, concluded and agreed upon by and between said parties and the said Edward Instone doth agree to y^e same, That the said Edward shall and will by or before the 25th day of October next issueing, wind and weather permitting, be in Boston in North America aforesaid and being there shall and will at all proper and usual times of Devine service officiate as organist in the said chappel for and during the space of three years certain, to be computed from the day that the said Edward Instone shall arrive at Boston aforesaid, and afterwards for such term or time as the churchwardens and vestrymen of the said chappel now and for y^e time being and the said Edward Instone shall think fit and agree upon. In consideration of which voyage so to be performed by the said Edward Instone, he, the said Collo Jno Redknap, hath this day paid unto y^e said Edward Instone the sum of £10 of lawful money of Great Brittain, the Rec't whereof is hereby acknowledged; and the said Collo John Redknap (for and on the part and behalfe of the churchwardens and vestrymen of the Queens Chappel in Boston aforesaid now and for the time being) Doth covenant promise and agree to and with y^e said Edward Instone, his exc'r's and adm'r's that the churchwardens and vestrymen of the said chappel now and for the time being shall and will from time to time and at all times will and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the said Edward Instone the sum of £7 10s. per Quarter immediately

after each Quarter day, current money, of New England, for every Quarter of a year that the said Edward Instone shall officiate as organist in y^e Chappel. And to y^e true performance and keeping of all and singular covenants and agreements herein before curtained each of y^e said parties bindeth himself, his exc'r's and adm'r's unto the other of them, his exc'r's and adm'r's and assigns in y^e penal sum of £20 of lawful money of Great Brittain by these presents to be paid recovered. In wittness whereof the said partys to these presents have interchangeably set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

EDWARD ENSTONE (L. S.)

Sealed and delivered
in y^e presents of
JONO GAWTHORNE
STEPHEN BELLAS.
Gentlemen.

The £10 given to Mr. Enstone was more than the church officers intended should be paid, but Col. Redknap wrote them that as the organist had to pay his wife's passage he could not start for a less sum and that during the time he was making preparations for the trip to New England he would study the mechanical construction of the organ in order that he would be able to make any repairs in case of accident. It was not until September 7, 1714, that the organist left London for Boston, at least, that is the date of the following letter he brought to the vestrymen of King's Chapel:

Gentlemen:

According to your former request and Directions I now send you over Mr. Edward Enstone an organist to y^e Kings Chappel in Boston. I sent you in July last by Capt. Lethered a copy of article of agreement between him and myself. What I have to say further upon that head is. That he is said to be a person of sober life and conversation and well

qualified for what he has undertaken, and I doubt not but he will approve himself as such which will merit your assistance in other matters relating to his profession.

I am Gentlemen with all respects

Your very humble servant

J. REDKNAP.

The organist brought with him not only sacred music to these music-silent shores, but also secular notes. Judge Sewall records in his diary the following significant entry:

"1716 (Nov) 29-5. After lecture Mr. Welsteed and Capt. Wadsworth acquainted Mr. Bromfield and me that a Ball was designed at Enstone's in the evening; pray'd us to prevent the Gov'r being there. . . . At last his Excel'y promised us not to be there."

That Mr. Enstone's playing was satisfactory to the congregation of the stone chapel is attested by the fact that on January 17, 1717, at the expiration of the three years' contract he was re-engaged at the same salary.

In the year 1756 the organ was sold to the parish of St. Paul's at Newburyport, Mass., and another, said to have been approved by Handel, was imported from England at a cost of £500, and was installed in its place. The Brattle organ remained in its new home till 1836, when it was purchased for Saint John's Chapel in Portsmouth, N. H., by Dr. Burroughs for \$400 and set up in the chapel.

In the mean time, or about eighty years after Brattle Street Church refused the gift of its benefactor, a change of opinion in regard to church music had taken place among many of its members, and an organ was purchased in England by subscription. It arrived safely in Boston

outer harbor, but so great was the opposition to its introduction on the part of some members of the parish that they sent a committee to the minister, Dr. Thacher, desiring him with pledge of making good the cost of purchase, of freight and charges, with damages, if he would make arrangements with the captain of the importing ship to have the cases containing the instrument thrown overboard. But the good doctor, being a progressive man, declined to interfere and the organ was in due time set up and was used in the church till 1872, when the old edifice was taken down and a new one erected in the Back Bay.

The famous Brattle organ is 8 feet 2 inches high, 5 feet wide and 2 feet 7 inches deep, but contains no trace of the maker's name. On the key frame, written with lead pencil, is the name "Mr. Edwards, Portland, Maine." Mr. Edwards was an organ builder and may have made the new case, which is of light colored Honduras mahogany. The sides are panelled and the front is graced with seventeen non-speaking gilded wooden pipes. The key-board trimmings are of rosewood. The wind chest, slides, valves, top-boards, rock-boards and rock-board pins remain unchanged and are of English oak—a common material with old English organ builders.

The organ has six registers: Sesquialter bass, Dulciana, 15th bass, 15th treble, stopped Diapason, and Principal. It is without foot pedal keys and has but one bank of fifty-one keys on the key-board manual from CC to D, but the wind chest is bored for forty-nine pipes, the CC sharp and the D being stationary.

This key-board slides in when not in use. The size of wind chest is that of the key-scale, as the makers did not know the use of the roller board to spread the tone.

The octave or Principal is of wood instead of metal and runs through all the forty-nine pipes. The tone is half-way between the modern octave and the Flute Traverso. The Dulciana is of metal with thirty-one pipes tenor G to E, the Fifteenth of metal with forty-nine pipes divided at C. The Dulciana originally was a two bank mixture of ninety-eight pipes, but this brilliant tone was not so suitable for church music, hence the change.

The stopped Diapason and Fifteenth are original. One of the most marked peculiarities of this instrument is that the stop Diapason treble begins at G second octave, and the Dulciana begins at the same note, and as the stop Diapason bass is not controlled by any draw stop it is on all the time and consequently furnishes the bass for both stops.

The Diapason bass pipes are set at the back of the organ wherever there is room without regard to natural order. This singular arrangement may be accounted for by the inability of the early builders to put in a suitable stop to control these pipes.

One of the lower pipes of the Fifteenth bears the name "Joseph G. Pike, 1831" and "E. G. Morss, 1831," scratched with a sharp instrument. The latter name suggests that of Rev. Dr. Morss, rector of St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, whose son was an amateur organ builder.

The length of the lowest bass pipe is 4 feet, being stopped gives an 8 feet tone, the highest is C sharp fifteenth,

and is pitched two octaves above the Diapason.

In regard to the register stop heads, that of the Dulciana is unmistakably a relic of the old days. The engraving is quaint and inartistic. The Sesquialter bass gives some indication of age, but not so determinate. The remaining register heads are semi-modern and the work resembles that of John Bolton, who about three-quarters of a century ago did such work for all Boston organ builders.

A part of the original framework of the hinged bellows remains, to which

has been attached a rising of flat bellows which is filled by the organist pumping at the front or by an assistant working the pedal at the side.

To the tone character of the several registers great praise cannot be given, because of the lack of proper equality and balance between them, and because of the same lack between the several piped ones of each individual register. Still, the tone is mellow and sweet, and when we remember that it was the first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country, we gladly overlook all its shortcomings.

Autumn

By Ellen Frances Baldwin

A WAY, where the breath of the morning
In mist is enveiling the hills,
The clarion horn of a huntsman
The silence encompassing fills.

The sweep of an oncoming pageant
Far down through the hush draweth near,
All splendid in purple and scarlet
Comes Autumn, the king of the year.

The usurping Summer, before him
Has fled at the sound of his horn,
And on toward her far southern kingdom
He speeds through the mist of the morn.

For naught does he stop in his riding,
And naught in his swiftness he heeds,
Till he reaches the forest's dim chantry
Where Nature is telling her beads;

There, lowly, a blessing he seeketh
Beside the sweet shrine of the fane;
While the woods like a sunset are glowing
With the gleam of his lingering train.

Danvers, Massachusetts

By Frank E. Moynahan

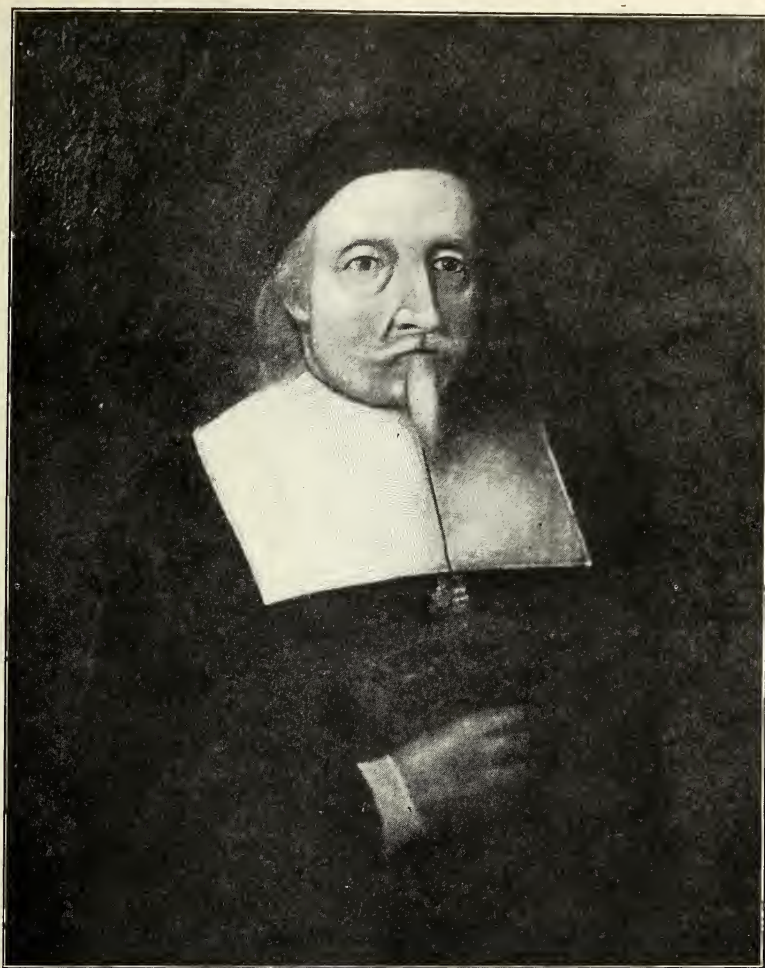
"Landing on a green slope's side,
Grazing round the region wide,
Over wind-swept forests free,
Down the inlet to the sea,
Quoth the governor, 'What harm
If I here lay out my farm,
Plant my orchards, sow my maize
And in peace live out my days?
In my little sloop sail down,
When I must, to Salem town,
Ruling the good folk as well
As if I should with them dwell.'"

SO writes the poet of the landing of Governor John Endecott, who was the first governor of the colony, and who, with his followers, was the first white man known to have set foot on the soil of Danvers—good,

old Danvers, historic and famed, the home of the hateful withcraft delusion no more than the home of some of the noblest men, the bravest heroes, the greatest generals, the ablest legislators, the most skilled physicians, the most gifted writers,—rich in colonial and provincial history, full of sacred soil which covers the dust of men and women revered in all parts of this broad country, one of the most interesting spots in the famous county of old Essex, of the commonwealth, in the land which, in June, 1902, observed its 150th anniversary with elaborate exercises lasting three days.



TOWN HOUSE AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.



GOVERNOR JOHN ENDECOTT

Captain John Endecott sailed up the Wooleston River from Salem, past Royal Side, now a part of Beverly, and turning from the Wooleston or Danvers River in the Soewamapenessett River, so called by the Indians—now Waters River, and formerly known as Endecott and as Cow House River—he took possession of a grant of land made to him at a court of the governor, deputy-governor and assistants, on

July 3, 1632. This tract was called Birchwood in English, but Governor Endecott named it Orchard Farm. On this graceful slope he built his house, and at once set about clearing the land of the birch trees with which it was covered. At about this time he is said to have planted the famous Endecott pear tree, which still bears fruit annually, despite the severe ravages of storm and time for over 250 years—



THE ENDECOTT PEAR TREE

"Blossoms still—the living thought
Of good Governor Endecott."

Colonial times lasted from 1629 to 1692—or, strictly speaking, colonial days ended in 1684, when the charter was abrogated. Soon after, the ruling power was a president, Joseph Dudley, with a council; then a sort of military viceroy, in the person of Sir Edmund Andros, who ruled from 1686 to 1689, but who was then banished by the people, and the reins of government taken by Simon Bradstreet, last governor under the first charter, who ruled until 1692. In that year Massachusetts received a new charter, called the province charter, under which the governor and lieutenant-governor were appointed by the crown, and all our laws were to be

sent to England for royal approval. The charter was granted by Charles I, king of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, March 4, 1628-29. A duplicate of this charter, with the broad seal of England attached, was sent to Governor Endecott in 1629. The duplicate is preserved, but the seal is lost.

For many years Danvers was the Village Parish and the Middle Parish of Salem, but the territory was known as Danvers several years before it became a town, or as early as 1745. It was first made a district in 1752,—not a town, because a town could send a representative, which was opposed by King George II, because he did not want the number of representatives increased by making new towns. The people



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM

pressed their claims, however, and were successful in becoming a town, on June 16, 1757. Objections were made, and the bill was sent to England. At Kensington Palace the bill was disapproved, the king being unwilling, but no heed was paid to his decree, and Danvers became a town. This incident is the basis of the motto on the town seal adopted a few years ago, which shows a picture of a local town meeting, with the words: "The town meeting: the purest of all democracies, the strongest of all citadels of civil liberty." The seal also gives the date of incorporation, with the words: "The king unwilling."

The province charter ended with Thomas Gage; the government was for a short time in the hands of a provincial congress, and in 1780 we became one of the United States of America.

May 18, 1855, North Danvers and South Danvers were separated, taking the names of Danvers and Peabody, respectively, and later a slice of Beverly was annexed to Danvers.

The origin of the name of Dan-

vers is in doubt. The only reasonable explanation given is that there was probably an English family by that name, who came from Anvers or Antwerp in France. The first person of the name known to history was Roland D'Anvers, companion in arms of William the Conqueror. It is supposed that some descendant of this family came to these shores and suggested the name. In England, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, Sir Peter Osborne married Eleanor Danvers, and about forty years later a grandson of theirs, Danvers Osborne, came to this country and was made governor of New York. Osborne is an old name here. The people of that name may have been descendants of Sir Peter, and if so, the name of the town is reasonably accounted for.

Danvers is pleasantly and conveniently situated about twenty miles northeast of Boston. It has good steam and street railway facilities, municipal electric street light and power, high pressure water power, electric fire alarm,



GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM

macadam roads, a free public library, several railway stations, free postal and rural delivery, a most excellent high school and a number of other schools of the best character, St. John's College, churches of all principal denominations, and various like advantages to make her citizens contented and prosperous.

It is both a manufacturing and an agricultural town. Shoes, leather, electric lamps, cream of chocolate, cements and chemicals, bricks and boxes are the principal products of the factory, while market gardening is successfully carried on by many. For certain vegetables and small fruits Danvers has more than a limited reputation.

The people, while not as unified as those of smaller municipalities, are nevertheless very social. Fra-

ternal, social and religious organizations abound, there being nearly one hundred within the town. A travelling man once asked a citizen what the people found to do here evenings, to which the gentleman replied that it was impossible to find half enough evenings into which to crowd the many events occurring.

To some extent it is a bedroom for Boston, a considerable number of men being engaged in business in that city and residing here. The town is growing appreciably, as any town must when located so near great centres.

Danvers's fame is widespread. From here went settlers of Marietta, Ohio, and other places in the great Northwest; here was the home of the first Putnams of America, being the birthplace of General Israel Putnam, the hero of the Revolution and a commander at Bunker Hill; here was also born that great general of the late war, Major-General Grenville M. Dodge; in this town is the house from which Rebecca Nourse was taken and hanged as a witch; here is the site of the First Church, where was bred the most infamous witchcraft persecution; here Generals Washington and Gage had headquarters; through here passed Major Arnold on his famous march from Cambridge to Quebec; on Danvers River was sailed a steamboat long before Fulton launched his craft on Hudson River; in the east part of the town Hawthorne oft walked over a road which now remains as he described it in his writings; within our bounds is Oak Knoll—a name at once associated with that

of the most beloved of poets, the noble Whittier; here is the Endecott pear tree, perhaps the oldest fruit-bearing tree in the country; here the birthplaces of Judge Holten, Colonel Hutchinson, General Moses Porter; from here went some of the bravest of soldiers to the wars, back here were brought many of the noble men slain at Menotomy; Danvers soldiers were most gallant in the Revolution, most brave and patriotic in the Rebellion and in the war with Spain; they will be as ready and daring in any future conflict for right and justice.

Brief sketches of some of the houses and places in town will perhaps prove interesting. In the colonial period the witchcraft delusion is probably the most marked of any local matter of history. Danvers abounds in witchcraft material.

Off Water Street is the Jacobs house, built in the first half of the seventeenth century by Richard Waters. From this house George



"OAK KNOLL"

Jacobs was taken and executed as a witch. Tradition says that a son strapped the body on his back, took it back to the farm and buried it close by the house. "Well, burn me or hang me, I will stand in the truth of Christ," were George Jacobs's words when on trial for his life.

Ann Putnam, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam, lived in a house off Dayton Street, which is still standing. It was said of her that "she is perhaps entitled to be regarded in many respects as the leading agent of all the mischief that followed," although at the time, 1692, she was but twelve years old. She joined the church before her death, which occurred in 1716. She was unmarried.

The Prince house on Spring Street was built about 1660, by



FIRST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN THE UNITED STATES



ANN PUTNAM HOUSE

Robert Prince. His widow, Sarah, married a man named Osburn. She was one of the earliest of the witchcraft victims.

The history of the Townsend-Bishop-Nourse house, which is one of the most dramatic of any in our annals, is familiar to many. It was probably built in 1636, and now stands in good state of preservation. It is off Pine Street. From here was taken Rebecca Nourse and hanged as a witch on Gallows Hill in Salem. Her sons brought back her body and buried it near the house. A monument was erected a few years ago by the Nourse Monument Association in her honor and the honor of the twenty brave men and women who defended her. Of Rebecca Nourse the late Whittier wrote:—

"Oh, Christian Martyr! who for truth
could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous
lie!
The world, redeemed from superstition's
sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day."

There are other houses and places identified with the witchcraft hor-

ror; but aside from these are many other matters associated with the colonial period.

Near the Danversport railroad station is the Endecott burying ground, on the bank of Crane River, formerly Conamabsnoon-

cant and Ducke River. Here are buried various descendants of the Endecotts, and probably some of General Gage's soldiers. This was a favorite camping ground of the Indians, and is a part of the grant of land made to Rev. Samuel Skelton, pastor of the Salem Church, in 1632.

On what is now Holten Street, in 1768 was born Judge Samuel Putnam, one of the ablest lawyers and justices of the country, whose decisions attracted the widest notice and praise. He died in 1853. The house is now occupied by Putnams.

The Porter-Bradstreet house, near the Topsfield line, passed from Emanuel Downing—father of Sir George Downing, for whom Downing Street in London was named—to John Porter, patriarch of the Porter family, one of whose descendants was one of the colonizers of Marietta, Ohio. The house was probably built in the seventeenth century.

The First Church is one of the most interesting objects. The present building was erected in 1891, being the sixth, and the fifth on the present site. The association of this



ENDECOTT BURYING GROUND



OLD TRAINING FIELD AND MEMORIAL BOWLDER



REBECCA NOURSE HOUSE

church with witchcraft is all too well known. The parsonage close by is built on the site of Deacon Nathaniel Ingersoll's house. Deacon Ingersoll often entertained Increase and Cotton Mather. He gave a lot of land to the town "for a training-field forever," and this land, known as the common, was suitably designated by a commemorative boulder by the town in 1894. It is near the First Church.

The Endecott house at Danversport was built by a son of the governor, Zerobabel. He was a physician and married a daughter of Governor John Winthrop, Jr., of Connecticut. The house is in good preservation, although built about 1680.

The Clark house, on Summer Street, built in the seventeenth century, was the home of Joseph Putnam, son of Lieutenant Thomas Putnam, and grandson of the first John Putnam. In the horrible witchcraft days of 1692 Joseph Putnam was practically alone in defying Rev. Samuel Parris, and for months his life was in danger. He was

the father of General Israel Putnam.

Samuel Holten, one of the brightest lights of the town, was born in a house now standing at the corner of Holten and Centre Streets, Danvers Centre. He was an eminent physician and jurist. The house was built probably about 1650 by Benjamin Houlton. Samuel Holten was born in 1738 and died in 1816.

The birthplace of General Israel Putnam, that hero of the Revolution and commander at Bunker Hill, the man who rode down the stone steps and entered the wolf's den, is situated at the foot of the hill upon which is located that great state institution, the Danvers Lunatic Hospital. General Putnam was born January 7, 1717 or 1718, and died May 19, 1790. His life story is familiar to all readers of history.

Other interesting places associated with the colonial period are the site of the Porter-Lindall house, the Haines house, the Rea-Putnam-Fowler house, Benjamin Putnam house, old Ipswich Road, Forest Street, Porter's River, Long Hill or Folly Hill. Of Long Hill Hawthorne wrote: "This eminence is a



REBECCA NOURSE MONUMENT

long ridge, rising out of the level country around, like a whale's back out of a calm sea, with the head and tail beneath the surface." Hawthorne often visited the hill. Upon the elevation a Salem merchant once built a mansion, which was damaged by an earthquake.

"Upon thy summit how serene
And beautiful the widespread scene."

Of the long lane at the foot of the hill, now Foster Street, Hawthorne wrote: "Along its base ran a green and seldom trodden lane, with which I was very familiar in my boyhood. And there was a brook which I remember to have dammed up till its overflow made a mimic ocean. When I last looked for this tiny streamlet, which was still rippling freshly through my memory, I found it strangely shrunken, a mere ditch, indeed, and almost a dry one; but the



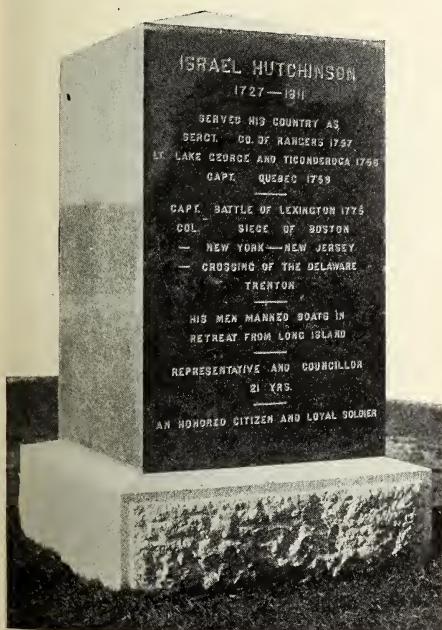
GEN. MOSES PORTER

green lane was there precisely as I remembered it—two wheel tracks, and the beaten path of the horses' feet, and grassy strips between the whole."

The road to-day is practically as Hawthorne described it, having been but comparatively little used.

The provincial period is marked by several noted houses and places. At one end of the Danvers Centre common, or Ingersoll training-field, previously alluded to, is the old Upton Tavern, built about 1710, by Walter Smith, afterward owned by George Upton. It was a famous old hostelry, used for meetings of every sort.

Ambrose Hutchinson, son of Joseph and grandson of Richard Hutchinson, the progenitor of the Hutchinsons of this country, lived on





PAGE HOUSE

Forest Street, in a quaint old house, still standing, built about 1708.

In Putnamville, at the foot of Porter's Hill, is the birthplace of General Moses Porter, built early in the eighteenth century. It was also the birthplace of other distinguished men. Originally it was the home of Zerubabbel Rea, who was born in 1687 and died in 1739, and who was the grandson of Daniel Rea, the patriarch of the Rea family. Dr. Caleb Rea was born here, who was a surgeon in a regiment on the expedition against Ticonderoga. Sarah Rea, his sister, married Benjamin Porter, and they were the parents of that distinguished general of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, Moses Porter. "Moses Porter, when eighteen years of age, attracted attention by his heroic courage and indomitable pluck at Bunker Hill. No man who fought at Bunker Hill remained so long a soldier of the United States. No man had so ex-

tended a record, and it was bright from its beginning to the end." The Porter house is soon to be destroyed and a modern house built on the site by a recent purchaser of the estate.

Colonel Israel Hutchinson was born on what is now Centre Street, Danvers Centre. The old house, built in 1726, stands back to the street and faces the open field. Here, in November, 1727, was born Israel Hutchinson, son of Elisha Hutchinson, who in early life was one of a scouting party in Maine wilds in Indian warfare. He was at Ticonderoga and Lake George, and with Wolfe when he scaled the Heights of Abraham. He led a company of minutemen on the morning of the nineteenth of April, 1775, and was prominent at the siege of Boston, commanding at Fort Hill on evacuation. For twenty-one years he was elected to Senate, House or Council. He died in 1811.

On Maple Street, at Ferncroft,

formerly Beaver Brook, is the Jesse Putnam house, built about the middle of the last century. Here lived Deacon Joseph Putnam, and after him his son, Colonel Jesse Putnam, whose widow survived him twenty-six years and died in 1887 at the age of 102 years, 10 months and 6 days.

The Page house is one of the most interesting landmarks in town. It is on Elm Street, close by the public square. The house was built near the middle of the eighteenth century by Jeremiah Page, who became a captain and colonel in the Revolutionary War. In this house General Gage had a private office, while his headquarters were at "The Lindens" of to-day, and upon its roof Colonel Page's wife Sarah held a tea party, having been forbidden by her husband to have tea under its roof. According to the poet, quoth Mrs. Page to her friends:—



"THE LINDENS"

"A goodly prospect as I said
You here may see before you spread
Upon a house and not *within* it;
But now we must not waste a minute,
Neighbors, sit down to tea!"

In 1774 Governor Gage, the new governor and captain-general of the colony, took up his official residence at the house of Hon. Robert Hooper, where he remained for



ENDICOTT MANSION



OLD BERRY TAVERN

some time, and for a while was protected by troops. The place has been known as the Collins house, and is now called "The Lindens." It much resembles the old John Hancock house of Boston. It is an important historic spot.

The third period of the town's history, the times of the commonwealth, is also marked by many notable houses and localities. Of the first may be mentioned Oak Knoll, known all over the civilized world as the home of the late poet Whittier. The land is a part of the grant made to John Putnam, the first of the name, from whom most of the Putnams of America are descended.

The Wadsworth house at Danvers Centre was for years the home of Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth, one of the early pastors of the First Church. It is about 110 years old. It stands near the site of the old Parris house, and a portion of it is said to have been made from tim-

bers taken from that famous building. Dr. Wadsworth was settled over the First Church for more than half a century. He died in 1826.

The late ex-Secretary of War William C. Endicott occupied the Ingersoll-Peabody house at Danvers Centre, built about 1800 by Captain Jonathan Ingersoll.

At Danversport is the Reed-Porter house, built near the close of the eighteenth century by Hon. Nathan Reed. Mr. Reed used steam for navigation eighteen years before Fulton's experiments, sailing a craft on the river near by his home, and having for guests Governor John Hancock and others. He was born in 1759 and died in 1849.

General Grenville M. Dodge, one of the greatest commanders of the Civil War, was born in the L of the old Elias Putnam house, near the Topsfield line, which L now forms part of a tenement house near by his birthplace. He was born in 1831 and entered the army as

colonel of the Fourth Iowa Volunteers. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, three horses being shot from under him. He was made brigadier-general, major-general, and received other high honors at the hands of General Grant. He was again wounded while at Atlanta with Sherman. He assisted the engineers who built the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps.

Two soldiers' monuments mark Danvers's part in war. One is in Peabody, formerly Danvers, erected in 1835 to commemorate those who fell at Menotomy on April 19, 1775. The other is in front of the town house in Danvers, erected in 1870 to the memory of those who were killed in the war of the Rebellion.

The town is quite well supplied

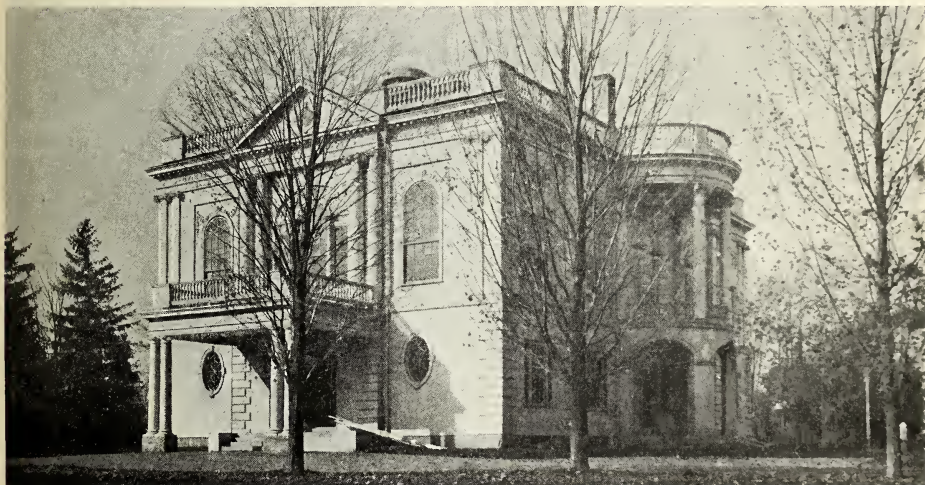
with churches and public buildings. Of the former all principal denominations are represented.

The Danvers Lunatic Hospital is a state institution. It is located on a high hill. There are about 1,000 patients and over 100 employees.

St. John's Normal College is a private institution of learning.

The Peabody Institute, a handsome and convenient building, was erected from a fund given by the late George Peabody, the philanthropist. The original building was burned a few years ago. The building contains a fine public library of nearly 20,000 volumes.

Danvers has many advantages and attractions not here mentioned, which cannot but make toward the early advancement and general growth of the town, whose population is now nearly 9,000.



PEABODY INSTITUTE

The Treasure of Far Island

By Willa Sibert Cather

"Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand;
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

FAR ISLAND is an oval sand bar, half a mile in length and perhaps a hundred yards wide, which lies about two miles up from Empire City in a turbid little Nebraska river. The island is known chiefly to the children who dwell in that region, and generation after generation of them have claimed it; fished there, and pitched their tents under the great arched tree, and built camp fires on its level, sandy outskirts. In the middle of the island, which is always above water except in flood time, grow thousands of yellow-green creek willows and cottonwood seedlings, brilliantly green, even when the hottest winds blow, by reason of the surrounding moisture. In the summer months, when the capricious stream is low, the children's empire is extended by many rods, and a long irregular beach of white sand is exposed along the east coast of the island, never out of the water long enough to acquire any vegetation, but dazzling white, ripple marked, and full of possibilities for the imagination. The island is No-Man's-Land; every summer a

new chief claims it and it has been called by many names; but it seemed particularly to belong to the two children who christened it Far Island, partially because they were the original discoverers and claimants, but more especially because they were of that favored race whom a New England sage called the true land-lords and sea-lords of the world.

One afternoon, early in June, the Silvery Beaches of Far Island were glistening in the sun like pounded glass, and the same slanting yellow rays that scorched the sand beat upon the windows of the passenger train from the East as it swung into the Republican Valley from the uplands. Then a young man dressed in a suit of gray tweed changed his seat in order to be on the side of the car next the river. When he crossed the car several women looked up and smiled, for it was with a movement of boyish abandon and an audible chuckle of delight that he threw himself into the seat to watch for the shining curves of the river as they unwound through the trees. He was sufficiently distinguished in appearance to interest even tired women at the end of a long, sultry day's travel. As the train rumbled over a trestle built above a hollow grown up with sun-flowers and ironweed, he sniffed

with delight the rank odor, familiar to the prairie bred man, that is exhaled by such places as evening approaches. "Ha," he murmured under his breath, "there's the white chalk cliff where the Indians used to run the buffalo over Bison Leap—we kids called it—the remote sea wall of the boy world. I'm getting home sure enough. And heavens! there's the island, Far Island, the Ultima Thule; and the arched tree, and Spy Glass Hill, and the Silvery Beaches; my heart's going like a boy's. 'Once on a day he sailed away, over the sea to Skye.'"

He sat bolt upright with his lips tightly closed and his chest swelling, for he was none other than the original discoverer of the island, Douglass Burnham, the playwright—our only playwright, certain critics contend—and, for the first time since he left it a boy, he was coming home. It was only twelve years ago that he had gone away, when Pagie and Temp and Birkner and Shorty Thompson had stood on the station siding and waved him good-by, while he shut his teeth to keep the tears back; and now the train bore him up the old river valley, through the meadows where he used to hunt for cat-tails, along the streams where he had paddled his canvas boat, and past the willow-grown island where he had buried the pirate's treasure,—a man with a man's work done and the world well in hand. Success had never tasted quite so sweet as it tasted then. The whistle sounded, the brakeman called Empire City, and Douglass crossed to the other side of the car and looked out toward the

town, which lay half a mile up from the station on a low range of hills, half hidden by the tall cottonwood trees that still shaded its streets. Down the curve of the track he could see the old railroad "eating house," painted the red Burlington color; on the hill above the town the standpipe towered up from the treetops. Douglass felt the years dropping away from him. The train stopped. Waiting on the platform stood his father and a tall spare man, with a straggling colorless beard, whose dejected stoop and shapeless hat and ill fitting clothes were in themselves both introduction and biography. The narrow chest, long arms, and skinny neck were not to be mistaken. It was Rhinehold Birkner, old Rhine who had not been energetic enough to keep up his father's undertaking business, and who now sold sewing machines and parlor organs in a feeble attempt to support an invalid wife and ten children, all colorless and narrow chested like himself. Douglass sprang from the platform and grasped his father's hand.

"Hello, father, hello, Rhine, where are the other fellows? Why, that's so, you must be the only one left. Heavens! how we *have* scattered. What a lot of talking we two have got before us."

Probably no event had transpired since Rhine's first baby was born that had meant so much to him as Douglass's return, but he only chuckled, putting his limp, rough hand into the young man's smooth, warm one, and ventured,—

"Jest the same old coon, Doug."

"How's mother, father?" Doug-

lass asked as he hunted for his checks.

"She's well, son, but she thought she couldn't leave supper to come down to meet you. She has been cooking pretty much all day and worrying for fear the train would be late and your supper would spoil."

"Of course she has. When I am elected to the Academy mother will worry about my supper." Douglass felt a trifle nervous and made a dash for the shabby little street car which ever since he could remember had been drawn by mules that wore jingling bells on their collars.

A silence settled down over the occupants of the car as the mules trotted off. Douglass felt that his father stood somewhat in awe of him, or at least in awe of that dread Providence which ordered such dark things as that a hard-headed, money-saving real estate man should be the father of a white fingered playwright who spent more on his fads in a year than his father had saved by the thrift of a lifetime. All the hundred things Douglass had had to say seemed congested upon his tongue, and though he had a good measure of that cheerful assurance common to young people whom the world has made much of, he felt a strange embarrassment in the presence of this angular gray-whiskered man who used to warm his jacket for him in the hayloft.

His mother was waiting for him under the bittersweet vines on the porch, just where she had always stood to greet him when he came home for his college vacations, and, as Douglass had lived in a world

where the emotions are cultivated and not despised, he was not ashamed of the lump that rose in his throat when he took her in his arms. She hurried him out of the dark into the parlor lamplight and looked him over from head to foot to assure herself that he was still the handsomest of men, and then she told him to go into her bedroom to wash his face for supper. She followed him, unable to take her eyes from this splendid creature whom all the world claimed but who was only hers after all. She watched him take off his coat and collar, rejoicing in the freshness of his linen and the whiteness of his skin; even the color of his silk suspenders seemed a matter of importance to her.

"Douglass," she said impressively, "Mrs. Governor gives a reception for you to-morrow night, and I have promised her that you will read some selections from your plays."

This was a matter which was very near Mrs. Burnham's heart. Those dazzling first nights and receptions and author's dinners which happened out in the great world were merely hearsay, but it was a proud day when her son was held in honor by the women of her own town, of her own church; women she had shopped and marketed and gone to sewing circle with, women whose cakes and watermelon pickles won premiums over hers at the county fair.

"Read?" ejaculated Douglass, looking out over the towel and pausing in his brisk rubbing, "why, mother, dear, I can't read, not any more than a John rabbit. Besides,

plays aren't meant to be read. Let me give them one of my old stunts; 'The Polish Boy' or 'Regulus to the Carthaginians.'"

"But you must do it, my son; it won't do to disappoint Mrs. Governor. Margie was over this morning to see about it. She has grown into a very pretty girl." When his mother spoke in that tone Douglass acquiesced, just as naturally as he helped himself to her violet water, the same kind, he noticed, that he used to covertly sprinkle on his handkerchief when he was primping for Sunday school after she had gone to church.

"Mrs. Governor still leads the pack, then? What a civilizing influence she has been in this community. Taught most of us all the manners we ever knew. Little Margie has grown up pretty, you say? Well, I should never have thought it. How many boys have I slugged for yelling 'Reddy, go dye your hair green' at her. She was not an indifferent slugger herself and never exactly stood in need of masculine protection. What a wild Indian she was! Game, clear through, though! I never found such a mind in a girl. But *is* she a girl? I somehow always fancied she would grow up a man—and a ripping fine one. Oh, I see you are looking at me hard! No, mother, the girls don't trouble me much." His eyes met hers laughingly in the glass as he parted his hair. "You spoiled me so outrageously that women tell me frankly I'm a selfish cad and they will have none of me."

His mother handed him his coat

with a troubled glance. "I was afraid, my son, that some of those actresses—"

The young man laughed outright. "Oh, never worry about them, mother. Wait till you've seen them at rehearsals in soiled shirt-waists wearing out their antiques and doing what they call 'resting' their hair. Poor things! They have to work too hard to bother about being attractive."

He went out into the dining-room where the table was set for him just as it had always been when he came home on that same eight o'clock train from college. There were all his favorite viands and the old family silver spread on the white cloth with the maidenhair fern pattern, under the soft lamplight. It had been years since he had eaten by the mild light of a kerosene lamp. By his plate stood his own glass that his grandmother had given him with "For a Good Boy" ground on the surface which was dewy from the ice within. The other glasses were unclouded and held only fresh water from the pump, for his mother was very economical about ice and held the most exaggerated views as to the pernicious effects of ice water on the human stomach. Douglass only got it because he was the first dramatist of the country and a great man. When he decided that he would like a cocktail and asked for whiskey, his mother dealt him out a niggardly tablespoonful, saying, "That's as much as you ought to have at your age, Douglass." When he went out into the kitchen to greet the old servant and get some ice for his

drink, his mother hurried after him crying with solicitude,—

"I'll get the ice for you, Douglass. Don't you go into the refrigerator; you always leave the ice uncovered and it wastes."

Douglass threw up his hands, "Mother, whatever I may do in the world I shall never be clever enough to be trusted with that refrigerator. 'Into all the chambers of the palace mayest thou go, save into this thou shalt not go.'" And now he knew he was at home, indeed, for his father stood chuckling in the doorway, washing his hands from the milking, and the old servant threw her apron over her head to stifle her laughter at this strange reception of a celebrity. The memory of his luxurious rooms in New York, where he lived when he was an artist, faded dim; he was but a boy again in his father's house and must not keep supper waiting.

The next evening Douglass with resignation accompanied his father and mother to the reception given in his honor. The town had advanced somewhat since his day; and he was amused to see his father appear in an apology for a frock coat and a black tie, such as Kentucky politicians wear. Although people wore frock coats nowadays they still walked to receptions, and as Douglass climbed the hill the whole situation struck him as farcical. He dropped his mother's arm and ran up to the porch with his hat in his hand, laughing. "Margie!" he called, intending to dash through the house until he found her. But in the vestibule he bumped up against something large and splen-

did, then stopped and caught his breath. A woman stood in the dark by the hall lamp with a lighted match in her hand. She was in white and very tall. The match burned but a moment; a moment the light played on her hair, red as Etruscan gold and piled high above the curve of the neck and head; a moment upon the oval chin, the lips curving upward and red as a crimson cactus flower; the deep, gray, fearless eyes; the white shoulders framed about with darkness. Then the match went out, leaving Douglass to wonder whether, like Anchises, he had seen the vision that should forever blind him to the beauty of mortal women.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, backing toward the door, "I was looking for Miss Van Dyck. Is she—" Perhaps it was a mere breath of stifled laughter, perhaps it was a recognition by some sense more trustworthy than sight and subtler than mind; but there seemed a certain familiarity in the darkness about him, a certain sense of the security and peace which one experiences among dear and intimate things, and with widening eyes he said softly,—

"Tell me, is this Margie?"

There was just a murmur of laughter from the tall, white figure. "I was going to be presented to you in the most proper form, and now you've spoiled it all. How are you, Douglass, and did you get a whipping this time? You've played hooky longer than usual. Ten years, isn't it?" She put out her hand in the dark and he took it and drew it through his arm.

"No, I didn't get a whipping, but I may get worse. I wish I'd come back five years ago. I would if I had known," he said promptly.

The reading was just as stupid as he had said it would be, but his audience enjoyed it and he enjoyed his audience. There was the old deacon who had once caught him in his watermelon patch and set the dog on him; the president of the W. C. T. U., with her memorable black lace shawl and cane, who still continued to send him temperance tracts, mindful of the hundredth sheep in the parable; his old Sunday school teacher, a good man of limited information who never read anything but his Bible and Teachers' Quarterly, and who had once hung a cheap edition of "Camille" on the church Christmas tree for Douglass, with an inscription on the inside to the effect that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom. There was the village criminal lawyer, one of those brilliant wrecks sometimes found in small towns, who, when he was so drunk he could not walk, used to lie back in his office chair and read Shakespeare by the hour to a little barefoot boy. Next him sat the rich banker who used to offer the boys a quarter to hitch up his horse for him, and then drive off, forgetting all about the quarter. Then there were fathers and mothers of Douglass's old clansmen and vassals who were scattered all over the world now. After the reading Douglass spent half an hour chatting with nice tiresome old ladies who reminded him of how much he used to like their tea-cakes and cookies,

and answering labored compliments with genuine feeling. Then he went with a clear conscience and light heart whither his eyes had been wandering ever since he had entered the house.

"Margie, I needn't apologize for not recognizing you, since it was such an involuntary compliment. However did you manage to grow up like this? Was it boarding school that did it? I might have recognized you with your hair down, and oh, I'd know you anywhere when you smile! The teeth are just the same. Do you still crack nuts with them?"

"I haven't tried it for a long time. How remarkably little the years change you, Douglass. I haven't seen you since the night you brought out 'The Clover Leaf,' and I heard your curtain speech. Oh, I was very proud of our Pirate Chief!"

Douglass sat down on the piano stool and looked searchingly into her eyes, which met his with laughing frankness.

"What! you were in New York then and didn't let me know? There was a day when you wouldn't have treated me so badly. Didn't you want to see me just a little bit—out of curiosity?"

"Oh, I was visiting some school friends who said it would be atrocious to bother you, and the newspapers were full of interesting details about your being so busy that you ate and got shaved at the theatre. Then one's time isn't one's own when one is visiting, you know." She saw the hurt expression on his face and repented, add-

ing gayly, "But I may as well confess that I kept a sharp lookout for you on the street, and when I did meet you you didn't know me."

"And you didn't stop me? That's worse yet. How in Heaven's name was I to know you? Accost a goddess and say, 'Oh yes, you used to be a Pirate Chief and wear a butcher knife in your belt.' But I hadn't grown into an Apollo, save the mark! and you knew me well enough. I couldn't have passed you like that in a strange land."

"No, you do your duty by your countrymen, Douglass. You haven't grown haughty. One by one our old townspeople go out to see the world and bring us back tales of your glory. What unpromising specimens have you not dined and wined in New York! Why even old Skin Jackson, when he went to New York to have his eyes treated, you took to the Waldorf and to the Players' Club, where he drank with the Immortals. How do you have the courage to do it? *Did* he wear those dreadful gold nugget shirt studs that he dug up in Colorado when we were young?"

"Even the same, Margie, and he scored a hit with them. But you are dodging the point. When and where did you see me in New York?"

"Oh, it was one evening when you were crossing Madison Square. You were probably going to the theatre for Flashingham and Miss Grew were with you and you seemed in a hurry." Margie wished now that she had not mentioned the incident. "I remember that was the time I so deeply offended your

mother on my return by telling her that Miss Grew had announced her engagement to you. How did it come out? She certainly did announce it."

"Doubtless, but it was entirely a misunderstanding on the lady's part. We never were anything of the sort," said Douglass impatiently. "That is a disgusting habit of Edith's; she announces a new engagement every fortnight as mechanically as the butler announces dinner. About once a month she calls the dear Twelfth Night girls together to a solemn high tea and gently breaks the news of a new engagement, and they kiss and cry over her and say the things they have said a dozen times before and go away tittering. Why she has been engaged to every society chap in New York and to the whole Milton family, with the possible exception of Sir Henry, and her papa has cabled his blessing all over the known world to her. But it is a waste of time to talk about such nonsense; don't let's," he urged.

"I think it is very interesting; I don't indulge in weekly engagements myself. But there is one thing I do want to know, Douglass; I want to know how you did it."

"Did what?"

Margie threw out her hands with an impetuous gesture. "Oh, all of it, all the wonderful things you have done. You remember that night when we lay on the sand bar—"

"The Uttermost Desert," interrupted Douglass softly.

"Yes, the Uttermost Desert, and in the light of the driftwood fire we planned the conquest of the world?"

Well, other people plan, too, and fight and suffer and fail the world over, and a very few succeed at the bitter end when they are old and it is no longer worth while. But you have done it as they used to do it in the fairy tales, without soiling your golden armor, and I can't find one line in your face to tell me that you have suffered or found life bitter to your tongue. How have you cheated fate?"

Douglass looked about him and saw that the guests had thronged about the punchbowl, and his mother, beaming in her new black satin, was relating touching incidents of his infancy to a group of old ladies. He leaned forward, clasped his hands between his knees, and launched into an animated description of how his first play, written at college, had taken the fancy of an old school friend of his father's who had turned manager. The second, a political farce, had put him fairly on his feet. Then followed his historical drama, "Lord Fairfax," in which he had at first failed completely. He told her of those desperate days in New York when he would draw his blinds and work by lamplight until he was utterly exhausted, of how he fell ill and lost the thread of his play and used to wander about the streets trying to beat it out of the paving stones when the very policemen who jostled him on the crossings knew more about "Lord Fairfax" than he.

As he talked he felt the old sense of power, lost for many years; the power of conveying himself wholly to her in speech, of awakening in

her mind every tint and shadow and vague association that was in his at the moment. He quite forgot the beauty of the woman beside him in the exultant realization of comradeship, the egoistic satisfaction of being wholly understood. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Come, Margie, you're not playing fair, you're telling me nothing about yourself. What plays have you been playing? Pirate or enchanted princess or sleeping beauty or Helen of Troy, to the disaster of men?"

Margie sighed as she awoke out of the fairyland. Doug's tales were as wonderful as ever.

"Oh, I stopped playing long ago. I have grown up and you have not. Some one has said that is wherein geniuses are different; they go on playing and never grow up. So you see you're only a case of arrested development, after all."

"I don't believe it, you play still, I can see it in your eyes. And don't say genius to me. People say that to me only when they want to be disagreeable or tell me how they would have written my plays. The word is my bogie. But tell me, are the cat-tails ripe in the Salt Marshes, and will your mother let you wade if the sun is warm, and do the winds still smell sharp with salt when they blow through the mists at night?"

"Why, Douglass, did the wind always smell salty to you there too? It does to me yet, and you know there isn't a particle of salt there. Why did we ever name them the Salt Marshes?"

"Because they *were* the Salt Marshes and couldn't have had any

other name any more than the Far Island could. I went down to those pestiferous Maremme marshes in Italy to see whether they would be as real as our marshes, but they were not real at all; only miles and miles of bog. And do the nightingales still sing in the grove?"

"Yes. Other people call them ring doves—but they still sing there."

"And you still call them nightingales to yourself and laugh at the density of big people?"

"Yes, sometimes."

Later in the evening Douglass found another opportunity, and this time he was fortunate enough to encounter Margie alone as she was crossing the veranda.

"Do you know why I have come home in June, instead of July as I had intended, Margie? Well, sit down and let me tell you. They don't need you in there just now. About a month ago I changed my apartment in New York, and as I was sorting over my traps I came across a box of childish souvenirs. Among them was a faded bit of paper on which a map was drawn with elaborate care. It was the map of an island with curly blue lines all around it to represent water, such as we used always to draw around the continents in our geography class. On the west coast of the island a red sword was sticking upright in the earth. Beneath this scientific drawing was an inscription to the effect that *'whoso should dig twelve paces west of the huge fallen tree, in direct line with the path made by the setting sun on the water on the*

tenth day of June, should find the great treasure and his heart's desire!'"

Margie laughed and applauded gently with her hands. "And so you have come to dig for it; come two thousand miles almost. There's a dramatic situation for you. I have my map still, and I've often contemplated going down to Far Island and digging, but it wouldn't have been fair, for the treasure was really yours, after all."

"Well, you are going now, and on the tenth day of June, that's next Friday, for that's what I came home for, and I had to spoil the plans and temper of a manager and all his company to do it."

"Nonsense, there are too many mosquitoes on Far Island and I mind them more than I used to. Besides there are no good boats like the *Jolly Rodger* nowadays."

"We'll go if I have to build another *Jolly Rodger*. You can't make me believe you are afraid of mosquitoes. I know too well the mettle of your pasture. Please do, Margie, please." He used his old insidious coaxing tone.

"Douglass, you have made me do dreadful things enough by using that tone of voice to me. I believe you used to hypnotize me. Will you never, never grow up?"

"Never so long as there are pirate's treasures to dig for and you will play with me, Margie. Oh, I wish I had some of the cake that Alice ate in Wonderland and could make you a little girl again."

That night, after the household was asleep, Douglass went out for a walk about the old town, treading the ways he had trod when he was a

founder of cities and a leader of hosts. But he saw few of the old landmarks, for the blaze of Etruscan gold was in his eyes, and he felt as a man might feel who in some sleepy humdrum Italian village had unearthed a new marble goddess, as beautiful as she of Milo; and he felt as a boy might feel who had lost all his favorite marbles and his best pea shooter and the dog that slept with him, and had found them all again. He tried to follow, step by step, the wonderful friendship of his childhood.

A child's normal attitude toward the world is that of the artist, pure and simple. The rest of us have to do with the solids of this world, whereas only their form and color exist for the painter. So, in every wood and street and building there are things, not seen of older people at all, which make up their whole desirableness or objectionableness to children. There are maps and pictures formed by cracks in the walls of bare and unsightly sleeping chambers which make them beautiful; smooth places on the lawn where the grass is greener than anywhere else and which are good to sit upon; trees which are valuable by reason of the peculiar way in which the branches grow, and certain spots under the scrub willows along the creek which are in a manner sacred, like the sacrificial groves of the Druids, so that a boy is almost afraid to walk there. Then there are certain carpets which are more beautiful than others, because with a very little help from the imagination they become the rose garden of the Thousand and One

Nights; and certain couches which are peculiarly adapted for playing Sindbad in his days of ease, after the toilsome voyages were over. A child's standard of value is so entirely his own, and his peculiar part and possessions in the material objects around him are so different from those of his elders, that it may be said his rights are granted by a different lease. To these two children the entire external world, like the people who dwelt in it, had been valued solely for what they suggested to the imagination, and people and places alike were merely stage properties, contributing more or less to the intensity of their inner life.

II.

"Green leaves a-floating
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating
When will all come home?"

Sang Douglass as they pulled from the mill wharf out into the rapid current of the river, which that morning seemed the most beautiful and noble of rivers, an enchanted river flowing peacefully out of Arcady with the Happy Isles somewhere in the distance. The ripples were touched with silver and the sky was as blue as though it had just been made to-day; the cow bells sounded faintly from the meadows along the shore like the bells of fairy cities ringing on the day the prince errant brought home his bride; the meadows that sloped to the water's edge were the greenest in all the world because they were the meadows of the long ago; and the flowers that grew there

were the freshest and sweetest of growing things because once, long ago in the golden age, two children had gathered other flowers like them, and the beauties of vanished summers were everywhere. Douglass sat in the end of the boat, his back to the sun and his straw hat tilted back on his head, pulling slowly and feeling that the day was fine rather than seeing it; for his eyes were fixed upon his helmsman in the other end of the boat, who sat with her hat in her lap, shading her face with a white parasol, and her wonderful hair piled high on her head like a helmet of gleaming bronze.

Of all the possessions of their childhood's Wonderland, Far Island had been dearest; it was graven on their hearts as Calais was upon Mary Tudor's. Long before they had set foot upon it the island was the goal of their loftiest ambitions and most delightful imaginings. They had wondered what trees grew there and what delightful spots were hidden away under the matted grapevines. They had even decided that a race of kindly dwarfs must inhabit it and had built up a civilization and historic annals for these imaginary inhabitants, surrounding the sand bar with all the mystery and enchantment which was attributed to certain islands of the sea by the mariners of Greece. Douglass and Margie had sometimes found it expedient to admit other children into their world, but for the most part these were but hewers of wood and drawers of water, who helped to shift the scenery and construct the balcony and place the king's throne,

and were no more in the atmosphere of the play than were the supers who watched Mr. Keane's famous duel with Richmond. Indeed Douglass frequently selected the younger and more passive boys for his vassals on the principle that they did as they were bid and made no trouble. But there is something of the explorer in the least imaginative of boys, and when Douglass came to the building of his famous boat, the *Jolly Rodger*, he found willing hands to help him. Indeed the sawing and hammering, the shavings and cut fingers and blood blisters fell chiefly to the lot of dazzled lads who claimed no part in the craft, and who gladly trotted and sweated for their board and keep in this fascinating play world which was so much more exhilarating than any they could make for themselves.

"Think of it, Margie, we are really going back to the island after so many years, just you and I, the captain and his mate. Where are the other gallant lads that sailed with us then?"

"Where are the snows of yester' year?" sighed Margie softly. "It is very sad to grow up."

"Sad for them, yes. But we have never grown up, you know, we have only grown more considerate of our complexions," nodding at the parasol. "What a little mass of freckles you used to be, but I liked you freckled, too. Let me see: old Temp is commanding a regiment in the Philippines, and Bake has a cattle ranch in Wyoming, Mac is a government clerk in Washington, Jim keeps his father's hardware store, poor Ned and Shorty went down in

a catboat on the Hudson while they were at college (I went out to hunt for the bodies, you know), and old Rhine is selling sewing machines; he never did get away at all, did he?"

"No, not for any length of time. You know it used to frighten Rhine to go to the next town to see a circus. He went to Arizona once for his lungs, but his family never could tell where he was for he headed all his letters 'Empire City, Nebraska,' from habit."

"Oh, that's delightful, Margie, you must let me use that. Rhine would carry Empire City through Europe with him and never know he was out of it. Have I told you about Pagie? Well, you know Pagie is travelling for a New York tailoring house and I let his people make some clothes for me that I had to give to Flashingham's valet. When he first came to town he tried to be gay, with his fond mother's prayers still about him, a visible nimbus, and the Sunday school boy written all over his open countenance and downy lip and large, white butter teeth. But I know, at heart, he still detested naughty words and whiskey made him sick. One day I was standing at the Hoffman House bar with some fellows, when a slender youth, who looked like a nice girl masquerading as a rake, stepped up and ordered a claret and seltzer. The whine was unmistakable. I turned and said, even before I had looked at him squarely, 'Oh, Pagie! if your mother saw you here!'"

"Poor Pagie! I'll warrant he would rather have had bread and sugar. Do you remember how, at

the Sunday school concerts on Children's Day, you and Pagie and Shorty and Temp used to stand in a row behind the flower wreathed pulpit rail, all in your new round-about suits with large silk bows tied under your collars, your hands behind you, and assure us with sonorous voices that you would come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves? Somehow, even then, I never doubted that you would do it."

The keel grated on the sand and Douglass sprang ashore and gave her his hand.

"Descend, Oh, Miranda, upon your island! Do you know, Margie, it makes me seem fifteen again to feel this sand crunching under my feet. I wonder if I ever again shall feel such a thrill of triumph as I felt when I first leaped upon this sand bar? None of my first nights have given me anything like it. Do you remember *really*, and did you feel the same?"

"Of course I remember, and I knew that you were playing a double rôle that day, and that you were really the trail-breaker and world-finder inside of the pirate all the while. Here are the same ripple marks on the Silvery Beaches, and here is the great arched tree, let's run for it." She started fleetly across the glittering sand and Douglass fell behind to watch with immoderate joy that splendid, generous body that governed itself so well in the open air. There was a wholesomeness of the sun and soil in her that was utterly lacking in the women among whom he had lived for so long. She had preserved that strength of arm and

freedom of limb that had made her so fine a playfellow, and which modern modes of life have well-nigh robbed the world of altogether. Surely, he thought, it was like that that Diana's women sped after the stag down the slopes of Ida, with shouting and bright spear. She caught an overhanging branch and swung herself upon the embankment and, leaning against the trunk of a tree, awaited him flushed and panting, her bosom rising and falling with her quick drawn breaths.

"Why did you close the tree behind you, Margie? I have always wanted to see just how Dryads keep house," he exclaimed, brushing away a dried leaf that had fallen on her shoulder.

"Don't strain your inventive powers to make compliments, Douglass; this is your vacation and you are to rest your imagination. See, the willows have scarcely grown at all. I'm sure we shall hear Pagie whimpering over there on the Uttermost Desert where we marooned him, or singing hymns to keep up his courage. Now for the Huge Fallen Tree. Do you suppose the floods have moved it?"

They struck through the dense willow thicket, matted with fragrant wild grapevines which Douglass beat down with his spade, and came upon the great white log, the bleached skeleton of a tree, and found the cross hacked upon it, the rough gashes of the hatchet now worn smooth by the wind and rain and the seething of spring freshets. Near the cross were cut the initials of the entire pirate crew; some of them were cut on gravestones now.

The scrub willows had grown over the spot where they had decided the treasure must lie, and together they set to work to break them away. Douglass paused more than once to watch the strong young creature beside him, outlined against the tender green foliage, reaching high and low and snapping the withes where they were weakest. He was still wondering whether it was not all a dream picture, and was half afraid that his man would call him to tell him that some piqued and faded woman was awaiting him at the theatre to quarrel about her part.

"Still averse to manual labor, Douglass?" she laughed as she turned to bend a tall sapling. "The most remarkable thing about your enthusiasm was that you had only to sing of the glories of toil to make other people do all the work for you."

"No, Margie, I was thinking very hard indeed—about the Thracian women when they broke the boughs wherewith they flayed unhappy Orpheus."

"Now, Douglass, you'll spoil the play. A sentimental pirate is impossible. Pagie was a sentimental pirate and that was what spoiled him. A little more of this and I will maroon you upon the Uttermost Desert."

Douglass laughed and settled himself back among the green boughs and gazed at her with the abandoned admiration of an artist contemplating a masterpiece.

When they came to the digging of the treasure a little exertion was enough to unearth what had seemed hidden so fabulously deep in olden time. The chest was rotten and fell

apart as the spade struck it, but the glass jar was intact, covered with sand and slime. Douglass spread his handkerchief upon the sand and weighted the corners down with pebbles and upon it poured the treasure of Far Island. There was the manuscript written in blood, a confession of fantastic crimes, and the Spaniard's heart in a bottle of alcohol, and Temp's Confederate bank notes, damp and grewsome to the touch, and Pagie's rare tobacco tags, their brilliant colors faded entirely away, and poor Shorty's bars of tinfoil, dull and eaten with rust.

"And, Douglass," cried Margie, "there is your father's silver ring that was made from a nugget; he whipped you for burying it. You remember it was given to a Christian knight by an English queen, and when he was slain before Jerusalem a Saracen took it and we killed the Saracen in the desert and cut off his finger to get the ring. It is strange how those wild imaginings of ours seem, in retrospect, realities, things that I actually lived through. I suppose that in cold fact my life was a good deal like that of other little girls who grow up in a village; but whenever I look back on it, it is all exultation and romance,—sea fights and splendid galleys and Roman triumphs and brilliant caravans winding through the desert."

"To people who live by imagination at all, that is the only life that goes deep enough to leave memories. We were artists in those days, creating for the day only; making epics sung once and then forgotten, building empires that set with the

sun. Nobody worked for money then, and nobody worked for fame, but only for the joy of the doing. Keats said the same thing more elegantly in his May Day Ode, and we were not so unlike those Hellenic poets who were content to sing to the shepherds and forget and be forgotten, 'rich in the simple worship of a day.'"

"Why, Douglass," she cried as she bent her face down to the little glass jar, "it was really our childhood that we buried here, never guessing what a precious thing we were putting under the ground. That was the real treasure of Far Island, and we might dig up the whole island for it but all the king's horses and all the king's men could not bring it back to us. That voyage we made to bury our trinkets, just before you went away to school, seems like unconscious symbolism, and somehow it stands out from all the other good times we knew then as the happiest of all." She looked off where the setting sun hung low above the water."

"Shall I tell you why, Margie? That was the end of our childhood, and there the golden days died in a blaze of glory, passed in music out of sight. That night, after our boat had drifted away from us, when we had to wade down the river hand in hand, we two, and the noises and the coldness of the water frightened us, and there were quicksands and sharp rocks and deep holes to shun, and terrible things lurking in the woods on the shore, you cried in a different way from the way you sometimes cried when you hurt yourself, and I found that I loved

you afraid better than I had ever loved you fearless, and in that moment we grew up, and shut the gates of Eden behind us, and our empire was at an end."

"And now we are only kings in exile," sighed Margie, softly, "who wander back to look down from the mountain tops upon the happy land we used to rule."

Douglass took her hand gently; "If there is to be any Eden on earth again for us, dear, we must make it with our two hearts."

There was a sudden brightness of tears in her eyes, and she drew away from him. "Ah, Douglass, you are determined to spoil it all. It is you who have grown up and taken on the ways of the world. The play is at an end for me." She tried to rise, but he held her firmly.

"From the moment I looked into your eyes in the vestibule that night we have been parts of the same dream again. Why, Margie, we have more romance behind us than most men and women ever live."

Margie's face grew whiter, but she pushed his hand away and the look in her eyes grew harder. "This is only a new play, Douglass, and you will weary of it to-morrow. I am not so good at playing as I used to be. I am no longer content with the simple worship of a day."

In her touch, in her white face, he divined the greatness of what she had to give. He bit his lip and answered, "I think you owe me more confidence than that, if only for the sake of those days when we trusted each other entirely."

She turned with a quick flash of remorseful tenderness, as she used

to do when she hurt him at play. "I only want to keep you from hurting us both, Douglass. We neither of us could go on feeling like this. It's only the dregs of the old enchantment. Things have always come easily to you, I know, for at your birth nature and fortune joined to make you great. But they do not come so to me; I should wake and weep."

"Then weep, my princess, for I will wake you now!"

The fire and fancy that had so bewitched her girlhood that no other man had been able to dim the memory of it came furiously back upon her, with arms that were new and strange and strong, and with tenderness stranger still in this wild fellow of dreams and jests; and all her vows never to grace another of his Roman triumphs were forgotten.

"You are right, Margie; the pirate play is ended and the time has come to divide the prizes, and I choose what I chose fifteen years ago. Out of the spoils of a lifetime of crime and bloodshed I claimed only the captive princess, and I claim her still. I have sought the world over for her, only to find her at last in the land of lost content."

Margie lifted her face from his shoulder, and, after the manner of women of her kind, she played her last card rhapsodically. "And she, O Douglass! the years she has waited have been longer than the waiting of Penelope, and she has woven a thousand webs of dreams by night and torn them asunder by day, and looked out across the Salt Marshes for the night train, and still

you did not come. I was only your pensioner like Shorty and Temp and the rest, and I could not play anything alone. You took my world with you when you went and left me only a village of mud huts and my loneliness."

As her eyes and then her lips met his in the dying light, he knew that she had caught the spirit of the play, and that she would ford the river by night with him again and never be afraid.

The locust chirped in the thicket; the setting sun threw a track of flame across the water; the willows burned with fire and were not consumed; a glory was upon the sand and the river and upon the Silvery

Beaches; and these two looked about over God's world and saw that it was good. In the western sky the palaces of crystal and gold were quenched in night, like the cities of old empires; and out of the east rose the same moon that has glorified all the romances of the world,—that lighted Paris over the blue Ægean and the feet of young Montague to the Capulets' orchard. The dinner hour in Empire City was long past, but the two upon the island wist naught of these things, for they had become as the gods, who dwell in their golden houses, recking little of the woes and labors of mortals, neither heeding any fall of rain or snow.

Survival

By Charlotte Becker

I THINK if I were in a desert place,
 Beyond all sight or sound of human bliss,
 My fate were lighter to endure than this—
 This watching life and love grow on apace
 In others' eyes, when mine would strain through space
 To seek the look I may not know again—
 This answering to others' jests, when pain
 Commands I wear a mask before my face.

Ah, far away within the happy past,
 I had no prescience of the endless days
 Of those who walk uncomforted through ways
 Where other lives pass joyful; nor the vast
 Grim loneliness that naught may reconcile
 For one whose grief lies hid behind a smile!



THE MAYFLOWER

The Tourist and the Native

By Ethel Hobart

Illustrated from Photographs by James Mills

I.

"AM I on the right way to the Rock?" asked she. "My sakes, ain't it hot!"

I was standing at the opening in the fence on Water Street, just below Chilton, with a pitcher of spring water in my hand, when the Tourist came along from the ten o'clock train. She was large and arrayed in hot black, with a handkerchief tucked into her collar. She had a Boston bag and a red guidebook. I knew her: I had seen her type before.

"Have some," said I, "you can drink right out of the pitcher."

She drank gratefully, then wanted to know where such good water came from.

"I'll show you," I said; and she followed me down the steps to the spring.

"Well," said she, sitting down heavily on the wooden box that covers the pipe from which the water flows, "them kids seem to be having a good time! So near the sea—ain't it a wonder it don't taste salty at all."

I said it was, and explained to her that sometimes in winter, when the tides ran high, the spring was actually covered by the sea. And I told her

that the shore has many such springs; they say that is one reason why the Pilgrims stayed on our forbidding coast. The Tourist, at the word "Pilgrim," wearily pricked up her ears, as though suddenly remembering what she was there for.

"I want to know!" said she, fanning herself with her lemon-colored time-table.

"Yes," I said, "there's the Elder Brewster spring, for instance, in the centre of the town. And in Governor Bradford's history—"

"I'm goin' to read that when I get back," said she.

"In Governor Bradford's history it speaks of the exceeding number of springs of clear, sweet water," I went on, feeling like the red guidebook.

"I'm coolin' off fine," remarked the Tourist contentedly. "You a native?"

I admitted it.

"You mean you live here all winter?"

I said I did.

"Ain't it dreadful lonesome?" said she.

I laughed.



THE SPRING

"No," I said.

"I come from Michigan," she stated combatively, as though she expected me to contradict her.

"Yes?" I said.

"What's that factory?" said the Tourist.

I told her.

"What's that out there?" she said, looking across the blue bay, and beyond the gleaming white beach.

"With the trees?" I said. "That's Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims are said to have spent their first Sunday."

"Oh!" said she.

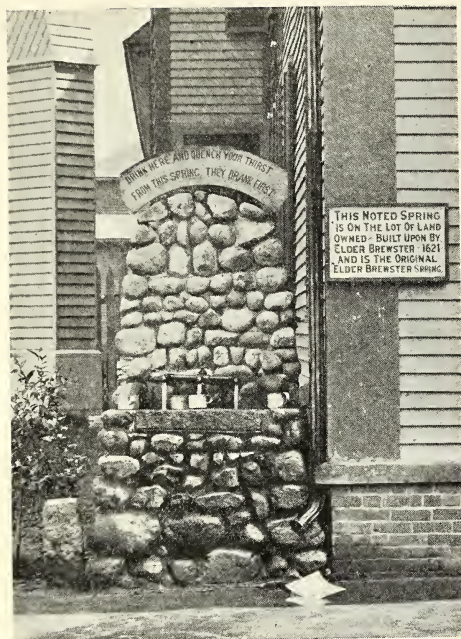
She began to get to her feet.

"How far is the Rock?" she asked.

I explained that it was but a few moments' walk straight along the road.



THEM KIDS



THE BREWSTER SPRING

"Where do tourists generally eat?"

"Generally?" I said. "Well, generally they bring hard boiled eggs in shoe boxes, and eat on our banking. Then they leave the boxes and shells with us," I remarked.

But the Tourist was pondering.

"Never once thought of bringing my lunch," said she. "And I might have, just as well as not."

I told her of a restaurant where she could go, and suggested that she could "do" the Rock and the Hall before lunch.

"Memorial Hall?"

"Yes, Pilgrim Hall," I said.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents," I replied.

"I like to know beforehand," said she.

"So do I," I said. "Aren't you tired?"

"Me?" she answered. "Land, no!

I did Concord, Monday; and Boston, Tuesday; and this to-day; and to-morrow I'm going to Salem. There," she said, taking a last drink from the pitcher, "nothing better than good water *I* say. Pleased to have met you. Good day."

"Good-by," I murmured.

I watched her for a moment, lumbering, indomitable and serene, along the dusty, glaring road to the Rock.

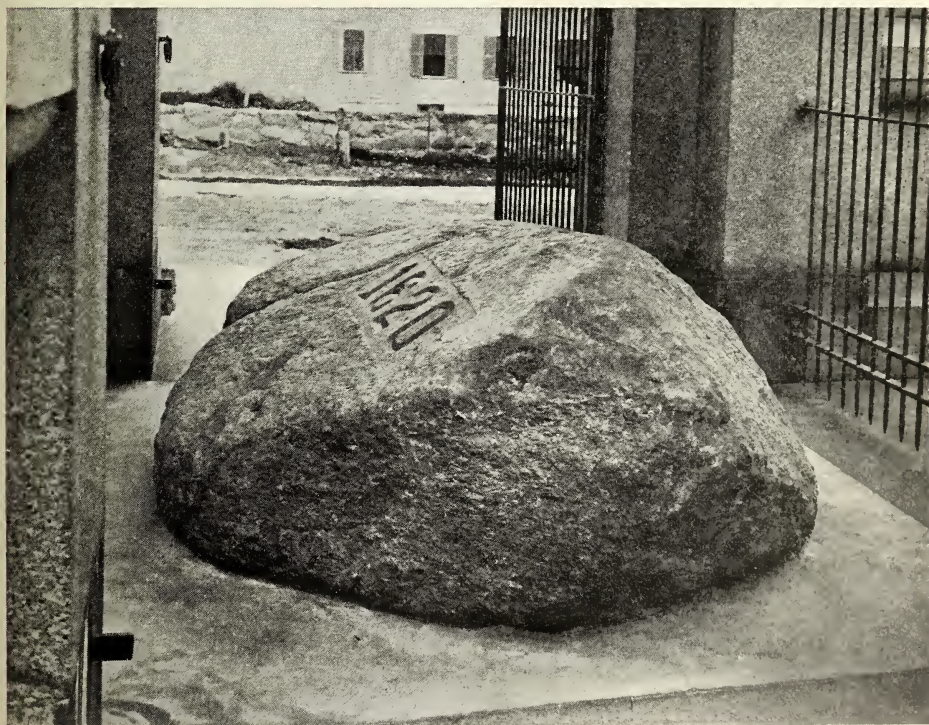
II.

Instead of seeing through tourists' eyes, and knowing through the fact-bound medium of a guidebook, it is a great privilege to absorb through one's daily life the historic atmosphere of the town. It is an unconscious process; you hardly realize, until after you have left it, that Pilgrim memories have quietly, imperceptibly merged themselves into your feeling for Plymouth.

But we children, little Pilgrim de-



PILGRIM HALL



THE ROCK



YE OLDE TOWNE BROOKE

scendants, all of us, what did we care? We played among the curious old stones on Burial Hill, and the brave ones among us coasted down its steep sides. We played, too, by y^e olde Towne Brooke; we drank through long dandelion stems from the springs along the shore. But I must confess, that thinking of those springs, my memory dwells not on their Pilgrim associations first of all. It is the bitter taste of the dandelion stem that comes back to me, and the feeling of the damp, cool grass against my face. It is our joy in the "fairy boats" the bubbles made, that I remember, as the water came up through the sand, in the bottom of the moss-grown, sunken barrel.

We wandered into Pilgrim Hall sometimes, to get a drink of ice water from the cooler in the basement. If we were not caught at it, we would run across the broad, bare floors, and shout a little that we might hear the echoes.

What were Pilgrim memories to us? And yet, unconscious as we were, a childhood in Plymouth is not quite like any other. And though Plymouth calls you back to it, as any native town must do, there is a something added to the natural home feeling. The wooded hills and the sea come back to your memory. You think of the gleam of the white dunes of the beach. You dream of the suffused pink light on



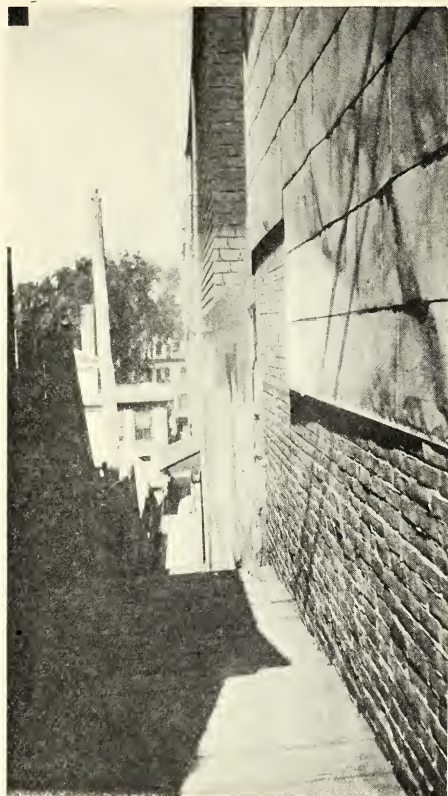
INSIDE PILGRIM HALL

Clark's Island at sunset time. And then, inconsequently enough, you think of the queer little alley with its steps, in the very heart of the town. Absurd names like "Jabez Corner," and "Jumping Hill" come again to your recollection. You would not if you could, perhaps, slip back into the tranquil, limited life. And yet, how gladly would you roam through the bare woods in April, just for one day, to push aside dead leaves, and find the arbutus. You remember the spot where grew the pinkest of the pink. It was on the Manomet road over the Pine Hills, just before you turn into the path that leads to Cleft Rock.

But to your feeling about the

country, just the home feeling, there is added, unconsciously perhaps, that intangible atmosphere of gathered associations. You cannot but compare the country as you know and love it, with that earlier, wilder one. It is not historical interest; it is rather a certain fellow feeling; the very smell of the sea, and the saltiness of the breezes you share with your Pilgrim townspeople.

For instance, one can hardly stroll in the sunshine about the Burial Hill behind the town, among the grotesque cherubs on the old slate stones, without unconsciously going back more than two hundred years. As far as you can see, the town straggles north and south along the water front. Inland are



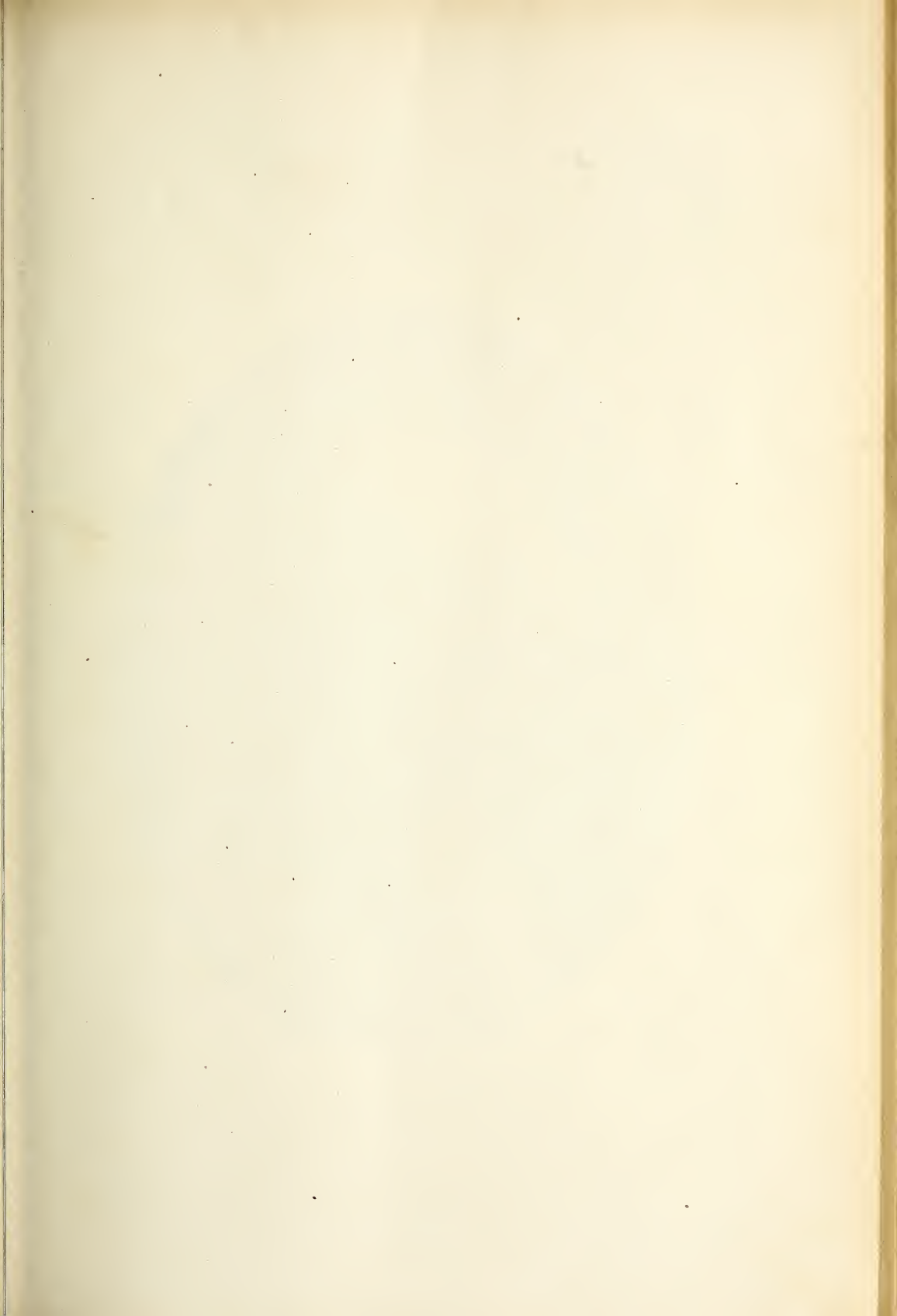
QUEER LITTLE ALLEY

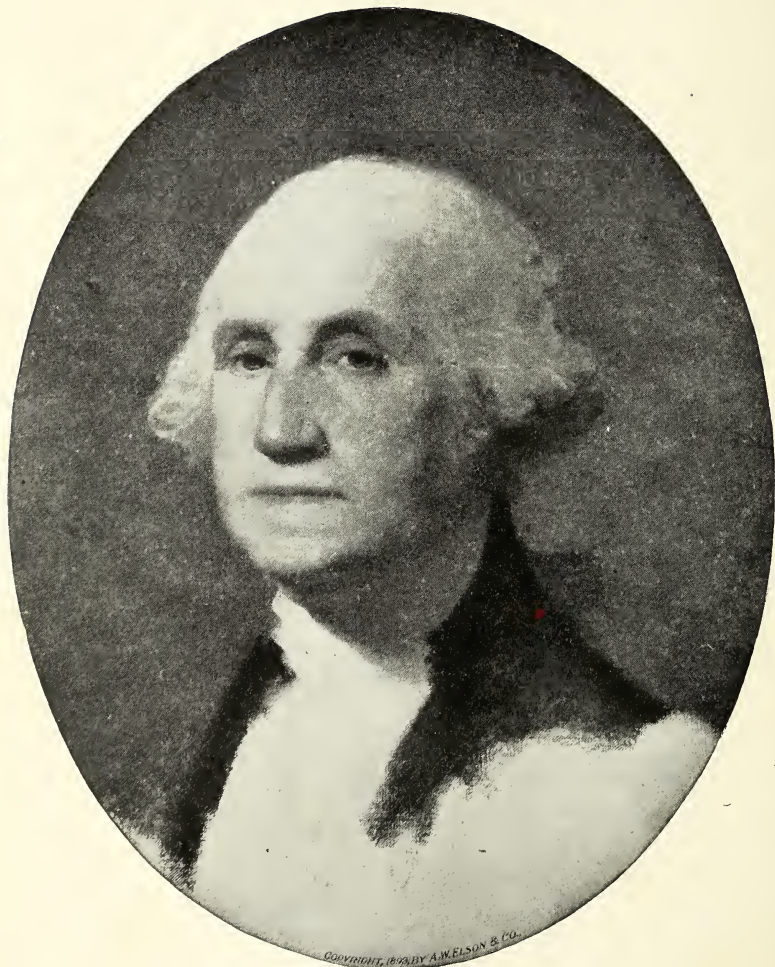
rolling, grassy hills. To your right, the noble Manomet headland juts

straight out into the sea. Before you over the clustering roofs of the town, and the tops of the elms, you can see the harbor shining bright and blue in the morning sunshine, as it nestles in the long arm of the beach. Beyond, you see the Gurnet, and the outside ocean. Your mind unconsciously drifts away from the mere loveliness of the view; the country begins to mean for you the courage, the vital courage of those Pilgrim wanderers. Historic associations are impersonal and far removed, but a courage like that, only accented by the intervening years, comes to your own experience with an unexpected thrill. In your heart you know that you would have turned back a hundred times. Alas! is there anything for which we would brave, not only privation and death, but that ceaseless, aching homesickness for sunny fields and English lanes? It helps one to understand a little, to live one's daily life among such memories; it is good to be "native-born."



CLUSTERING ROOFS OF THE TOWN





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GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the Athenæum Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

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Washington and the Town He Loved So Well

By Alexander Cameron

MIDWAY between Washington and Mount Vernon there lies a little town, so quaint, so charming, so historical, that to wander along its broad streets lined with fine old trees, to view its grass-grown cobblestones of prodigious size, and its many buildings of Revolutionary antiquity, is to touch once more the life of the eighteenth century, is to walk again in a past rich with associations. For this is the little city George Washington most loved, the place whose military, social, civil and commercial interests he did most to further and for whom Lafayette offered his famous toast:—"The City of Alexandria: May her prosperity and happiness

more and more realize the fondest wishes of our venerated Washington."

The first we hear of the spot is when Captain John Smith landed, in 1608, on his way to discover a passage to the East Indies and far Cathay. Nine days he lingered with the friendly Indians, before he continued his voyage of discovery, only to be turned back by the Falls of the Potomac. A silence falls until October, 1669, when a colonial land patent was issued to Captain Robert Howsen, who, one month later, sold it to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco,—rather a hard bargain for the former hunting grounds of the Toag Indians, comprising six thousand acres of land and



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MOUNT VERNON

nine miles of river front on the Powtowmak!

In 1677 some settlers were sent to occupy, for a short time, the new possessions, but not until 1730, two years before Washington was born and one year before his half-brother Lawrence founded the estate of Mount Vernon, did the little community of Belle Haven, as it was then called, spring into existence, with its one great warehouse of Oronoko tobacco and its one thoroughfare called Oronoco Street. Soon three beautiful homes were built within easy riding distance of the other,—Mount Vernon, the home of the Washingtons, Belvoir, the residence of William Fairfax, who was acting in behalf of his cousin, Lord Fairfax, and the Carlyle house at Belle Haven.

It is not strange that Belle Haven should have been so beloved by Washington, since the two grew up together. The little hamlet merged into a vil-

lage, as the child, familiar with every portion of the place, developed into manhood, and at the age of sixteen, was proud to assist in surveying and laying out the town, to which a new name was to be given. A most beautiful haven it had been to those early settlers, but now it was to assume more progress, more activity, and as the House of Burgesses authorized it to be formed into a town, so it authorized it to be known in future as Alexandria, in honor of the descendants of John Alexander, Earl of Stirling. As the town had been named in deference to the Earl, dead now for many a long day, so it was deemed proper to show full appreciation of the present gentleman of title, Thomas, the sixth Lord Fairfax and Baron of Cameron, who had inherited through his mother, the daughter of the late Lord Colepepper, the vast estate of five million acres known as the "Northern Neck," comprising all the land lying between the

Rappahannock and the Potomac. He was one of whom the Alexandrians might well be proud; a man of irreproachable character, a fine scholar, with the true Englishman's love of the chase, courteous and dignified, he was beloved and honored by all. In 1747 he left England to settle in Virginia; in 1749 he was elected one of the first trustees of the town, for he had become much attached to the people, making their interests his. Therefore, the principal street running from east to west was called Cameron, to the south of which the streets were to be known as King, Prince, Duke; to the north, as Queen, Princess and Duchess, afterwards changed to Oronoco. The two streets to cross these at right angles and parallel with the Potomac were Fairfax Street and Princess Roy-

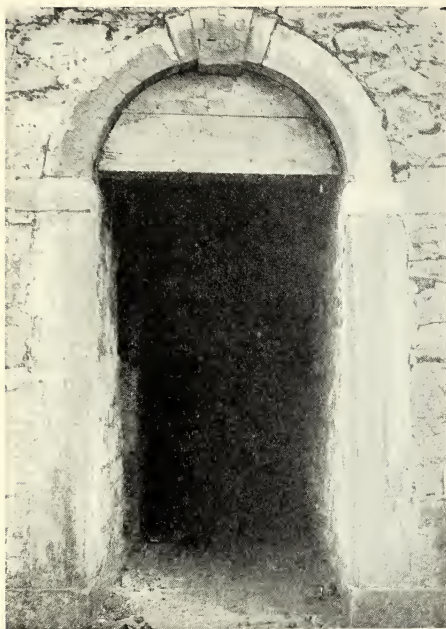
al. Thus with a desire to do honor to her most prominent men and with loving thoughts of loyalty to the mother country, the royal titles were adopted, and are still retained; and nowhere throughout the colonies could his Majesty find more enthusiastic subjects than in this little community, where even the streets bore testimony of the homage and affection which were offered with the heartiest good will.

Her chief hostelry, where centered all the life and bustle of the town, was called the "Royal George;" it was the booking-place for the northern mail,—the connecting link, as it were, between the North and South, and the arrival and departure of that mail was quite the event of the day. Later on, in Revolutionary times, the "Royal George" became a recruiting station



From a negative by Leet Bros. loaned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association

THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON



ENTRANCE TO OLD FORT ON WHICH CARLYLE
HOUSE IS BUILT

for soldiers to enlist against His Majesty, the King.

The most imposing residence the town possessed was, of course, the one John S. Carlyle had erected in 1732, constructed of Portland stone shipped from the Isle of Wight in exchange for the famous Oronoko tobacco. The house was well situated,—in the rear the lawn sloped down to the Potomac and on the portico one could sit and watch the vessels, from over the seas, glide into the haven that ever appeared most beautiful, and in front, like watchful sentinels, a double row of Lombardy poplars kept guard over the stately home, where hospitality was offered with a lavish hand and where good cheer and kindness were ever to be found. The woodwork of the interior of the house is regarded as the best specimen of colonial style; the windows, doorways, mantels, the

primitive cupboards, the heavy carved frieze, even the chair-board are all in exquisite taste. Here in the great drawing-room of gold and white, Washington was often to be seen taking part in the minuet and one could catch a glimpse of the dainty room in blue and white across the hall. But there was another side to all this brightness and gaiety, as the dungeons of the house could testify, where in times of attack by the Indians, the household sought protection, or by means of the subterranean passage, as at Mount Vernon, an escape was offered by way of the Potomac, and the happy youths in powdered wigs, beruffled shirts, knee breeches and silk hose, who could step with so light a heart in the dance, could also draw their swords and fight for the protection of their homes and for the honor of their King.

The French and Indians were seriously interfering with the commercial interests of the prospering little town. In February, 1752, fairs or markets had been established and the Alexandrians were justly proud of this their new enterprise and eager for its success. By an act of the House of Burgesses it was provided that two fairs were to be held "annually on the last Thursday in May and the last Thursday in October, continuing two days." Every one was encouraged to bring "cattle, victuals, provisions, goods, wares & merchandizes whatsoever," and as an inducement, were exempt from all "arrests or executions, except for offences committed during the time of the fair." But those living beyond the borders of the town were so intimidated by the Indians that to convey their produce to Alexandria



CARLYLE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA

became a hazardous, if not an impossible task. Something must be done; so on April 2, 1754, Washington, a young man of twenty-two, led the first troop of soldiers, a valiant little band of one hundred and fifty Alexandrians, out for the protection of his people and for the chastisement of the Indians, who were aided by the French. Three months later, July 4th, he was obliged to capitulate to the French at Fort Necessity, but no disgrace was attached to the surrender and he was permitted to march out with the honors of war.

The next year England sent one of her ablest generals to cope with the situation, to mature plans for the government of the colonies and to establish peace upon the borders. A gallant troop of redcoats arrived in Alexandria in 1755, and while doubtless the "Royal George" and the new tavern known as Gadsby's afforded entertainment for many, yet Major Carlyle with true Virginia hospitality urged General Braddock to be his guest throughout his stay in the colonies. Summoned to meet him were the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, a goodly company of men for the little Virginia town to welcome and loyally she strove to do honor to the representatives of the King. While doubtless the laugh and jest prevailed, the latest court news was discussed, and royal bumpers drunk to King George and merry England, this council also devised the plan of taxation for the colonies which neither they nor Parliament ever dreamed would result in the Revolution.

After Braddock had disposed of this part of his labor, he turned his atten-

tion to the wars with the French and Indians. Desirous of securing all possible information and knowing of the previous expedition under the guidance of Washington, he sent to Mount Vernon, requesting that young man to appear before him. Washington obeyed the summons and related his experience of the manner in which the Indians conducted their wars. Had Braddock profited by these suggestions his memorable defeat might have been avoided, but he declined to allow the English troops to adopt any but English methods, yet he offered Washington a military commission with the title of major. These interviews converted the beautiful blue room of the Carlyle house into a council chamber of war.

With banners flying and with every thought of success, except perhaps in the mind of Washington, blithely the red-coats and the few Virginians marched out of the town over the King's Highway, the first public post road in the colonies. For them it was only a path of glory with no shadow of a thought that it would lead so speedily to the grave, and when ten weeks later Braddock and so many of his English soldiers lost their lives in that terrific struggle at Monongahela, twenty-five of the twenty-nine Alexandrians who went forth to battle were left dead on the field. Washington was the only officer who survived. To use his own words: "I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt altho' death was levelling my companions on every side of me." Fighting desperately, he held his ground until an Indian chief, who had watched him with admiration, cried

"Fire at him no more. See ye not that the Great Spirit protects that chief. He cannot die in battle." Braddock had been mortally wounded on July 9th, but he lingered four days and was then buried at Great Meadows, near Pittsburg, Washington reading over the unfortunate General the beautiful and impressive service for the burial of the dead as provided for by the Episcopal Church, of which they were both members. It was stated in the official record that "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers." Thus England gave them their full share of glory.

For the next twenty years Washington is to be seen a familiar figure in the thriving little town, knowing every one, welcomed everywhere. Of a most social nature, he dearly loved the dance and took a leading part in the assemblies held at the "Royal George." The toilets of the fair ladies and their gallant escorts, who trod the stately measure

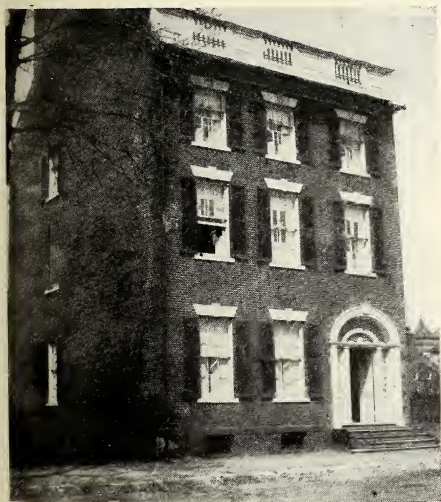


Courtesy of W. H. Snowden *

THE FAIRFAX HOUSE

of the minuet, were of the richest imported brocades and costliest velvets, and the soft mellow light of the tallow candles made the scene none the less enchanting because the sconces were made of tin, or, when tin was lacking, native clay moulded into shape to hold the candles. But across the street the "Royal George" encountered a new rival.

About 1752 Lord Fairfax had shipped from England a large quantity of brick, part of which was used to build the new tavern known as Gadsby's, and the old quarters at the "Royal George" were discarded for the new, as the fine ballroom with its polished floor and gallery for the musicians proved a greater favorite for dances and banquets. At both festivities Washington was often to be seen, the moving spirit and life of the assembly.



Courtesy of W. H. Snowden *

LAFAYETTE HOUSE

* His, Landmarks of Virginia and Maryland.



Courtesy of W. H. Snowden

THE OLD LLOYD HOUSE

In 1760 Washington gives a description in his diary of a ball he had attended in Alexandria on Friday, February 15th:

"Went to a Ball at Alexandria—where Musick and Dancing was the chief entertainment; however in a convenient Room detachd for the purpose abounded great plenty of Bread and Butter, some Biscuits with Tea & Coffee which the Drinkers of could not distinguish from Hot water sweetnd. Be it remembered that pocket handkerchiefs servd the purposes of Table Cloths & Napkins and that no Apologies were made for either. The Proprietors of this Ball were Mess^{rs} Carlyle Laurie & Rob^t Wilson but the Doct^r not getting it conducted agreeable to his own taste would claim no share of the merit of it. I shall therefore distinguish this Ball by the Stile & title of the Bread & Butter Ball. We lodg^d at Col^o Carlyles."

Yet the balls continued with unabated zeal, and Washington, until the last year of his life, honored them with his presence.

Though Gadsby's became the leading place for social functions, yet the "Royal George" was patronized when Election Balls were held; these partook of a political nature. In this manner the successful candidate showed appreciation of the efforts of his friends and at the same time placated the adherents of his disap-

pointed opponent. Washington mentions in his diary attending one on December 1, 1768:

"Went to the Election of Burgesses for this county, & was then, with Col^o West chosen. Stayed all night to a Ball wch I had given."

and again, on December 4, 1771:

"Went up to the Election & the Ball I had given at Alex^a. M^r Crawford & Jn^o P. Custis with me. Stay^d all Night."

The annual Birthnight Ball was observed by the Alexandrians long before February twenty-second was made a national holiday; and in 1798 Washington attended his own Birthnight Ball at Gadsby's Tavern. At present, in the city of Washington on the night of each twenty-second of February, the Daughters of the American Revolution hold a magnificent reception, an annual tribute to the memory of the great national hero. Until their new continental hall is built, the Daughters have availed themselves of the courtesy of the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, where of late the receptions have been given. Under a blaze of electric light, with a background of pictures and statuary, and amid the most luxuriant palms and ferns, fair women and brave men assemble. Truly a gorgeous scene, a kaleidoscope of changing figures, brilliant colors and flashing jewels! No doubt the women are as fair and the men as brave as those who assembled at Gadsby's Tavern one hundred years ago, yet Alexandria is richer by far in the possession of her old ballroom and the memories that it holds, than in all the superb elegance of entertainment that her sister city gives, in her modern method of celebrating the Birthnight. For there, in

her midst at Gadsby's Tavern, made famous by his frequent presence, has stood the great chief, the central figure of a throng of happy people, dispensing bright words and cheery smiles, while his own most genial nature warmed to the kindly birthday wishes that greeted him on every side from loving friends and neighbors.

In colonial days, the government in Virginia was largely controlled by the vestry of the parish, holding as it did, in a measure, the power of civil authority. Besides attending to the temporal wants of the church and overseeing the needs of the poor, giving the deserving ones food and clothing as well as medical attention, it had the right to impose fines for the non-observance of secular laws, and with it rested the responsibility of administering justice.

Alexandria made one more step toward progress when, in 1765, she created the parish of Fairfax out of Truro and chose Col. George Washington to serve as one of her twelve vestrymen. Five years before he had been appointed one of the trustees of the town, and while attending to these duties the future statesman gave practical demonstration of his genius in civil government. In order to build the church, the vestry was obliged to impose upon the parish a tax of 31,185 pounds of tobacco. From the funds raised, two churches were to be erected, one at Falls Church and the other in Alexandria. The site chosen for the Alexandria church was at the head of Cameron Street, only three squares from the "Royal George" and "Gadsby's Tavern." It was a thick wood then but



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CHAIR IN WHICH WASHINGTON WAS NURSED
BY HIS MOTHER

the ground, shaded by the forest trees, seemed an ideal spot to set aside as God's acre. In 1767 the contract was given to James Parsons for £600 sterling, a large sum of money at that time, but it was to be a handsome building, though simple in treatment, as were all colonial churches. Built of English brick and roofed with shingles of juniper, since replaced by slate, to this day the old church stands in a state of perfect preservation,—a delight to all the visitors who on their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon take a little while to see this sacred building, the pride of Alexandria.

The severity of the interior is extreme; "the arches and pediments are of the Tuscan order, the altar piece, pulpit and canopy of Ionic style." The architect selected was one James Wren, a descendant, so the story goes,



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CHRIST CHURCH

of the great Sir Christopher Wren, who, as the architect of the wonderful cathedral of St. Paul's in London, has shed glory not only on himself but on his posterity. In 1772 the work of building came to a standstill and Col. John Carlyle agreed to complete James Parsons' unfinished contract for an additional sum of £220. One year later, February 27, 1773, the church was placed in the hands of the vestry, who regarded it as finished "in a workmanlike manner." The same day Col. Washington purchased, for £36 10s. the pew then known as Number 5. He also presented the handsome brass chandelier with the numerous crystal pendants, which still hangs suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the church.

The choice Oronoko tobacco played

a prominent part as a commercial factor of Alexandria, since the church was built with it, the clergyman's salary was paid in the same way, and the first rector, Rev. Townsend Dade, ordained by the Bishop of London, received his salary in the shape of 17,280 pounds of tobacco, and for want of a glebe, 2,500 pounds were added to this sum. In 1770 the church was able to purchase five hundred acres of land and three years later was wealthy enough to erect on it a glebe-house, "or parsonage, with dairy, meat-house, barn, stable and corn-house," at a cost of £653. The next year, to complete the convenience of the rector's family, a hen-house was added. Thus steadily the financial condition of the church increased.

That women stood high in the esti-



Courtesy of D. H. Naramore

INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH

mation of the vestry is proved by the fact that in the selection of a sexton the choice was given to Susannah Edwards, who evidently filled the office well, for she was succeeded by another dame, Mistress Cook, who was most "peculiar in dress and physiognomy, had a stately manner of ushering persons into their pews and locking the door upon them and with an almost military air she patrolled the aisles, alert to protect and prompt to suppress any violation of order."

To the churchgoers the great family coach of the Washingtons was a familiar sight. Made in England, it was both substantial and elegant, if somewhat heavy. Four horses were necessary to draw it, but when the Virginia roads were very bad, six were used, and to each span of horses there were

the liveried postilion riders. One coach Washington possessed was truly gorgeous; the wheels and body were cream in color, with gilt relief, the body being suspended upon heavy leather straps; part of the sides and front were shaded by green Venetian blinds, shedding a delicious light in summer, while for greater protection in winter could be drawn curtains of black leather; the coach throughout was lined with the same glossy, black leather. On the door was emblazoned the coat-of-arms with its familiar motto, "The result proves actions," and on each of the four panels was a picture of the four seasons. In after years this coach came into the possession of the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia, who, when it was falling to pieces caused it to be distributed as

relics, and "at fairs for benevolent purposes" large profits were realized by "converting the fragments into walking sticks, picture-frames and snuff-boxes." The back seat of the coach was preserved intact by the Bishop and kept in his study.

One Sunday morning in the summer of 1774, after service at the Episcopal Church, surrounded by the congregation, every one of whom he well knew, Washington advocated withdrawing allegiance to King George, and stated that he would fight to uphold the independence of the colonies. No more solemn time or occasion could have been chosen. With calmness, in a spirit of prayerful deliberation he announced his momentous decision, under the very shadow of the church. Nine years after, when that independence had been successfully established and the long contested fight so bravely won, having resigned his commission at Annapolis, he was free to turn his face towards home. His arrival at Mount Vernon was on Christmas Eve. The next day found him once more in his accustomed seat in the church at Alexandria, to hear the tender message of peace and good will that was proclaimed like liberty throughout the land, and no one bowed in deeper gratitude than the great general who came as humbly as a little child to this his Father's House. In addition to the Christmas service the rector, the Rev. David Griffith, who served as Chaplain of the Third Virginia Regiment in the Revolutionary War, read the exultant song of Moses and the Children of Israel: "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea," and the ser-

mon he preached was from the 128th Psalm: "Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children and peace upon Israel." The children's children of the men who so largely shaped the history of this country are still to be seen Sunday after Sunday in the old church, and as the kindly word is still exchanged after service, one receives the greeting from the lips of those who yet bear the name of our illustrious dead.

Interested in everything that was for the advancement of the community, Washington gave very substantial evidence not only of his love for his own church but also of his sympathy with the Presbyterians, for he contributed towards the building of their church, and when completed, in 1774, he occasionally worshipped with them. It was evident that the Church of England was the church of Virginia, as a license had to be granted the Presbyterians from the county court, by which it was demanded, "that during their meetings the doors should be kept unlocked, unbarred and unbolted."

With the exception of his Mount Vernon home, no building in the country is more intimately associated with the daily life of Washington than what was once his town house, situated on Cameron Street about half-way between Gadsby's Tavern and Christ Church. According to the present numbering, the lot would now be number 512. Most unfortunately, in 1860, the house was torn down to make way for city improvements. Washington bought the house in 1760, but finding it too small, he enlarged it and during the disturbances of the Dunmore raids had serious thoughts of removing his family from

Mount Vernon to the safer shelter of the town. That, however, was never necessary. He used it chiefly as his office,—always once a week and sometimes much oftener he was to be found there, transacting his business affairs and seeing his friends. Frequently, he was accompanied by his wife, who, in her way, enjoyed these visits to Alexandria quite as much as did her husband.

On August 13, 1774, a most important organization was founded,—the Friendship Fire Company, and as might be expected, Washington was eager and enthusiastic for its success. Fires were not easy to extinguish and needed to be met with promptness and system. In default of any fire engine, each member agreed to carry to every fire “two leather buckets and one great bag of oznaburg, or wider linen.” If unsuccessful in controlling the flames, the “great bags” were used to transport the household goods to a place of safety. This was entirely a volunteer company, composed of friends and neighbors, their bond of union being a common interest and a common danger. The following year, when Washington had gone to Philadelphia, prior to his departure for Boston to assume command of the army, he took sufficient thought, in all the perplexities of that time of national anxiety, to recall the pressing necessity of the town he loved and purchased for the Friendship Fire Company a little engine, for which he paid £80 10s.

Alexandria was steadily growing; in 1763 new streets were laid out,—Pitt Street, in honor of the elder Chat-ham, and Wolfe Street for the hero of Quebec; in 1774 two more were added—Wilkes, after George Wilkes, a



STEPS FROM WHICH WASHINGTON DELIVERED
HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS

member of the House of Commons, and St. Asaph, in honor of John Halifax, Bishop of St. Asaph, in the House of Lords; both of whom in Parliament were strongly advocating the American cause. Wilkes suffered severely for the courage of his convictions, being imprisoned for some time in the Tower of London. Did he ever know, I wonder, that a little town in Virginia appreciated his brave act and did all that lay in her power to perpetuate his memory?

The story goes that the Hessian prisoners were ordered by Washington to pave the streets; since that time many of the streets have been repaved, but there is enough of the old work left to fully justify the tale, for the dimensions of the cobblestones are imposing and their irregularities unique.

Not until 1783 was King Street paved, and then only "by the proceeds of a lottery." Cameron Street was intended to be the principal thoroughfare when the town was first surveyed, but King Street superseded it in business importance, and Washington Street, laid out at this time, became more fashionable as a place of residence.

The advantages of education had never been neglected by the Alexandrians, for as early as 1739 we have record of a school, and in 1759, by means of a lottery, a schoolhouse was built, which later we recognize under the more imposing name of the Alexandria Academy. So important a factor in the town had it become, that a new building was erected for these halls of learning and the cornerstone was laid with impressive ceremonies by the Masons. On the stone was a plate with the following inscription: "The foundation of the Alexandria Academy was laid on the 7th day of September, 1785, in the ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, by Robert Adam, Esq., Master of Lodge No. 39, Ancient York Masons, attended by the brethren, and, as a monument of the generosity of the inhabitants, stands dedicated to them and all lovers of literature."

As might be supposed, Washington was one of the trustees, and in December, 1786, he endowed the school with £1,000, the interest of which should "annually be employed in the education of necessitous orphans and other poor children."

The hours for instilling knowledge were long and wearisome. In 1800, from the first of May to the first of September, when nature, in her most beguiling mood, was luring the little

ones to play in the fields gay with flowers, or on the banks of the blue waters of the Potomac, their reluctant feet were turned to the schoolhouse, where they were obliged to present themselves at six o'clock in the morning; and from six to eight, nine to twelve, and two to five, the plain walls of the schoolroom shut out the glory of those summer days. Then came a holiday of *two whole weeks*, after which the winter term began, continuing from September 15th to May 1st. The hours were changed—the lessening daylight shortened them a little; thus, nine to twelve, and two to sunset, curtailed their midwinter work. Doubtless the little children of Alexandria would have agreed with Gray that ignorance and bliss were synonymous, and regretted the restricting influence that forced them to the folly of being wise.

In 1774 Washington had realized the importance of communication between the waters of the Ohio and the Potomac; not only did he consider the advisability of connection with the West, but by this means Alexandria could be established as a central point of trade. The war cut short this enterprise, but ten years later, when Washington, once more a private citizen, ever ready to advance the interests of Alexandria, again considered this project, he wrote to Thomas Jefferson urging that not a moment should be lost, "as I know the New Yorkers will delay no time to remove every obstacle in the way of the other communication as soon as the forts of Oswego and Niagara are surrendered." The outcome of this movement led to the organization of the Potomac Company under the auspices



Courtesy of W. H. Snowden

THE OLD ROAD

Generally used by Washington in going to the River Farm and to the races at Annapolis. Over it he travelled when going to the First National Congress. Down this historic way in 1781 came the forces of Gen. Greene going to the Carolinas and the armies of Washington, Lafayette and Wayne going to Yorktown.

of Washington. Alas! this never proved a success for Alexandria, as the powerful "New Yorkers" proved too strong a rival. However, in 1820 this pet scheme of Washington's led to the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and later, although it endeavored to connect with the Potomac, it was not Alexandria that reaped the benefit, but Georgetown, located as it was nine miles nearer the source of commerce.

The choice of a site for the National Capital became a subject of much interest to the country and was authorized by act of Congress of July 16, 1790. As it was to be as central as possible to the thirteen original States, the location of Alexandria determined Jefferson, who was serving as chairman of the committee, to select Alex-

andria as a basis upon which to found the Capitol. The original design was to erect the Capitol on Shuter's Hill, at the foot of which King Street led directly to the Potomac, and would have taken the place of Pennsylvania Avenue as a commercial thoroughfare. A bridge was to have spanned Hunting Creek, and Mount Eagle was chosen as the site for the President's house. The long line of hills just back of Alexandria and running parallel with the Potomac were to be crowned with the public buildings. At last one of Washington's life-long desires was to be fulfilled, the prosperity of Alexandria was to be permanently secured. Yet when it was rumored that personal motives were influencing the committee in its selection of Alexandria, and that Washington himself

would be benefited by the close proximity of the immense Mount Vernon plantation, he put aside his own most cherished plans for the advancement of this little city, and insisted that the Capitol be located across the river on the shore of Maryland, and later, offered no protest when his ungenerous opponents stipulated that none of the public buildings should be erected on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

It was a fearful blow to Alexandria, yet she cannot regret it; she would have been the richer in material possessions, but to have lost her loving pride in the fact that her hero was above suspicion, would have been not only an infinite calamity to her, but to the nation. Overshadowed by her greater sister city, her own glory debarred by Washington's own act, yet serene and happy she can watch the snow-white Capitol gleaming in the sunlight, and the flashing golden radiance of the Library dome so near, while to the westward rises the single shaft of marble, the nation's monument to the nation's hero,—pure, noble, lofty as the glorious spirit of which it stands a type, pointing ever upward, onward, to better things. And, as he sacrificed all private desires for his country's good, so Alexandria followed in his steps and gladly made her sacrifice for him.

A society that claimed much of the attention of Washington was the Masonic Lodge. The order was formed on February 3, 1783, and was a part of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Five years later, October 25, 1788, a desire was expressed to be affiliated with the Grand Lodge of Virginia; this request was granted and on April 28, 1789, the number of the Alexan-

dria lodge was changed from No. 39 of Pennsylvania to No. 22 of Virginia. The first cornerstone laid by the lodge was that of the Alexandria Academy, and later, on April 15, 1791, the cornerstone on Jones's Point that marked the southern boundary of the District of Columbia; the society also assisted in laying the cornerstone of the United States Capitol, September 18, 1793. At this time Dr. Dick, the Worshipful Master, invited Washington, who was not only a member of the Lodge, but President of the United States, to conduct the Masonic ceremonies. With a grand procession and most impressive services, the southeast cornerstone of the Capitol was laid. Part of the inscription on the plate is as follows:

"This southeast corner stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of *George Washington*, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22, from Alexandria, Va."

Upon the plate were deposited corn, wine and oil. After the address by the President and the offering of prayer, several volleys were discharged by the artillery, when the whole party adjourned to an immense booth that had been erected for the occasion to partake of the ox weighing five hundred pounds that was barbecued. "Before dark the whole company departed with



From an old, broken negative

WASHINGTON LODGE

joyful hopes of the production of their labor."

As St. John is the patron saint of Masonry, his day was always observed by services at either the Presbyterian Meeting House or the Episcopal Church, as Christ Church was then called. The sermon delivered was invariably an exhortation upon charity. These services were followed by a grand banquet at one of the taverns. Thus in 1784 we find an entry that Washington dined with the lodge at Wise's Tavern.

When Washington retired from the Presidency, on March 4, 1797, one of the first invitations he received was from the Alexandria Lodge requesting him to "partake of a dinner with them," and asking him to appoint the time. He selected the first of April, and on that day rode on horse-

back to Wise's Tavern, where so many of the banquets were held, and the toast he offered then was "The Lodge at Alexandria, and all Masons throughout the world." When the feast was over, he was escorted not only by the Masons but by the mounted troops of the town to Cameron Run, the ford of Great Hunting Creek, and as they watched the commanding figure, on his spirited horse, cross the ford to reach his own quiet home on the Potomac, it was with grateful hearts they realized that after the long years of absence, the time had come when he was once more given back to them a fellow citizen. Happily it was hidden from them how short that time would be.

Only two years and a half, from March, 1797, to December, 1799, did the old life envelop him once more,

the old friends gather about him; busy as ever, yet relieved from the strain of public affairs, he was continually riding to Alexandria, and when the news came of his death on that fateful fourteenth of December, Alexandria could scarcely believe it, the blow was so sudden, so crushing, the illness had been so short and the loss so irreparable. On Sunday morning it became known, as the people were assembling at church, and from that time until his interment, late on the following Wednesday, the bells continued to toll; the ships in the harbor had their flags at half-mast and all business was suspended, for it was a season of personal grief to each Alexandrian.

At Mount Vernon the funeral services were conducted with that simple dignity that had ever marked his life; only loving friends had come to mourn and do him honor, but that meant all of Alexandria, as well as neighbors from the country and those living across the Potomac on the Maryland shore,—a vast number who had come in contact with this great, good man. The many organizations of Alexandria in which Washington had always held a prominent place were fully represented, and the Independent Blues, whom just one month before he had reviewed from the steps of Gadsby's Tavern, formed part of the military escort to conduct the body from the house to the grave. The burial service was read by the rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and the Masonic rites were performed by Dr. Dick, Worshipful Master of Alexandria Lodge No. 22, and by the Rev. James Muir, its Chaplain.

As yet the nation had not learned its

grief; the means of communication were slow, and Congress was then assembled at Philadelphia. The news was not received till December 18th, the day of the funeral. Every mark of respect and honor that a grateful nation could bestow upon its illustrious dead was arranged for by Congress; a memorial service was held December 26th; the army and navy were ordered to wear mourning, and the people recommended to wear crape for thirty days; it was also recommended that a marble monument be erected as a memorial by the United States in the city of Washington, and February 22d was set apart as a perpetual national holiday.

Across the waters, Napoleon, as First Consul, gave the command that for ten days the army wear mourning and ordered a funeral oration to be pronounced by the Marquis de Fontanes in the Temple of Mars; and England, softened by the lapse of time, ordered the flags of the ships in the English Channel to be placed at half-mast, thus doing homage to the memory of her gallant foe, while recognizing that his name would rank among the great,—nearer the ideal Arthur than any English hero since her great King Alfred.

But nowhere, apart from the grief-stricken family, was the sorrow more keenly felt than in the little town on the Potomac, where Washington had been known and loved since childhood. His example left an indelible impress upon Alexandria; to her he had ever been an inspiration. What if she did lose the prosperity that would have attended her as the seat of the Federal government, her heritage has been a richer one; she had known him in the

close companionship of daily life, had ever seen him:

"Modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With a sublime repression of himself,
Not swaying to this faction or to that;

Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions; but thro' all the tract
of years

Wearing the white flower of a blameless
life."

Ye Pumpion Pye

By Adele E. Thompson

A SMALL fire burned low in the fireplace, the stand held an array of cups and glasses, and the air had a smell as of bitter medicine. Mrs. Abigail Price paused a moment at the door, then crossed the floor with the tiptoed tread so often affected in sick-rooms to the high four-post bed, curtained with blue and white striped homespun linen.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Pamela; how are you to-day?"

The thin and wrinkled face, looking still smaller in its deep ruffled cap, turned impatiently on the pillow. "If ye want to know, Abigail Ann, I'm poorly." The voice though weak held an accent both sharp and decisive.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Pamela, I was hoping to find you better."

"Ye won't find me better, now er ever. I'm a-failin' stedly, as you an' everybody else can see."

Mrs. Abigail coughed softly; it was very evident that the spirit of Aunt Pamela Dyer was not failing, whatever might be true of the outward flesh.

"Now don't get discouraged, Aunt

Pamela;" her tone was conciliatory; "you may last a good spell yet, an' even outlive some of us younger ones."

"I do' know as I want to live long," was the grim response, "if I've got to lay here an' hear Marier Jane Phillips mugglin' an' bangin' about the work. She broke one o' my best chany cups only this mornin', an' when I heerd it go smash I sed, 'Lord, let thy servant depart before I hev ter put up with much more such keerness.' I hed it on my mind before you cum in, an' now as soon as you get hum I want you ter write fer me ter Elnathan, tell him I'm a-failin', an' I want him ter cum hum. He's moved an' ye'll find how ter direct in his last letter; it's in the upper left-hand little drawer o' the bureau. This havin' but one boy an' him at the ends o' the airth is wearin' enough when you're well, let alone when sickness comes."

"Oh, Boston isn't so terrible far," ventured Mrs. Abigail.

"I guess when ye get past eighty, an' bedfast, ye'll think it's considerable fur."

As she spoke, Abigail Price had

opened the little drawer. As she took out the letter a slip of folded paper fell to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, gave a slight start and a furtive glance toward the bed, but the keen black eyes were for the moment turned away.

"Here's a bit of paper; if you don't mind I'll write the address down on it. It's a different street, an' I'm afraid I won't get the number right unless I have it."

"Put it down then, an' be sure it's straight, though when I was your age I could carry things in my head."

Mrs. Abigail carefully copied the address, then she rose. "I'll write to Elnathan the first thing when I get home."

"An' be sure to tell him ter cum right away."

"Yes, I'll tell him."

As she came out the door and down the narrow flagged walk, another woman was fastening her horse by the gate, using a line for a hitching strap. She looked up and nodded. "I thought I'd drive over and see how Aunt Pamela was to-day."

"Well, she's Aunt Pamela still," was the response. "She says she's going to die, and I do' know but mebbly she will, for you know, Susan, that when she made up her mind to anything she'd carry it through if the Evil One himself stood in the way."

"Yes, she was some set by spells."

"There always was a queer streak in the Price family," continued Mrs. Abigail. "I was thankful my John didn't have it."

"Well, Joshua favored the Bemis, there wasn't any Price about him. And though she had her ways I al-

ways got along all right with Aunt Pamela."

"Oh, I ain't nothing to complain of, though I'll own I ain't none of the mealy-mouthed kind. But I must hurry home, she wanted me to write to Elnathan for her."

Abigail Price and Susan Bemis were both widows, whose husbands had been nephews to Aunt Pamela, and neither woman had ever suffered the relationship to lapse. As they talked, Mrs. Abigail held the paper on which she had written the address well under her shawl, and on reaching home her first act was to unfold and carefully read it. "I suppose Susan'll be hoppin' when she finds it out," was her mental comment, "but I don't care; her right's no better than mine. I've always wanted that and now I've got it," and she smiled the smile of the successful.

Aunt Pamela Dyer's prophecy concerning herself proved true, and a few weeks later a decorous funeral train wound up from the old gray homestead to the white meeting-house set by the village green, and the burial ground behind it. The autumn weeks slipped by till it came Thanksgiving. The date was in the good old time New England, when the minister was settled for life and his people held him in corresponding affection. Christmas the good folk of Sippeco knew not of, or at best held it as a popish observance, but on each recurring Thanksgiving more than one pride of the turkey flock, with the choicest of the garden product, and culinary *chef d'oeuvres* found their way to the parsonage.

Among others Mrs. Susan Bemis stopped on her way to church with

her offering, a big loaf of plum cake, "Tisn't what I had in my mind to bring, but I'm hoping by another Thanksgiving—" As she spoke she ran her eyes over the table on which various other gifts were displayed, and with a sudden start she stopped.

The minister's wife followed her glance. "You are surprised to see one of Mrs. Dyer's famous 'pumpion pyes'? So was I. Almost every Thanksgiving she had brought one to me, and told me the story of the recipe, how it was one that had come down from her mother and grandmother and great-grandmother, and she supposed she was the only person who knew how to make it, so when she was gone I didn't suppose I should ever see one again."

"But it seems you have?" Mrs. Susan felt that her lips were stiffened as she spoke.

"Yes, Mrs. Price left this but a few moments ago."

Connected by marriage, living on adjoining farms, between Abigail Price and Susan Bemis there had existed for years a rivalry, more or less mild, concerning household matters. Whose clothes should flutter first on the line, whose dinner horn should earliest sound its note, became with them events of importance; whose butter should be firmest, whose bread whitest, were subjects of deep solicitude; and such was the jealousy that neither counted time nor toil, might they but win a triumph over the other. Aunt Pamela's treasured recipe had long been a coveted possession, so now it was no wonder that Susan Bemis glared at the inanimate object of offence.

"It may be," the minister's wife hastened to add, feeling the untoward in the atmosphere, "that Mrs. Dyer showed her how to make them; I always wondered that she didn't some one."

"No, indeed, Aunt Pamela had her ways, an' one of them was that she'd never tell how she made things, or let any one see her for fear they'd find out;" and she shut her lips as if afraid she would say more.

It was very little of the Thanksgiving sermon Parson Hunt had so carefully prepared that Mrs. Bemis heard that morning, and the longer she nursed her wrath the hotter it grew. But fate seemed to guard a premature explosion; some acquaintance stopped her after service to talk of trivial neighborhood matters, when she jerked the lines to urge her old horse to greater speed the line broke and had to be replaced by a borrowed one, so that Mrs. Price was just entering her own house as she drew up at the gate.

Hastily following her in, she made no pause for preliminaries. "What I've come for, Abigail, and what I want to know is how you come by Aunt Pamela's 'pumpion pye' recipe?"

Mrs. Price had known this moment must come, at the same time she hedged a little. "What makes you think I have it?"

"Because I saw with my own eyes the pie you took to Miss Parson Hunt, and Elnathan couldn't find anything of it when he looked for me."

Mrs. Abigail braced herself for an onset. "If you want to know I can tell you. Aunt Pamela gave it to me."

Susan Bemis's lips tightened. "Aunt Pamela wasn't one to say one thing an' do another. After Elnathan's wife had said she wouldn't fuss so for any pie that ever was made, Aunt Pamela said to me, 'Susan, when I'm gone you shall have grandmother's recipe, and you can give it to Elmine so it will go right on down in the family: I ain't trustin' any more son's wives.'" Those were her very words, and I know she never give it to you of her own free will. I ain't knowing how you come by it, but this I do know, that it wasn't in any honest or outspoke way."

The other's face turned a dull red. "Perhaps you'll be saying next that I stole it."

"That's the word we generally use when folks take what belongs to some one else."

"Susan Bemis," Mrs. Abigail's voice trembled, "what with your temper I've taken a good deal from you, but nobody shall come into my own house and talk to me like this."

"You needn't worry," was the retort. "I sha'n't trouble your house again for one while."

"I ain't caring if you never do."

As Mrs. Bemis turned away a boy, who had been looking from one to the other in troubled perplexity, pulled Mrs. Price's dress. "Mother, you ar'n't goin' to let Aunt Susan go away mad, are you?"

"Hush, Theron," was the sharp rejoinder, "you don't know anything about this."

While the small girl Susan Bemis was leading by the hand turned her scarlet hood over her shoulder wistfully, "Mother, can't I stay and play with Theron a little while?"

"No, and you're never going to play with Theron any more, either."

Had it concerned any ordinary pie Mrs. Bemis might have overlooked the offence. But one wherein the succulent fruit expanded as "pumpion," one that had come down from an ancestor, more still that was the unique and only one of its kind, and whose possession imparted a social and neighborhood distinction, was something she felt that she could neither condone nor forgive. And the same considerations equally confirmed Mrs. Price to maintain her right of possession, however doubtfully acquired.

With the passing of time the path to the old friendship grew harder to retrace. The two mothers cultivated the art of ignoring each other's existence. Theron Price no longer shared his sled with Elmine Bemis, nor enjoyed the delights of Aunt Susan's big barn, while Elmine ceased to look upon Theron as her champion, and quite forgot the flavor of Aunt Abigail's cookies; and as the currents of life drifted them apart even the remembrance of old child friendliness grew faint and dim.

So the years went by till Theron was grown to a young man, frank and manly, and Elmine bloomed in the winsome freshness of eighteen. Nature had endowed Theron with a fine bass voice, and Elmine with a clear contralto,—second was the term she knew it by,—and when fresh voices were needed for the choir of the village church, Theron and Elmine were called into service. And what with singing schools and choir practice, and the needful looking over the same book, and facing each other

in the singers' gallery on Sundays, it was the old story of love that like the wind cometh where it listeth, love that knows not factional feud, and laughs at family differences.

But then came the trouble, for Susan Bemis shut her ears and set her face as a flint against one of Abigail Price's household; and Elmine, like a well-trained Puritan girl, would not disobey her mother even if the obedience broke her own and her lover's heart.

As for Abigail Price in those days she felt that Providence had meted to her a punishment out of all proportion to the offence. Theron was her one child, the idol of her affection, and it went to her heart of hearts to see him unhappy. Besides, she well knew that Elmine was not only a lovable but a capable girl. No one around could spin more run of flax a day, and her butter and preserves had both taken premiums at the township showing. She herself could not have asked for Theron a wife more fair or energetic. In addition, and perhaps the iron that pierced deepest of all, Elmine was also an only child, and to look from her window was to see the fields of the two farms lying side by side as if even nature had meant they should be blended into one. And there seemed nothing she could do but to groan and wish that Aunt Pamela's "pumpkion pye" had never existed.

So matters stood when Thanksgiving Day again came round, and the people, as for all the years in the past, gathered at the square white "meeting-house," and rose when the minister entered, and turning, faced the gallery and singers when psalm

and hymn were sung. Of all the choir Theron and Elmine filled Mrs. Abigail's gaze, both making an evident effort to look unconcerned, though Theron's face wore an expression at once down-hearted and dogged, and Elmine's mouth had a pitiful droop. Poor young creatures, their small world seemed to them sadly awry, so much so that only the evening before Theron had announced to his mother that he could bear it no longer and that he was going to sea. And with that dread possibility looming before her it was scant heed Mrs. Abigail paid to the doings of the General Court of Massachusetts, or the condition of the country.

Susan Bemis was not present, and at the church door she heard Elmine explaining the cause of her absence. Judge Porter and his wife, from another and a larger town, had been hindered from their destination by the river bridge being down, and so forced to either halt or turn back, they had taken the opportunity to pay a long promised visit to their old friend, Mrs. Bemis. "And we were not expecting any one," Elmine's voice was almost pathetic, "and at Judge Porter's they live so handsomely that we wanted things our very best for them. I had to come to sing in the anthem, and mother said she'd do the best she could, though she never was so mortified in her life. At least there'll be turkey and cranberries."

As Mrs. Price listened she felt a housewifely thrill of sympathy for Susan Bemis's dilemma. She herself had expected her brother's family for the day, but at the very last sickness had prevented their coming, so

she had the preparation but not the guests. Once Susan would have felt free to call on her in such an emergency. And then a sudden thought came to her, one that kept her quiet through the homeward ride. "Wait a little," she said, as Theron drove up at the door, "I want you to do an errand for me."

In a few moments she returned with a carefully covered basket. "Judge Porter's folks have come to Susan Bemis unexpected; take this over to her with my best wishes."

His mother's face was set, and Theron was turning away in a silence eloquent of astonishment when she added, "And—and you needn't mind about hurrying back if you want to stay a little. Just you and I, we won't have dinner till late."

"Stay a little!" he repeated. "There's not much staying for me where Aunt Susan Bemis is."

As he drove away Abigail Price sank trembling in her chair; whatever its outcome she had played her last card, not for herself but for her son's sake.

Mrs. Bemis was in 'a' condition decidedly perturbed. With the best endeavor, to expand a home meal into a repast for guests of especial honor is not easy, and as the final moment drew nigh her sense of dissatisfaction increased. It was at this point that Theron appeared at the kitchen door. Elmine's greeting was a flush of gladness, and a little gasp of dismay at his temerity. But as though it were an every day occurrence he held out his burden. "Aunt Susan, mother heard that you had unexpected company and she sent this with her best wishes."

There had been times when the basket would have been returned unopened, nor was it only the exigency of the occasion, for as she explained afterwards, she was so flustered she hardly knew what she was doing when she took it.

As she lifted the wrapping a look of surprise crossed her face, and to Elmine's whisper, "What is it?" made answer, "A loaf of fresh pound cake, and, yes it is, one of Aunt Pamela's pies."

While speaking she saw a folded slip of stiff yellow paper pinned to the inside of the towel, and unfolding it her eye rested on Aunt Pamela's treasured culinary secret:

"YE PUMPKIN PYE.

"Take about half a pound of Pumpion and slice it, a little Rosemary, Parsley and Sweet Marjoram slipped off the stalks, and chop them small, then take Cinamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, and six Cloves and beat them, take ten Eggs and beat them, then mix them and beat them altogether, and put in as much sugar as you see fit, then fry them like a froiz, after it is fried, let it stand till it be cold, then fill your Pye, take sliced Apples thinne rounde-ways, and lay a row of the Froiz and layer of Apples with Currants betwixt the layers while your Pye is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it, when the Pye is baked take six yelks of Eggs, some White-wine or Vergis, and make a Caudle of this, but not too thicke, cut up the Lid and put it in, stir them well together whilst the Eggs and Pumpions be not perceived and so serve up."

Times there had been and not a few when even this extended olive branch would have been repulsed, but at the moment she felt that the pie, and the pie only, could fill the vacancy and fittingly crown the dinner. Elmine, looking over her mother's

shoulder, had read the recipe, and comprehended its import. For a moment she held her breath till the latter said a little stiffly, for the habit of years is not easily broken, "Tell your mother she is kind, and I thank her."

But Elmine's hand was on her mother's arm. "Dinner is just ready," she whispered; "cannot I ask Theron to stay?"

Susan Bemis looked up in her daughter's wistful, pleading eyes. Elmine was dear to her heart, she had no straw against Theron save as his mother's son, and there came to her the swift realization that it was rather inconsequent to forgive the one and hold offence against the other. She had not considered all that was implied; there was no time now to reason it out, the gravy demanded instant attention, she had only time to answer, "Ask him if you want to."

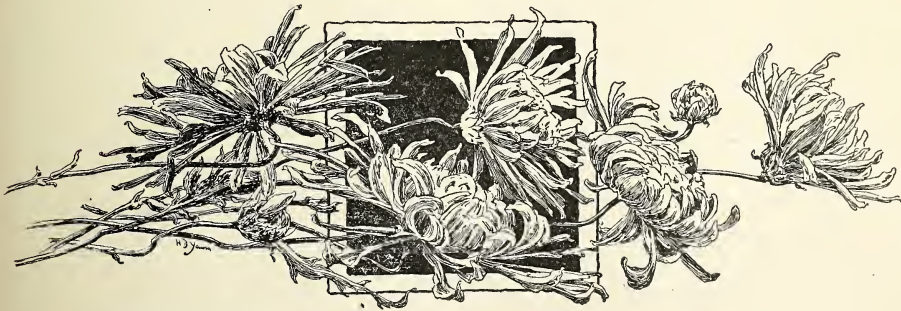
In due time the pie made its appearance, in noble pieces flanked by pudding and pound cake. At sight of it the judge's wife gave an exclamation. "If you haven't an old-

fashioned 'pumpion pye'; my grandmother used to make them, but I haven't seen one I don't know when."

Mrs. Bemis, who had been on the point of entering on its family history, regarded her with almost a stare, which the other failed to notice, as she went on, "I have the old English cookbook in which it was first published, one used by generations of our best New England cooks, but I have never dared to attempt this 'singular good' rule, as it is called, myself."

Susan Bemis's mouth fell slightly open. Then the recipe was in a book where any one might have it. The blow was greater than the first loss, and viewed in this light, Mrs. Abigail's securing it, whatever the means, shrank into an unimportant incident; indeed she smiled grimly at the thought of what Abigail would say when she knew the fact.

But Elmine and Theron, sitting side by side, heard nothing about the pie; and in that other home the mother ceased her anxious watch of the clock and her face shone with a new sense of peace and gladness.



The New Profession of Forestry

By George Ethelbert Walsh

THE new profession of practical forestry in this country assumes considerable importance just now in view of the need of radical change in the methods of protecting and preserving our woodland districts from the vandalism of the thoughtless. For a quarter of a century the policy of appealing to individuals and corporations to consider the aesthetic side of the question has been creating a healthy sentiment in favor of preserving our forests from swift denudation; but this has not stayed the hands of the lumbermen and forest-destroyers whose interests were involved. The crystallization of sentiment, however, in a movement toward intelligent, scientific, practical forestry promises results that will insure for the future a condition eminently satisfactory to all.

This movement has come none too soon to save our forests from almost complete destruction, for in the great spruce and hemlock belt of New England, in the almost limitless piny woods of the south, and in the great fir, oak and pine forests of the West and Northwest, the lumber camps, saw-mills, wood-pulp and paper-mills and furniture factories have pushed their way with relentless energy, consuming the trees at the rate of tens of millions of feet per year. A great

many thousands of acres of forest land are swept by fire every season, and the annual bill for timber destroyed in this way averages two or three million dollars. The loss through waste due to the destruction of small trees is another item of great magnitude. The butchery of pine, spruce and hemlock has reached such unparalleled magnitude in the last quarter of a century that our forest lands have been restricted and reduced to less than half their former areas and production. Fifteen and twenty years ago statistical writers on forestry predicted that with the beginning of the twentieth century there would practically be a lumber famine in this country, and our forests would be of little or no avail in preventing or relieving it. The reason that there has been no such unpleasant result is that the lumbermen themselves heeded the warning of scientists, and attempted to harvest their crops without destroying the prospects for future supplies. According to the old method of lumbering, the forests were practically and totally destroyed, young and old trees being cut down, and in many cases the underbrush burnt over to complete the work. Today the shrewd lumbermen cut their timber only from such trees as have reached maturity, and by thinning out, and not cutting down young and

old alike, they prepare an annual harvest of good timber that should never cease.

Forest culture naturally reached a high stage of development in England long before it was thought of here. In Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Roumania, and England the public and private forests have been as systematically and scientifically cultivated as any well-managed farm. The forests are maintained in perpetuity, and only the annual crop of ripe trees cut down for consumption. They are divided into sections, with practical foresters for each, and the trees are marked according to their age. Those reaching maturity are marked for cutting, while a certain number are left for seed production. For upwards of a century now the comparatively limited forest lands of the great populous European countries have supplied the inhabitants with nearly all the lumber required in the arts and trades simply through a system of conserving instead of wasting. Practical experiments have demonstrated that the largest production of valuable timber could be made by the highest development of a few specimens rather than by the attempt to grow hundreds of inferior trees to maturity upon the same acre. Thinning out of the European forests has consequently been productive of immense benefit to the countries, and it is now practised in this country with the idea in view of preserving our woodlands for future use and productivity.

The forestry division of the Agricultural Department at Washington was created a number of years ago for the purpose of making a sys-

tematic study of American forests, to collect statistics concerning them, to give valuable advice to lumbermen and owners, and eventually to make arrangements to preserve the trees on the national domain. The scheme thus laid down has been practically carried out in all its details. The amount of reliable data concerning our forests in the possession of the division is comprehensive enough to be of the utmost value to scientists and practical lumbermen, and these statistics are consulted and considered whenever large deals involving the transfer of millions of acres of forest land are made. The practical timber cutter and lumberman have found in the advice issued by the forestry division valuable suggestions which have made their trees produce far more to the acre than would have otherwise been the case. Many of the largest lumber dealers have put into practice forest culture according to the directions given by the Washington experts, and they have acknowledged freely the success of their experiments.

In coöperating with the practical lumbermen and owners of private forests, the forestry experts at Washington have gradually created a demand for professional foresters, which to-day is far from being supplied. As the profession extends, the need of trained experts will increase, and it is to meet the new requirements of the day that the forestry division and the state agricultural stations are training men to the work.

Since the beginning of the present movement to preserve our forests there have been about 50,000,000 acres of public land withdrawn from

sale for federal forest preserves. There have also been established State reservations in New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Kansas. Four schools of forestry have been founded, and these are turning out practical foresters skilled in the art of making the trees produce their most at a minimum expense of time and money. Besides these national and State preserves there are many large private preserves, which are coöperating with the government authorities in practically demonstrating the value of careful, systematic culture of trees.

One of the most noted of these private forests, both in the extent of its acreage, and in value of its trees and systematic culture, is that of Geo. W. Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, North Carolina. For ten years now this forest preserve has been growing. The work was started in 1891 by Gifford Pinchot, now the forester of the Department of Agriculture, on some four thousand acres of land, but it has gradually extended until to-day it covers a noble forest of some 100,000 acres. This great experiment was definitely outlined by Mr. Pinchot at the beginning, and experts have carried out the original scheme with systematic success. The native trees of that section of the country have been supplemented by many other species, which, it was thought, would thrive in the soil and climate, and to-day the Biltmore forest presents the greatest number of species of any private property in the country.

Dr. W. Seward Webb has an Adirondack tract of some 40,000 acres of forest land in New York State, which

he systematically cultivates under expert foresters. Nominally called a private game preserve, wherein are bred and protected most of the species of native animals and birds, the great stretch of woodland is in reality a model cultivated forest where experienced woodsmen watch and guard the trees against the despoiler's axe. All parts of the estate are connected by telephone, and the woodsmen notify the head office if fire breaks out in their particular part of the woods. Fire is the greatest evil which threatens our forests; not even the lumber mills and paper factories equal this in the extent of damage done.

In Pennsylvania there is a model private forest belonging to the Girard estate, located near Pottsville, which has attracted considerable attention by the results obtained from modern forest culture. Mr. William C. Whitney has an Adirondack forest preserve which he has placed under the charge of experts, and the lumber cut from this annually yields him profit enough to show that there is money to be made in the work if properly handled. Even the paper companies and pulp-mill corporations, alarmed at the danger of using up all their raw material, have entered into forest cultivation systematically. The International Paper Company has within a few years adopted a system of restricting the cutting of spruce trees on a part of its lands in Maine, New York, Vermont and New Hampshire. One of these tracts consists of 120,000 acres, and nothing is cut from it except for camps, bridges, cribs, dams, piers and corduroys. This tract is carefully watched, and the trees are

now protected so that they can reach maturity without injury. Several other paper and private pulp-mill companies have established similar restrictions on their forest lands, and some are planting new trees on tracts that were denuded years ago.

The government and states in undertaking to preserve the great natural forest preserves of the country have entered upon an enterprise of great magnitude, and to accomplish it there must be trained a small army of experts. Last year nearly seventy foresters were kept in the field by the United States Government to study the forest lands, tree growths, and other practical matters pertaining to the question. Part of their time was spent in Washington studying books and lectures on forestry in other lands, in which the experiences and experiments of others were given as data to base conclusions on for future work in the field. The idea of the government is to send out these experts with a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of forestry, so that at no time can a problem come up which they will not be able to meet intelligently.

With 50,000,000 acres of national forest reserves under its charge the forestry division has plenty of work ahead of it in drawing up working plans and putting them into effective operation. While some of the States have their own forestry schools and colleges, the Washington bureau makes it a point to coöperate with the local authorities for the purpose of producing the best results. For instance the great Adirondack preserves in New York State are subjects of

a good deal of thought and attention both on the part of the Washington authorities and the experts of the New York State College of Forestry. The latter, established at Ithaca under the direction of Cornell University, has already proved an invaluable aid to the national forestry bureau, and the two work harmoniously together in the field and lecture room. There are 30,000 acres of forest set aside in the Adirondack regions for field work of the students at the state college of forestry. Three years ago when the forestry department was established there were only four students at the State College. These passed from the college last year and immediately received good positions. To-day there are upward of 55 students.

With its 30,000 acres of forest land at its disposal, the New York State College of Forestry undertakes to preserve the trees, cultivate them properly, and give instructions to the students which will enable them to take full charge of a similar woodland tract and make it profitable to the owners. The authorities endeavor to make the experiment self-supporting. In order to cultivate a forest tract trees must be continually cut for commercial purposes. Indeed, the harvesting of an annual crop, which will not interfere with the growth of the young trees, is the great desideratum.

The college students at Cornell dispose of some 20,000 cords of retort and fuel wood and from two to four million feet of logs annually, and they go through the whole domain and mark the trees ready for cutting, and those which by their size, robustness, and favorable location are considered

the best for seed trees. These latter are left standing to keep up the supply of new saplings; but where they do not suffice seeds are planted.

The reforestation of new and old tracts of ground furnishes employment to many of the students, and it is a work that enlists the greatest enthusiasm. Burnt-over and cut-over areas are planted not only with the native trees, but with those imported from Europe. There are nurseries connected with the forestry college where young seedlings of native and imported trees are planted. There are at present over one million such seedlings growing in the nurseries at Ithaca, and between 100,000 and 200,000 of these will be ready for transplanting each successive year. In the past two years nearly 200,000 seedlings have been planted from the nurseries, including such species as the Norway and Douglass spruce, the Scotch pine, the European larch, the Colorado white fir, and the common white pine. When it was difficult to secure seedlings for the work it cost \$9.90 per acre to reforest the land; but in the past year the cost has been reduced to \$4.85 per acre. This will be further reduced in a year or two when the nurseries and work have been organized according to plans now under consideration.

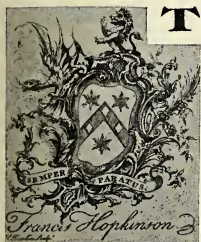
There is a forest school established at Yale College, which has the same object in view, and students who graduate there are pretty sure to secure employment. The Government is in pressing need of expert foresters who can go out upon the great national forest preserves of the country and teach local workers how

best to handle their woodlands. The Washington forestry bureau regularly takes a number of the graduates from the State forestry colleges, and sends them to different parts of the country. Their first service is to join a field party as "student assistants," receiving as compensation \$25 per month and expenses while actually employed. Each field party studies some particular forest land in the south, east or west. Sometimes it camps in the woods half the year, and ranges over vast areas, covering from 500 to 1,000 miles in the course of the summer. The party estimates the number of trees to the acre, the amount of merchantable timber, reports upon the character of each section, and makes recommendations as to the best method of checking the spread of such dangerous enemies as insects, tree moths, dry rots and fires.

Before the students are eligible to such a position they have passed through a course of study of trees which makes them pretty familiar with their growth and general characteristics. The forestry school at Yale has now organized a summer school at Milford, Pennsylvania, where practical and theoretical studies can be conducted in the very heart of the woods. This summer school is intended not only for students who are preparing themselves for professional work as foresters, but for all interested in the preservation of our forests, for farmers who wish to cultivate their wooded districts more successfully, and for lumbermen and owners of large forest preserves.

Francis Hopkinson: Man of Affairs and Letters

By Annie Russell Marble



THE penetrative rays of modern research, turned upon American history, have brought into clear vision many important crises, and have given true focus and relation to many personalities. A few historical characters have lost thereby somewhat of their traditional prestige; others have gained their long-deferred recognition. Pre-eminent among the leaders of the later Colonial and Revolutionary decades, tested and loved by his own generation, honored by historians to-day, stands Francis Hopkinson, jurist and statesman, wit and orator, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a distinguished man of affairs and letters.

His was an era that educed the deepest convictions and the most diverse services from all patriot hearts. Among his contemporaries, both in statecraft and literature, Francis Hopkinson was pre-eminently versatile in gifts, alert and unswerving in word and action. In all his life record he exemplified the motto on his family crest, *Semper paratus*. By counsels of wisdom and zeal, by orations and verses of scathing ridicule, he was one of the trenchant promoters of inde-

pendence, and later one of the most loyal and efficient sustainers of Federal government. Professor Tyler, in his "Literary History of the American Revolution," has well characterized this man as "a patriot of austere principle, a statesman of genuine sagacity, a citizen of high civic courage, a wit and satirist,—the edge of his sarcasm cutting into the enemy as keenly as any sword, and the ruddy glow of his mirth kindling good cheer over all the land on many a grim day when it was a hard thing to be had on his side of the fight."

By heritage, Francis Hopkinson was endowed with a broad, keen intellect and virile energy of action. His father, Thomas Hopkinson, well educated in London in law and science, came to America in 1731. Ten years later he was the successor of Andrew Hamilton as judge of the Vice-Admiralty for Pennsylvania, a judicial position later occupied by his son. The elder Hopkinson, wise and skilful in law and procedure, a member of the Provincial Council, combined, with his legal tastes, an interest in science which was both progressive and productive. In 1743 he was the first president of the American Philosophical Society, whose anniversaries are still worthily celebrated at Philadelphia. With Benjamin Franklin and Richard Peters, he

was one of the foster-fathers of the College of Philadelphia, the nucleus of the later University of Pennsylvania. Among tributes to his scientific practicality is this direct testimony from Benjamin Franklin: "The power of points to throw off the electric fire was first communicated to me by my ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, since deceased, whose virtues and integrities, in every situation of life, public and private, will ever make his memory dear to those who knew him and knew how to value him."

As in many another biographical record, the early love for poetry and encouragement in authorship came to the younger Hopkinson from his mother's inherited and cultivated love for literature. When the father died in 1751, leaving a large family and a limited income to the careful management of his young wife, Francis, the eldest child, was fourteen years old. To his education his mother gave her most inspiring and assiduous efforts. Entering the College of Philadelphia at sixteen years, his name is on the list of the first class, to be graduated in 1757, including some men of renown in law, medicine and the church,—Hugh Williamson, Jacob Duché, Paul Jackson, James Latta, John Morgan and Samuel Magaw. In the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," Volume II, is an interesting paper upon Rev. Jacob Duché, the classmate and brother-in-law of Hopkinson, well recalled in history as the first, and renegade, chaplain of Congress. The nervous fear and vacillation of Duché, his recantation of political opinions, when the British troops entered Philadelphia, his letter to Washington, urging his allegiance to

the Crown, and his escape to London with Cornwallis, to beg pardon for his earlier apostasy, are well known and dramatic incidents in the history of that decade. In some correspondence between Washington and Francis Hopkinson, relative to Duché's treason and his later request for reinstatement in Philadelphia, the kind, just insight of Washington was disclosed in the words, "I am still willing to suppose that it was dictated rather by his fears than by his real sentiments." In a letter from Hopkinson to Duché are expressions of sad shame and remonstrance, mingled with a gentleness and loyalty most typical of his nature: "I tremble for you, for my good sister, and her little family, I tremble for your personal safety. Be assured I write this from true brotherly love. Our intimacy has been of a long duration, even from our early youth; and so long have the sweetness of your manners and the integrity of your heart fixed my affections."

Choosing his father's profession as his own, Francis Hopkinson spent the years immediately after college in the law office of Benjamin Chew, the famous Attorney-General of the Province. In 1761 he was admitted to practice, and the same year received his initial political appointment as secretary of the conference between the Governor and the Indians of the Lehigh Valley. Some incidents of this affair are preserved in his poem, "The Treaty." Already his ability to rhyme had won him college distinctions. Among early poetic ventures are stanzas on Wolfe and the victories of 1758 and two dialogues and odes composed, both words and music, for the commencement exercises of his

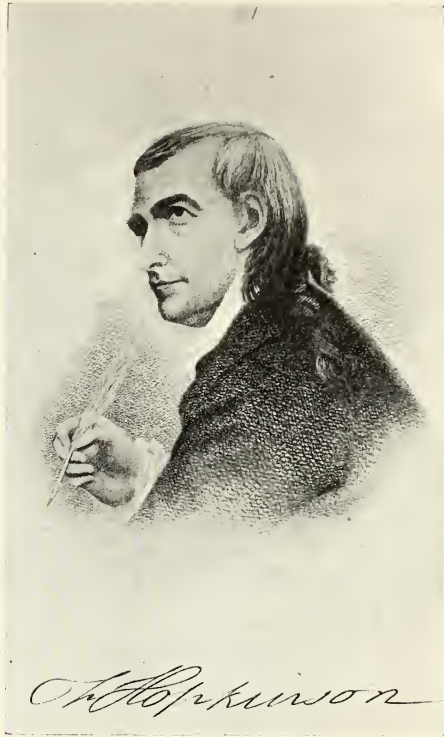
college in 1761 and 1762. In view of the later caustic zeal of his pen against England and its unjust monarch, there is interest in these youthful lines commemorative of the accession of George III:

"Thrice happy monarch! skill'd in every
art
To win a nation's smile, and fix their
love,
Thy youthful blossoms are the earnest
sure
Of future glories to thy native land.
Hence in the mighty rolls of British fame,
Thy reign shall shine, distinguished with
the rest
By deeds of valour, piety and love.

CHORUS.

Let the tuneful chorus join,
And high their voices raise,
To celebrate in notes divine,
The British monarch's praise."

Like many another young lawyer, Francis Hopkinson found time to cultivate his tastes for music, science and literature, without any serious loss to his legal duties. He was among the pioneer teachers of "the art of psalmody," at Christ Church and St. Peter's in Philadelphia. Some of his earlier compositions for voice and harpsichord were collected and published in 1788. They are interesting and available for examination at libraries where are preserved the rare beginnings in national music and verse. The dedication to Washington is graceful and testimonial: "Sir,—I embrace with heartfelt satisfaction every opportunity that offers of recognizing the personal friendship that hath so long persisted between us. With respect to the little work, which I now have the honour to present to your notice, I can only say that it is such as a Lover not a Master of the Arts can furnish. I am neither



a professional poet, nor a professional musician; and yet venture to appear in those characters united; for which, I confess, the censure of Temerity may justly be brought against me.—However small the Reputation may be that I shall derive from this work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the Credit of being the first native of the United States, who has produced a musical composition. If this attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to enter on a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us." Among the songs here included are many of the long-ago love-lays, sentimental pictures of the teary, blushing maidens, beneath the weeping willows.

Devotion to the Muses, however,

could not alone satisfy the aspirations of a vigorous, zealous temperament. As clients came slowly and efforts to gain Provincial office brought no response, Hopkinson gladly accepted the invitation of his friend and benefactor, Redmond Conyngham, to sail in his private ship to London in 1766. Here he hoped to obtain favor from Franklin and some official recognition through his English relative, the Bishop of Worcester. Franklin, however, had gone to Germany, and though the young man was kindly received by his kinsmen and dined with notables, including Benjamin West and Lord North, he sought in vain a Crown appointment on the Board of Commissioners of Customs for the Colonies. The repeal of the Stamp Act had left a bevy of Royalist officeholders to whom the first positions must be given by the home government. Apparently, Hopkinson had not been deeply stirred, as yet, by any opposition or defiance to English rule. After his return to America, Lord North, in attestation of his personal friendliness and Hopkinson's loyalty, appointed him collector of customs at Newcastle in 1772, and, two years later, he was a member of the Provincial Council.

While in England, as his stanzas testify, his heart had been mildly stirred by the charms of "fair Myrtilla," but two years later he had recovered sufficiently to sing the praises of—

"Delia, my soul's best treasure,
Delia, pride of Borden's Hill."

This later amorata was Ann Borden, granddaughter of the founder of Bordentown, New Jersey, whom he mar-

ried in 1768. From this event dates his association with the history of New Jersey, for he passed the major part of the year in Bordentown until 1774, when he moved his permanent residence there. The influence of this changed environment was potent in gaining him social and legal position and also in inciting and fostering within him the rapidly increasing rebellion against England and nascent hopes for independence. In 1776 he resigned his place on the Provincial Council to accept membership in Congress from New Jersey. The Borden family were ardent patriots. A graphic story is related of the burning of their luxurious mansion by the lawless British troops passing through the town, *en route* for Philadelphia. Madam Borden, a grand lady of the old school, had her chair placed opposite her home and watched its rare treasures perish in the flames. A British officer, in amazement and quasi-shame, approached and, mentioning his own mother, expressed sympathy and regret. He received the astounding reply, "This is the happiest day of my life, sir." "Indeed, madam, how can that be?" was his natural inquiry. Again, in proud, patriotic spirit, came the response, "Because the very fact of your burning the chief houses convinces me that you find it impossible to conquer our people, or you would not so ruthlessly destroy such property."

As a member of the Continental Congress, Francis Hopkinson was among that noted coterie of men whose brains constructed and whose hands signed America's most famous heritage, the Declaration of Independence, "the stately and passionate chant of

SONG II. 2

slow

My Love is gone

See whilst this absence mourn, no Joy shall smile on me, as thine Lover - turn; He said for his Bride, and many Vows he

swore, I blush'd and soon comply'd, I blush'd and soon comply'd, my heart was his - fore, my heart was his; my

Heart was his be - fore.

One little month was past
And who so blest as we;
The summons came at last
And Jemmy must to sea.

2. I saw his ship so gay
Swift fly the wave won there;
I wip'd my tears away -
And saw his ship no more.

When clouds shut in the sky
And storms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly
And threatening thunders roll,
All hopes of rest are lost,
No slumbers visit me;
My anxious thoughts are lost
With Jemmy on the sea.

Verse
no more, no more, and

Verse
my Thoughts are lost with

ONE OF HOPKINSON'S SONGS, ARRANGED FOR THE HARPSICORD

human freedom." On November 18, of that memorable year, he was appointed by Congress "to execute the business of the Navy," under the direction of the Marine Committee. Thus early were his services enlisted and his zeal aroused. Writing to Dr. Coale of Baltimore, he said: "If my poor abilities can be of the least service to my country in her day of trial, I shall not complain of the hardship of the task. Our troops are hearty and eager for action and full of spirits, animated, I really believe, by the spirit of patriotism."

One of the most marked proofs of the aphorism, "The pen is mightier than the sword," with a new interpretation, came during those crucial years in American history from 1774 to 1776, when the doctrine of nullification and resistance became transformed, by

logical steps, into the conviction and declaration of independence as the only hopeful outcome of the struggle against England. Here families and friends divided in sincere, yet often bitter, differences of opinion. Outwardly, affairs seemed still capable of pacific settlement. Some concessions had been gained, others seemed probable. To break away from the fatherland, still dear and revered, even in its tyranny, to conceive of a federation of these distinctive colonies as the germ of a possible nation, seemed to many Whigs, who had persistently resisted England's demands, rank treason or the vision of deluded fanatics. The history of these years presents forcibly the influence of keen, patient legislators, of eloquent preachers, but, yet more distinctly, the incisive and penetrative agency of the wits, pamphlet-

eers and satirists in evolving and completing the work of secession and independence.

Among the earliest and most popular writings of this type were two by Francis Hopkinson, still familiar and quotable to-day, "A Pretty Story" and "A Prophecy." In September, 1774, the Continental Congress was convened at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, "to consult upon the present state of the colonies, and the miseries to which they are and must be reduced—and to deliberate and determine upon wise and proper measures to be by them recommended to all the colonies, for the recovery and establishment of their just rights and liberties, civil and religious, and the restoration of union and harmony between Great Britain and the colonies, most ardently desired by all good men." Simultaneous with this was the issuance and rapid sale in Philadelphia of a neat, playful little volume, "A Pretty Story, written in the year of our Lord, 1774, by Peter Grievous, Esq. A. B. C. D. E. Veluti in Speculo." Here, under clever allegory and illustration, was pictured the existent condition in "The New Farm," or America, under the neglectful and oppressive treatment of the old nobleman upon the "Old Farm," England. The Parliament, under guise of the Nobleman's wife, with "her avaricious eye," Jack, the American colonist, the revenue extortions, the Stamp Act, the tea duty, the war vessels in Boston harbor,—such incidents came within the apt, allegorical panorama. With raillery and irony, that never became invective yet reached greater effect by their restraint, the author interwove derision and argument, and, beneath the witticism, the readers rec-

ognized the force and justice of the presentation. With clever, prophetic enigma the allegory closes: "These harsh and unconstitutional proceedings irritated Jack and the other inhabitants of the new farm to such a degree that—*coetera desunt*."

Even in those days of slow travel "A Pretty Story" soon found its way into the Eastern states where its allusions to Boston and her trials gave it immediate popularity. Though published as "Peter Grievous," the author was soon known to be Francis Hopkinson. Less acrimonious than Freneau or Trumbull, from the first he won popular response by his ingenious allegories and conceits, replete with wit and raillery. His "Translation of a Letter Written by a Foreigner in his Travels" in 1776, a cutting satire on English provincialism and misrule, was instrumental in quietly removing many a veil of illusion from the minds of doubtful Whigs, who still revered and extolled their home-land as the greatest country in the world. With humorous lampoons and mild exaggerations, this visiting foreigner sees with astonishment, and arraigns with gentle ridicule the provincialism and retrogression of England,—"In a word, contradiction and absurdity make an Englishman."

Throughout the career of Francis Hopkinson, in statecraft and letters alike, one notes the poise, the lack of virulence, the cautious and logical progress of his ideas and messages on national questions. During the months prior to the final Declaration, while arguments and remonstrances were besieging the leaders of the secessionists, while the more earnest

denouncers were deploring "treasonous measures" and the more timid questioners feared and prayed in uncertainty, two pamphlets wielded a marked influence in behalf of independence and won over to its side many fearful and vacillating colonists. "Common Sense," the forceful and timely pamphlet of Thomas Paine and the tract by Hopkinson, "A Prophecy," had great influence in promoting severance of the ties and the establishment of America's freedom. Hopkinson's brief allegory, in Biblical form, was a direct answer to the famous "Letters of Cato to the People of Pennsylvania," printed weekly from March 13 to April 24, 1776, and voicing the strong fears and protests of Rev. William Smith, provost of the College of Philadelphia. While this "Cato" had been an ardent opposer of unjust taxation and other measures of oppression, he urged vehemently the refusal of Congress to give sanction to the Declaration of Independence. The answer, in this "Prophecy," written in Hopkinson's restrained and semi-humorous tone, was in form and phraseology of some long-ago prophet who saw and depicted the exciting and controversial scenes of that time and uttered his oracular vision.

Under the imagery of a tree, planted in a far country, by the king of many islands, a tree that for a long time was fruitful, he described the growth of the colonies and their benefit to the king. "The North wind," however, blasted in time the tree and broke its branches. Then shall arise a certain prophet (Franklin), "and he shall wear spectacles upon his nose and reverence and esteem shall rest upon his brow." He urges

that the tree be hewn down and a new, vigorous sapling, of their own planting and care, be substituted therefor. In opposition to such advice, however, were the words of one Cato, urging trust in the rotten tree and offering bribes and promises. He is not hearkened to, however, for "the people shall root up the rotten tree, and in its place they shall plant a young and vigorous tree, and shall effectually defend it from the winds of the North by an high wall. And they shall dress it and prune it, and cultivate it to their own liking. And the young tree shall grow and flourish and spread its branches far abroad; and the people shall dwell under the shadow of its branches, and shall become an exceeding great, and powerful, and happy nation."

When the war was actual rather than imminent, the zeal and service of Hopkinson increased yearly. With all diligence and efficiency, he performed the duties associated with equipment of the navy and was also treasurer of the Continental loan office. In 1779, he received an appointment as judge of the Court of the Admiralty, a position filled with honor and trust for ten years, until the office was succeeded by that of a constitutional judgeship, to which he was promoted by Washington in 1789, and in which he continued until his death. There was, however, a constant need of his wit, as well as his intellectual and legal training, in the service of his country during these years of long-deferred victory. It is difficult for us to realize to-day the incentive for patriotism inspired by the writings of this early time, which seem to us, removed from the en-

vironment, amusing and somewhat crude, rather than potent. This was before the days of critical literary analysis, it was an era of tense, energizing conflict of opinion, and the sincerity and force of argument, the deep patriotism of Hopkinson were revealed through the satiric essays and the light, doggerel verse. Some of his compositions would easily meet the tests of criticism,—the severe, dignified "Letter to Lord Howe," after the devastating march of the British troops through New Jersey in 1776, the caustic strictures upon the Loyalists and their printer, Rivington, the pungent and graphic songs for camp and march,—such varied pen-patriotism revealed a versatile, keen and potent mind. In *The Pennsylvania Packet*, under signatures of "Calamus," "Cautious," "One of the People" and other *nommes de guerre*, he published many of these essays and verses; and though research has identified most of these, doubtless a few are still unattributed with certainty. In a copy of *The Pennsylvania Packet*, for February 9, 1782, I found, under the letters "F. H.," one of his most trenchant and less familiar attacks upon Rivington and his adherents. So scathing and Rabellian was the entire tone of this communication that it gave credence to the suggestion that, in collecting and publishing his writings after the war had long been ended, he greatly modified the vehemence of some of the original tracts. An excerpt will indicate the pungent answer to the supporter of Rivington: "If my antagonist chuses to skulk behind a dunghill, the laws of literary war do not call upon me to follow him into all the filth he

is willing to wade through—As to Monsieur Rivington, I thought the man had sold off his trumpery and gone to England: agreeably to his advertisement. But I find by three and twenty advertisements in his paper of the 26th, which I have to-day taken pains to count, that he is still in New York,—unless he has told three and twenty lies in one paper—a thing not unlikely."

Less corrosive and more typical of his convincing, yet restrained method is the familiar tract, "A Political Catechism," issued in 1777 after Washington's success at Trenton and the apparent collapse of the English commanders. Contrasting the pampered Royalists with the American general, he extols Washington in words of lofty hero-worship: "Who has the chief command of the American army?"

"His Excellency General Washington.

"What is his character?"

"To him the title of *Excellency* is applied with peculiar propriety. He is the best and greatest man the world ever knew. He retreats like a General and attacks like a Hero. Had he lived in the days of idolatry, he had been worshipped as a God. One age cannot do justice to his merit; but a grateful posterity shall, for a succession of ages, remember the great deliverer of his country."

Hopkinson's loyalty to his chief and his cause does not seem to have been mere adulation or an appeal for patronage. It was the spontaneous expression of a stanch courage and helpful spirit. His verses were designed to encourage and inspire the troops, especially in times of gloom.



BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty :
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.
'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier flood, on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.
As in a maze, he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be deny'd, fir,
He spy'd a score—of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, fir.
A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischiefs brewing.
These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring :
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.
The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, fear'd almost to death, fir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, fir.
Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted :
And some ran here, and some ran there
Like men almost distracted.
Some fire cry'd, which some deny'd,
But said the earth had quaked :
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked,
Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——.
Now in affright, he starts upright,
Awake'd by such a clatter :
He rubs both eyes, 'ad boldly cries,
"For God's sake what's the matter!"
At his bed side, he then spy'd
Sir Erskine at command, fir,

Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, fir.
Arise ! arise ! Sir Erskine cries :
The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all on float,
And rang'd before the city.
The motly crew, in vessels new,
With satan for their guide, fir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, fir.
Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
These kegs must all be routed ;
Or surely we despis'd shall be,
And British courage doubted.
The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, fir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, fir.
The cannons roar, from shore to shore ;
The small arms make a rattle :
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.
The sith below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter ;
Why sure, thought they, the devils to pay ;
Mongit folks above the water.
These kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, fir,
Could not oppose their pow'ful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, fir.
From morn to night, these men of might
Display'd amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge :
An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, fir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valour to record, fir.
Such feats did they perform that day
Upon these wicked kegs, fir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, fir.

The most familiar of these war lyrics are the "Camp Ballad" and "The Battle of the Kegs." The former, written in 1777, was well adapted to martial steps and was a favorite song throughout the war; the strains were invigorating and hearty:

"To arms, then, to arms! 'tis fair freedom invites us:

The trumpet still sounding to battle excites us;

Our cause we'll support, for 'tis just and 'tis glorious,

When men fight for freedom, they must be victorious."

The story of "The Battle of the Kegs" has become a part of American history and native humor. The ingenious device of the kegs, floated

down the Delaware to annoy and deceive the lethargic British troops at Philadelphia, would have been only a transitory incident in the war without the clever recital in Hopkinson's ballad. Not alone did he construct a lightsome, rollicking song to cheer the wearied soldiers at the time, but he has immortalized Yankee ingenuity versus British obtuseness, in verses which will ever be recalled at mention of the war. He prefaced the publication of the ballad by a prose narrative of the same event in the *New Jersey Gazette*, January 21, 1778. The appearance of the stanzas following it met instant response and the jolly raillery was recited and sung, published in journals and on broadsides, throughout the colonies. Despite the literary flimsiness there is a pictorial effectiveness and a rhythmic swing to the stanzas, even recalled in disjointed portions:

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

"Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted."

"Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir."

Of this ballad, full of ridicule, keen and stinging, Professor Tyler has said: "To the cause of the Revolution, it was perhaps worth as much, just then, by way of emotional tonic and of military inspiration, as the winning of a con-

siderable battle would have been." After the end of the war, during the years of later manhood, in varied writings and inventions revealing his progressive ideas and tastes, Francis Hopkinson was ever alert with logic and wit to serve his country in her slightest need. In 1787, his wisdom and training were instrumental in framing the new Constitution, while his skill in witty allegory was utilized for the same cause. "The New Roof" was a popular and influential argument for the Federation, proposed by the Pennsylvania Convention. Hopkinson's literary presentation of this cause was by a combined prose allegory and a vigorous, merry song. As *raison d'être* for the new Constitution versus the old Confederation, he cites, 1. "That the whole fabric was too weak." 2. "That there were indeed thirteen rafters; but that these rafters were not connected by any braces or ties, so as to form a union of strength." 3. "That some of these rafters were too thick and heavy, and others too slight; and as the whole had been put together whilst the timber was yet green, some had been warped outwards, and of course sustained an undue proportion of weight, whilst others, warping inwards, had shrunk from bearing any weight at all." 4. "That the roof was so flat as to admit the most idle servants in the family, their playmates and acquaintances, to trample upon and abuse it." The song with which this allegory closes is virile and pictorial, as a single stanza will evidence:

"Up! up! with the rafters; each frame is
a state:
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how
great!

From the north to the south, o'er the
whole they extend,
And rest on the walls whilst the walls they
defend:

For our roof we will raise, and our song
still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet as citizens
free."

Francis Hopkinson was essentially representative of his own age, one of its most influential leaders, while in gifts and aspirations he seemed often in advance of that pioneer time. As lawyer and judge he was astute and liberal and his decisions have been often cited with respect by latter-day jurists. In the third volume of his "Miscellaneous Writings" are several detailed judgments on important cases during his service from 1778-1791. As an interesting side-light in his history, I have found a careful presentation by his son of "The Impeachment and Trial of Francis Hopkinson, Judge of the Admiralty, November, 1780." He seemed, thus early, to have been a victim of a disappointed, malevolent officeseeker, who brought against him charges of accepting bribes, gifts, etc. The trial was conducted with all vigilance and the result was an acquittal. "Upon the whole, we are unanimously of opinion that the judge ought to be acquitted upon all the three charges." This brief episode in his career had no injurious effect upon his reputation for integrity or judicial efficiency. In 1784, recorded in the third volume of Jefferson's Letters, was his recommendation of Hopkinson as director of the mint, "as a man of genius, gentility and great merit—as capable of the office as any man I know and the appointment would give general pleasure because he is generally es-

teemed." Five years later, as noted, he was given a judgeship by Washington with the following dignified expression of confidence: "In my nomination of Persons to fill offices in the Judicial Department, I have been guided by the importance of the object,—considering it as of the first magnitude as the Pillar upon which our political fabric must rest. I have endeavoured to bring into the offices of its administration such characters as will give stability and dignity to our National Government."

With a keen brain, which could devise ridicule and satire in a cause for his country, with a zealous and brave spirit, which heralded all nascent progress for American liberty, Hopkinson was never scurrilous nor vindictive. His temperamental gentleness was evidenced in the story of the mouse that daily hied forth from its unmolested fortress to share his meals, even as flocks of pigeons greeted his home-coming with intimate, loving comradeship. In circles of politics, education or society, he was warmly welcomed. Small and unique in figure, he was poised, alert and strong in mind, with a heart and soul true and co-operative in all high endeavor. John Adams's portrait of him, in a letter to his wife after his first meeting with Hopkinson, is familiar yet noteworthy: "He is one of your pretty, little, curious, ingenious men. His head is not bigger than a large apple, yet he is genteel and well-bred and very social." Reference is also made by Adams to the liberal education of his new acquaintance and "his skill as a painter and a poet."

Francis Hopkinson was not alone a dilettante in the embryonic arts

of literature, music and painting among Americans, but he was, also, an earnest and inventive student of the scanty scientific knowledge then obtainable, and a fearless, constructive critic of the decadent scholastic methods of education then in vogue. His "Specimen of a Collegiate Examination," with its "salt-box" formulas, is clever anathema on the teaching of the times. With inventive parody, he treats the "salt-box" under the heads of Metaphysics, Logic, Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Chemistry, etc., revealing the dry, stilted methods of education and indulging in such extreme classifications as these:

PROFESSOR—"What is the salt called with respect to the box?"

STUDENT—"It is called its contents."

PROFESSOR—"And why so?"

STUDENT—"Because the cook is content, *quoad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box."

PROFESSOR—"You are very right; let us now proceed to Logic. How many parts are there in a salt-box?"

STUDENT—"Three: bottom, top and sides."

PROFESSOR—"How many modes are there in a salt-box?"

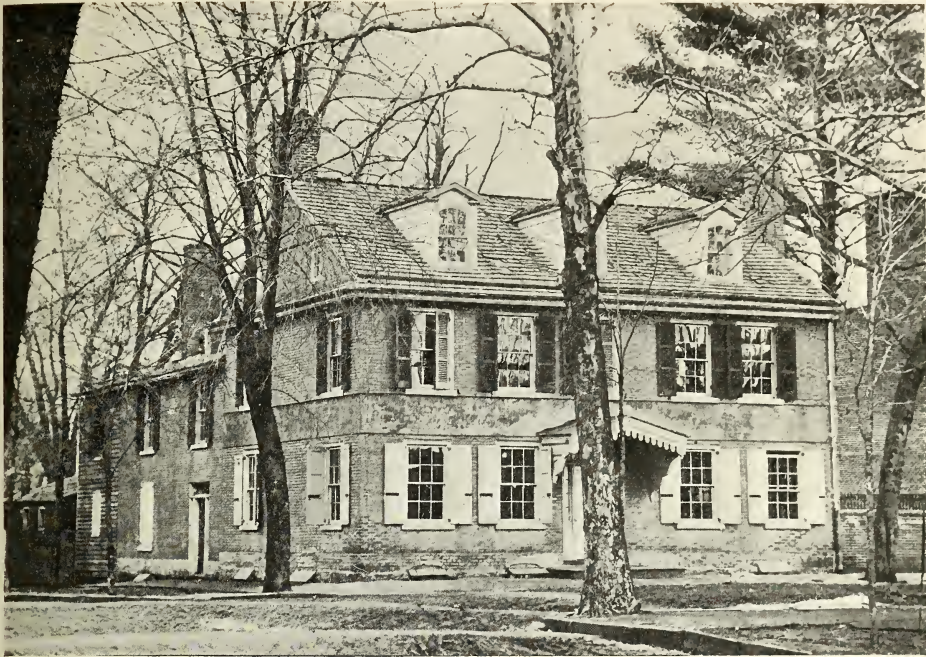
STUDENT—"Four: the formal, the substantial, the accidental and the topsy-turvy."

The scurrilous and sensational tone of many journals of his time aroused his witty ridicule in "A Plan for the Improvement of the Art of Paper War." As one reads his trenchant satire on more emphasis to be gained by means of diverse type, from "Five-Line Pica," to "French Canon," it would seem indeed a prophetic vision of these later days of flaring

head-lines and flamboyant style. Behind his ridicule and sarcasm lurked ever an earnest aspiration for reform. In many instances he was the forerunner of progressive methods and aspirations. In the lines commemorative of his death by John Swanwick, is a significant stanza in personal allusion:

"Ye city trees, protect your patron's grave;
He once from ruin saved your leafy charms,
Then to his honor bid your green tops wave,
And fold his urn in your embracing arms."

This stanza bears direct reference to the forceful remonstrance by Hopkinson in April, 1782, when an act was passed directing that all the Philadelphia trees should be cut down and removed for fear of fire and stagnation of air. With the knowledge of a later age, Hopkinson made his famous plea in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*,—"A Speech of a Standing Member." As one of his minor and fugitive writings, this *jeu d'esprit* is meagrely known, but, in style and thought, it deserves remembrance among his best non-political efforts. With force, this "standing member," dubbed in derision "the wooden member," utters his plea as a citizen: "The same divine hand that formed you formed us also. The same elements that nourish you, nourish us. Like you, we die and return to the earth from which we sprang; and then the wisest amongst you cannot distinguish between the dust of an elm and that of an emperor." After dwelling upon both the scenic and the sanitary results of foliage, he closed with this question:



THE HOPKINSON HOUSE, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

"And will you then, oh guardian of the people! will you by a fatal decree banish from amongst you, those salutary citizens to whom you are so much indebted for the blessings of health, without which every other blessing loses its value? And what advantage do you propose to yourselves by such a measure? Your streets and alleys, indeed, will not be obstructed by trees, but they may be obstructed by lengthened funerals and mournful processions." In a careful essay he outlined an ingenious devise for improving orthography on the principle of wave-lines, and, again, would apply "Surveying to Portrait-Painting." In the *Columbian Magazine*, May, 1787, are noted "Improvements on Quilling a Harpsichord," while he designed and illustrated in detail and *ensemble* an original device for a "candle-

case." Ingenious is the relevant word to apply to many of his practical and literary devices, yet often they are predictive of later progress. In his "Improved Plan for Education," he suggests the purchase of twenty acres of land whereon may be taught, by illustration, natural philosophy and the sciences of astronomy, navigation, etc. He would also call in the aid of games, marbles, wickets, bandy, as educative media. While some of his ideas seem fantastic to us, they were indicative of the progressive mind and prophetic of the experimental methods of modern education. Behind all his unique conceits was a well-trained mind. When the British troops devastated Bordentown and his wife's ancestral home, his house was saved by a strange incident, closely related to his scholarship and

ingenuity. The torch had been touched to the outside of the house, when the captain of the Hessians, one Ewald, entered the library and, amazed at the books, the scientific apparatus and mechanical designs, extinguished the flames and saved the house. Within a volume of Provost Smith's "Discourses," this hostile, yet educated, captain wrote beneath his seal: "This man was one of the greatest rebels, nevertheless, if we dare to conclude from the Library and Mechanical and Mathematical Instruments, he must have been a very learned man."

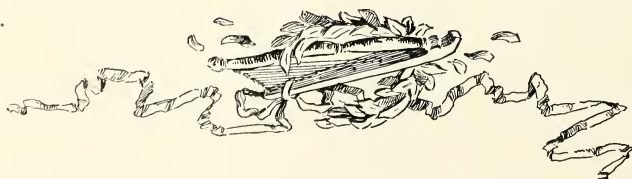
In history the name of Francis Hopkinson will be associated with his services to freedom and federalism. He would have won honor in any age as jurist and wit. With a cleverness of characterization not unworthy of Congreve or Swift, with satire and parody akin to Pope and Addison, he had the sincerity of a strenuous reformer and the insight of a true, though untrained, poet.

The "Ode to Music" echoes a poet's yearning and responsiveness to even the crude music of that earlier age and province. Among his lyrics, on other than military themes, with the words and tune of his own composition, one has survived with its melody

and exhilaration, the familiar hunting song :

"O'er the hills far away at the birth of the morn,
I hear the full tone of the sweet sounding horn,
The sportsmen with shouting, all hail the new day,
And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far away.
Across the deep valley their course they pursue,
And rush through the thickets yet silver'd with dew,
Nor fences nor ditches their speed can delay,
Still sounds the sweet horn o'er the hills far away."

When, in 1791, Francis Hopkinson, still in the vigor of later manhood, died suddenly of apoplexy, he left to his five children a memory of noble, skilful, patriotic service. His son, Joseph, inheriting the love and facility for verse, no less than the more earnest zeal, has contributed to our national songs the immortal "Hail, Columbia! Happy land!" Wherever the literary history of America is recalled, in coalescence with our national development from Colonial through Revolutionary to democratic government, the name and work of Francis Hopkinson will be accorded due remembrance as legislator, jurist, satirist and patriot poet.



The Legendary Play of Rothenburg

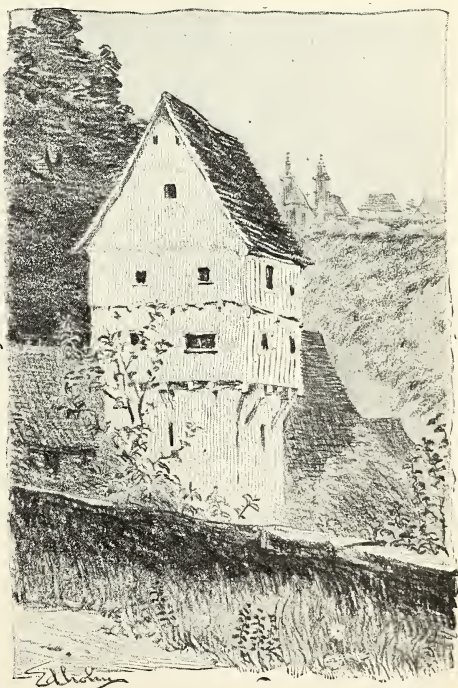
By Charlton L. Edholm

ON the Bavarian boundary, not far from Nürnberg, lies what is doubtless the most complete and harmonious bit of the Middle Ages to be found in all Germany to-day, the whilom Free City of the Empire, Rothenburg *ob der Tauber*. In seclusion from the artificial life of our century, and without the commercial or manufacturing interests which, in other cities, afford harsh contrasts to the traces of other times, this old town preserves a unity of mediæval impression in its architecture, its customs and the simple life of its folk which, elsewhere, is hardly to be found. For more than a thousand years Rothenburg has played an important part in German history and, truly, one who, from the valley of the Tauber, looks up to the massive walls that still encircle it, and counts the many towers that once defended it, can understand how such a stronghold could for centuries have maintained its own against the Huns, the Suabians and the barbarian warriors of the dark ages, a veritable city of refuge.

A fragment from the castle of the counts of that ilk, that was built in the seventh century, still remains perched on the narrow, precipitous tongue of rock, about which glides the stream far below, and near this ruin but separated from it by high gates and towers, stands the city, protected on three sides by the steep

banks of the Tauber, which rise to its walls, and on its more exposed sides by deep moats, partly filled with water, and by heavy fortifications. So stands Rothenburg, like Jerusalem: a city that is set on a hill and which cannot be hid.

The city wall is in its original condition with a covered passage along the top, open on the side toward the town, while on the other are many arrow slits and tower windows from which one has charming views far into the surrounding country. One can walk along this passage about





three-quarters of the way around the city, getting the most intimate insight of little, high-walled flower gardens and courtyards; looking over jumbled roofs, into whose gable windows one takes a sly peep here and there, and down strange perspectives of streets and lanes, which usually lead the eye to the exquisite Gothic spires of the church and Rathhaus and to the fantastic row of towers on the opposite side of the city.

It is an old saying that Rothenburg had as many of these towers as there are weeks in the year, and it is characteristic of the citizens that they have always had understanding and love for the works of their forefathers, which is one of the reasons why so much has been preserved to us. That this was a cultured and art-loving, as well as a wealthy city is proven by the fine architecture and tasteful ornament which remain in abundance. In wandering through the humbler quarters, one finds on almost every house a bit of carving or painting; a

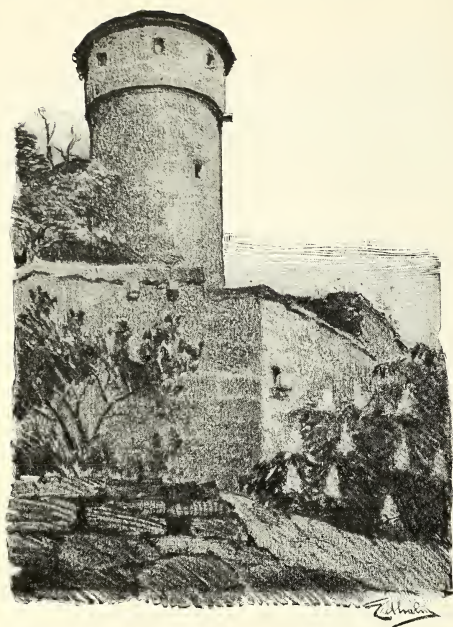
motto or a guild shield, for the baker displays his rampant lions supporting a pretzel as proudly as does the patrician his family arms. Especially in the patrician houses one finds a wealth of fanciful and yet worthy architecture and ornament from the Gothic straight through to the Rococo periods, each house being individual and characteristic yet none so eccentric as to be undignified.

The courtyards, too, are delightfully quaint; usually a veranda runs around each story with a great display of heavy beams on which the woodcarver has done his best work. Still prettier it is when one finds an old-fashioned garden in such a court; a blossoming pear tree or lilac bush, and prim gravel paths between the geometrical beds of simple flowers. Then one first has an insight and understanding of much of the German lyric, and one recalls with new delight the exquisite spring songs of Goethe or passages from his idyllic "Hermann und Dorothea." Over many of these houses lingers the charm of history and imagination, for many of them are inscribed with the names of emperors and kings who were received in them as guests, centuries ago.

Undoubtedly the finest architectural work in Rothenburg is the Rathhaus or town hall, a Gothic and Renaissance structure of remarkable dignity and harmony, whose light, graceful tower overlooks the whole city. In the highest point, right under the cupola, is a small octagonal room in which a little gray man lives alone as in a philosopher's cell, with all the world below him. And like the philosopher, it is his duty to observe and occasionally to warn, for he has not only



THE RATHHAUS



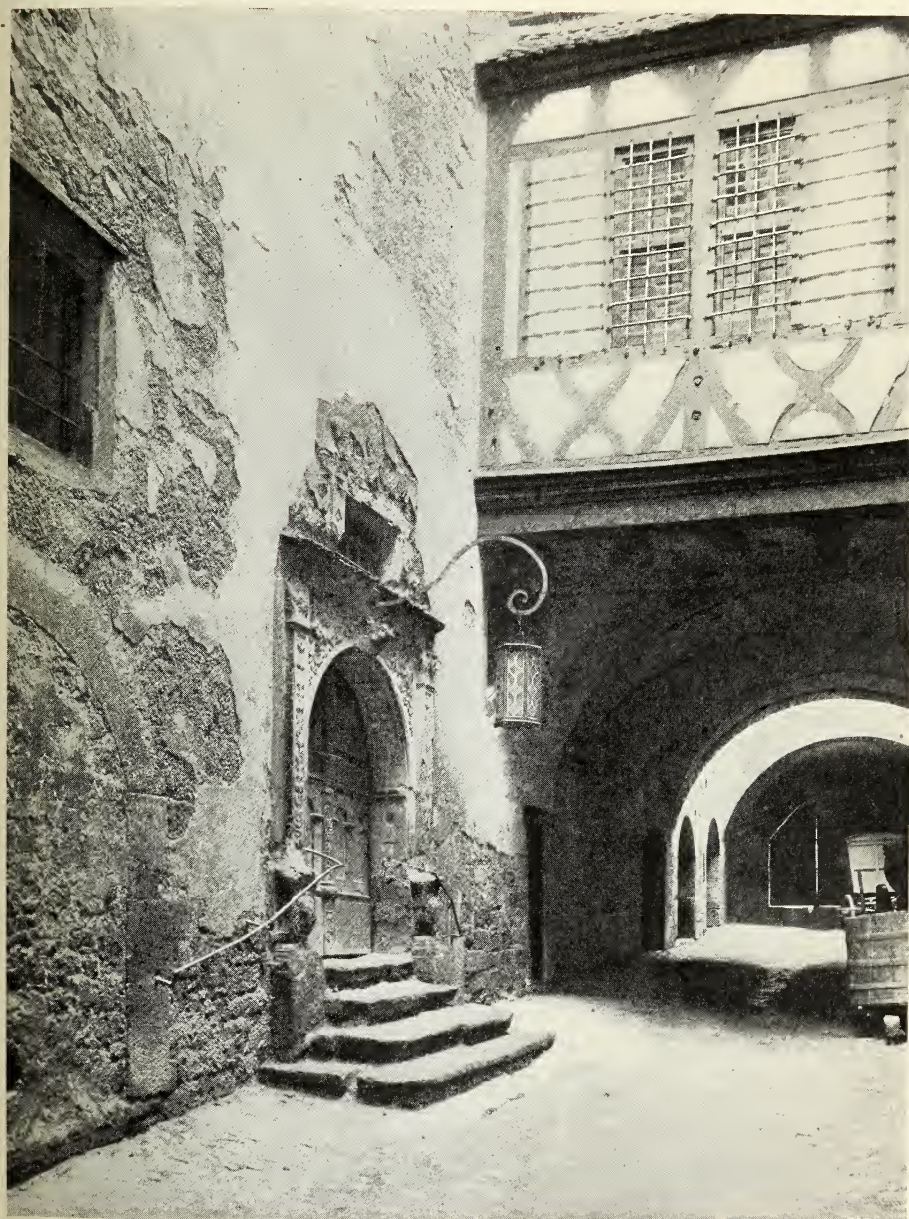
the city but also a whole circle of villages, near and far, to watch and, in case of fire, to alarm with the great bell pendant over his roof.

The church of the Holy Ghost is a gray, venerable edifice, lightened by elegant flying buttresses and richly adorned with old Gothic sculpture. Though the two spires are of the same general design, one is higher and much lighter than the other; this difference is accounted for by the following legend: When the church was quite built, it was thought well to erect two towers into the blue heaven. The master designed one, and the other, the northern, he intrusted to a young assistant, who completed a work much more graceful and beautiful than that of his preceptor; the latter, in despair, and full of envy and anger, dashed himself from his own tower to the ground. On the south side of the building a representation of this tragic event is depicted.

The church possesses several fine altars, one of which was painted by Dürer's master, Wohlgemuth. Another is of stained wood, said to have been carved by Tillmann Riemen-schneider of Würzburg. It has, for a central composition, the Last Supper, and with clever ingenuity the windows in the background are let into the church wall, and being really of glass, admit light. In the Middle Ages, pilgrims came hither to adore the drop of the Holy Blood, which is enclosed in a crystal capsule, held by two angels high among the intricacies of the fantastic carving.



Among the tombstones is quite an original one: a shield with two dice, and a helmet which bears as a crest two outstretched hands and arms throwing dice. It is the monument of Heinrich Toppler, meaning dicer in old German, the great burgomaster of Rothenburg, with whom history and legend have had much to do. Toppler was an extremely influential man, not only in the little republic of which he was the head, but also in the other Free Cities, and with Kaiser Wenzel, whom he entertained in his little castle in the valley. After Wenzel's downfall, the city tried to conciliate the new Emperor Ruprecht by seizing Toppler, his old antagonist, and trying him for treason; for it was charged that he had acquired his great fortune dishonestly, that he had held secret court of justice in his house and had staked the city at dice with the nobles of Nürn-



IN THE COURT OF THE RATHHAUS

berg. His enemies promptly declared him guilty and sentenced him to death, imprisoning him in a wretched little vault under the town hall. Meanwhile his partisans had dug an underground passage from his house to the dungeon, but when they broke through the wall it was too late. A friend, disguised as a priest, had brought him poison, and the old warrior and statesman had made his last throw with fortune. They found him dead. A breach in the stone wall still shows where his friends came to him. But after all, one is seldom reminded of the cruelty and gloom of the mediæval times, for Rothenburg has the golden atmosphere of the age of chivalry, not as it really was, perhaps, but as we love to imagine it, heroic but tender and reposeful.

There is no more idyllic spot than about the old castle, in the garden, overgrown with gnarled, spreading lindens and young birch trees; fragrant with lilacs and apple blossoms, and brightened with bits of meadow full of field flowers. Here is the land in which it seems always afternoon. As I lie on the grass-grown parapet I see, as in a vision, the towers of the city of rest, aglow in the evening sunshine, for it seems no part of the world in which we live, so pure it is, so still, in its glory. And as I lie here watching, it is as if the golden spires had voices; from their heights I hear the sweetly solemn strains of an old German choral, simple, pious and strong. It fills the evening as do the last, shimmering rays of the western sun. Far down the valley the shadows hover over the river and tenderly enfold the villages nestling in the hollows. Over

me and around me the lindens begin to murmur lightly, so lightly; only the dreamer knows it for a ballad that the lindens first heard when they were centuries younger, when they and chivalry were in their first youth and here in the old castle the splendid Hohenstaufens held a court of knightly love and war, where the heroes of the lance and lyre often met in noble combat.

One day in every spring the enchanted city awakes. As in the fairy tale, when the daring prince had kissed the Sleeping Beauty, all the old life was taken up again just where it had stopped, so on each Whitmonday, Rothenburg throws off its torpor and appears once more in old-time splendor. The deserted streets now swarm with bands of troopers in the extravagant finery of the Thirty Years' War: on the market place, pretty, demure girls smile from the flower decked balcony of the Rathhaus. Before the portal, halberdiers pace slowly to and fro as sentries, while in the watch-house a whole crew of lusty rascals drink, play cards and troll loose ballads of love and battle and vagabond camp life. In the dark alleys one sees a flash of bright scarlet shako or has a glimpse of mottled leopard skin: they are the ferocious Croats and Hungarians; ugly, picturesque riders with a mass of tangled, black hair obscuring ruffian faces, and a painfully villainous looking arsenal dangling about their persons. The swashbucklers with the glinting armor are Pappenheim's cuirassiers, while the stout fellows in blue and buff, with loose trousers and flapping, plumed hats, are a detachment from Gustav Adolph's Swedes, left here in command of Cornet von



PATRICIAN HOUSES, INCLUDING — TO THE RIGHT — THAT OF BURGOMASTER TOPPLER

Rinkenberg. If you would like to know what all these swaggerers are doing to-day in Rothenburg, come to the council hall in the Rathhaus and you will learn.

Austrian, Croat, Swede and Hungarian mingle in all Bohemian good-fellowship and empty mighty stone mugs in emulation of the city hero; meanwhile roaring old German catches, dicing and flirting most outrageously with the market women and the gypsy girls. Amid this clatter of a thousand tongues, an impromptu theatre forms the centre of attraction for a while. It follows the older traditions of the stage in regard to scenery, for a halberdier, standing motionless at one corner of the low platform, bears on his weapon a board with the motto, "A street," and with a change of scene, he reverses it that we may know it is now "in a tavern."

In the first place it is the year of grace 1631, and this Protestant city is being defended by its townsmen and a handful of Swedes from the assault of General Tilly and the imperial army, which is even now bombarding the walls.

Burgomaster Bezold, after a night of anxious watching, has called the senate together to decide whether the citizens shall be kept at their posts, or whether it would not be better to surrender while there is hope of quarter, and thus avoid the horrible pillage, outrage and slaughter to which this same Tilly has subjected their sister city, Magdeburg, but a few months ago. The councillors decide, however, to fight for their faith and liberty to the end, leaving the issue with God, so the captains are encouraged and a new body of untried youths is sent out

with the blessing of the fathers to reinforce the defenders. The cannonading continues to be heard from the walls, and now messengers come flying in with breathless reports, at first of success and then of reverse, until, finally, Ex-Burgomaster Nusch brings the worst news of all. Praying alone in the church, he had looked up and seen with fright that on the old Toppler monument the eyes of the dice were glowing in the twilight like red coals, an omen of disaster for the city. Trembling, he left the sanctuary, to find the citizens worn out, the young recruits decimated, and, worst of all, that a cannon ball had shattered the powder tower; so deeming further resistance useless, he had hung out the white flag.

Even as he speaks, a confusion of noises is heard from the market place; clattering of horses, cries for mercy and the heavy tramping of men in armor. It comes nearer and nearer till the door of the council chamber in which we sit is thrown open and heralds enter, followed by a guard of cuirassiers, chanting a grimly exultant war song of the times.

Then comes Tilly with his staff officers.

The general, in a rage, swears that the city of traitors shall suffer for its stubborn resistance as has Magdeburg, and, unmoved by the entreaties of the women, sends for the executioner to behead the burgomaster and the senators.

The refusal of the headsman to do his office on his masters gains them a little time, during which the cellar master brings a great flagon of Tauber wine, and Tilly and his staff are persuaded to drink, but so great is the

vessel that all of them together cannot empty it. Mellowed by the unusual drink, the fierce old general is in a grimly humorous mood, and suggests that though the Rothenburgers have not been able to defend themselves with their arms, he will give them a chance to save their heads through their stomachs. "I will spare your lives," he continues, "if one of you will empty this beaker at a single draught."

The senators look at each other in dismay, for the glass holds three quarts and more, an unheard of swallow even in Bavaria. Finally, though, Ex-Burgomaster Nusch, a man of great profundity, decides that he would rather die as he had lived than meet an unfamiliar and more bitter death at the headsman's hand, so he devoutly commits himself to God—and drinks.

In breathless silence the councilors and warriors watch the flagon rise slowly, higher and higher, till the drinker's round, bald head disappears; totally eclipsed by the bottom of the vessel. Will the liquor be drowned in him, or will he, like poor Clarence, be drowned in the wine? The stillness is broken only by the gurgle of the liquid as it steadily flows into the worthy ex-burgomaster. He staggers! but one of his colleagues supports him as, with a final effort, he causes the last of the three quarts to disappear.

Like a truly great man, he has little to say after his mighty deed, and modestly retires into a corner. Tilly, however, is loud in his praise and, as he had promised, spares the city, so the whole scene ends in a *Te Deum*, and the deeply patriotic Nusch is hailed as the savior of his country.

This is the history, inscribed in the old chronicles, which the burghers of Rothenburg reproduce each year, with the most charming ingenuousness, but by no means crudely; for the effect of the natural scenery, the genuine costumes, and the dusky light from the mullioned windows is extremely realistic and artistic. The absence of stagginess among the players is very refreshing, the more so as they are saved from awkwardness by a natural dramatic talent: perhaps, too, the fact that their own forefathers really lived through these scenes makes it easier for them to forget themselves in their rôles.

Still more picturesque is the camp life in the orchards, overlooked by the city walls. Here tents are pitched or hastily improvised from fir boughs, fires are lighted, chickens are killed, plucked and broiled, and soup is made in great kettles that swing on poles above the flames.

On a knoll above this motley swarm of vagabonds is a fair pavilion for the cavaliers and their ladies. Never were heroes so daredevil and fascinating as these fighting peacocks of the Thirty Years' War, who are as proud of their plumes and lace collars and gold embroidery as they are of the long, wicked rapier that stands out at such a defiant angle behind them. As to their partners, it is impossible to imagine maidens more demure and flower-like than these daughters of Rothenburg, in that costume which forms the most perfect setting to their beauty, the style of the German Renaissance. Charming is the prim, starched collar, that, surrounding a pretty face, makes it seem rosier than ever; the dainty cap, from under which fall the long braids; the snug

bodice about the rounded form ; and the skirt, short enough that a bit of low slipper and fine white stocking looks out once in a while. On the meadow lawn, under the apple blossoms, the Austrian trumpeters are playing a quaint old square dance, and

there each gallant walks with his lady through the intricate paces, with a low bow and a sweep of his plumed hat at each pause ; she lifts her skirts and courtesies prettily.

Thus with much gayety the afternoon passes.

Imagination

By Charlotte Becker

I AM the flame that springs from ev'ry fire
 Of youth, or skill, or genius, or of strength ;
 I am the wind that smote Apollo's lyre,
 And made sweet music through Eola's length.

I am the sands of ancient Egypt, where
 Strange caravans pass through the warm, still
 gloom ;
 I am the phantom isles, the mirage fair
 That lured forgotten races to their doom.

I am the waves that beat upon the shore
 Of Camelot and harked to Merlin's call.
 I am the cloak of darkness Siegfried bore ;
 The talisman that loosed Brunhilde's thrall.

I am the fragrance of the forest trail,
 The whispered voices of the trees above.
 I am the heart of romance ; and the veil
 That hides with tender touch the faults of love.

I steal through cities and I haunt the moor,
 I draw my scarlet thread through time, unfurled ;
 Though rich in gold, who knows me not is poor—
 Who knows me holds in fief the whole wide world !

An Interlude

By Fannie E. Barnes

WHAT a perfect hostess Nature is; she never insists, she suggests; she never commands, she insinuates; and thus, without the friction of a thought, her will is yours and your will is hers. She neither startles you with the wonderful, nor wearies you with the familiar. She softens the new with one touch of her tender and delicate hand; and with but a glance she casts an eternal glory about the old. I was her guest for one delightful midsummer day at Windermere, and in this unfamiliar place I learned her gentle courtesy.

The early morning had suggested rain, but in an hour the sun was burning an avenue through the mist, and brown butterflies were following the delicate threads of light on the lawn. Silently the mist withdrew and the hills stood serene and beautiful. Behind "Gummer's How" masses of cumulus clouds were rising in titanic columns against an arch of most ethereal blue. Over all hung a second layer of cloud, diaphanous, and moving softly as a breath.

The great round hills lifted their heads to the sky like those I had known in childhood in a valley of the St. John River. The water, too, washed up against the shores, filling every little rocky curve, till the bend in the lake shut all the world away. And a single thought was mightier

than the great ocean that separated me from home. Again I saw that river, so far away, flowing softly through the little green valley, yet flowing with a spirit of joy in the strength of its own motion.

Absorbed in this dear and familiar vision I wandered happily in and about the highway and hedges. Through these green arcades I knew the mistress had but lately passed, for every leaf breathed out a richer fragrance in its joy. The hedges of laurel and of ivy were of every shade of green, from the sombre color of a wave when it has turned from the deeper sea, to the delicate tint that can be matched only in the evening sky. Deeper into the lane, where the trees met overhead, the sun had not yet found its way, and the air was heavy and moist. Everything was intensely green; even the footpath was overgrown with a mossy verdure. There was not a movement or a sound, yet the silence was not that of sleep, but of tender devotion. It was one of Nature's sanctuaries. The mistress was at prayers, and, at the foot of an old and mossy elm, her solitary candle, a spike of foxglove, burned in the shadow! Even a bird's chatter would have been sacrilegious here.

I returned to the highway and followed a stone wall enclosing a be-lated hay-field. Brown bunches of

the hay were withering in the sun, and a smell of decaying sweetness mingled with the odor of new grass. In a meadow beyond, cows and sheep were feeding together, and flocks of birds flew happily among them. The birds called to each other in brief gossipy trills and catches, but not a full song fell upon my ear. I did not wonder at this. The insistent joy of the morning filled every fibre of my being; there was no need of analysis by song or word.

At length I rested by an old beech-tree close to the water's edge. Along the wall the honeysuckle trailed and hung its yellow bells among the shining laurel. Away to the border of the wood the grass was illuminated with great clusters of white clover. The sun was now piercing to its very heart, and its breath flowed upon the air a wave of protesting sweetness. Every few hours the steamer came in with a gay party. Long before it appeared around the bend of the lake, the music foretold its coming. Sometimes one of the little band of musicians sang to the harp—a wild, sweet melody that re-echoed through the hills. And again, the stirring blast of a horn from a coach of tourists rang through the silence, as, with song and laughter, they swept by on the way to Ambleside. Once a solitary pleasure-seeker in a red boat crossed to the opposite shore; and far away to the south many yachts came slowly around the blue curve of the lake, and, as in a dream, drifted again among the clouded mountains beyond.

Without surprise to me the mistress of the little green sanctuary moved across the grass. She was tall and

erect, yet she moved freely and her body swayed like a great bough in the wind. Her brow was broad, and her eye as clear as the sky after the tempest has been driven to the corners of the earth. Knowledge, power, beauty and simplicity were woven as a garment about her, yet without fear I, too, moved freely toward her, and our eyes met without effort, for our stature was the same. Without wonder or timidity we leaned together at the roots of the old beech-tree, and the harmony of her voice flowed into my heart as one note follows another in a wild bird's theme. And thus, as lovers do, without question or surprise, our thoughts flowed together in a mute and exquisite communion.

"I love you, I love you, I love you. I want to keep you with me; I dare not breathe for fear I shall lose you!"

"How can you lose that which is a part of you? I was the earliest possession of your heart. This morning when the mist cleared, your eye sought first your favorite color. You found it in the red boats at the shore; in the flag glowing against the sky; in the blossoming begonias; but it was so as a little child; you sat on the floor in rapture over your little red dress and shoes, and the color first became to you a symbol of warmth and brightness. Afterwards you searched for it among the broken dishes with which you played house; you sought for it always in the flowers of garden or field. What a glory the old pasture became when, in the autumn, the sorrel overflowed the grass in crimson waves! Later your joy in the color increased as your knowledge of the sunset grew to a

permanent delight. Bedtime and sunset came so close together in those days, that once you hid in the lilac-shrubs for fear you should miss the evening miracle. There, crowned with purple lilac plumes, you were safe as a queen on her throne. Above the hills, across the river, a thread of gold was running around each little white cloud; and the fir-trees began to look very black and solemn against the yellow light. But the golden thread was spinning so fast it soon ran all around the hills, and even turned the bend in the river, till you felt that you and the dusky shrubs were all enclosed in the circle of gold. But while you were following the shining thread a wonderful thing had happened to the clouds, for every curling white globe had blossomed into a blushing rose, and hung tenderly in the garden of the sky. And then it was you felt that strange little desire to cry, just because truth had whispered to your young heart of the power behind the light. How exquisitely God leads a little child's heart to him! In all the multitude of his creations there can be no diviner joy to the great God than the heart of a little child.

"So your first illuminating sense of nature came through color; but when, no higher than the great ox-eye daisies, you walked among them in the field, you asked a question which it took years to answer: 'Why do the daisies stand fast in the earth while I am free to run as I will? Why do they not follow me? Why do they not speak to me?' Long afterwards, in great timidity, you asked this question of a man who represented all knowledge and power to you. He

said: 'My dear, the natural and the human are of quite different orders. You will understand this later when you are old enough to study physiology.' There was no food in this stone for your hungry little heart, and you fled again to the fields and in tears flung yourself at the feet of the nodding flowers. How they leaned together and bent over you with soothing and tender caresses! And then God came in just a simple thought: 'Perhaps the flowers *are* speaking to you. Listen, and tell me just what you hear.' And the answer came to your own heart: 'Be very patient, as we are. We grow in one little plot of earth where we are sown, but we draw from it all this beautiful color which gives such joy to you. The great winds come to bring us perfume, and in one perfect leaf we give it back to you. We have no fear of cold or tempest, day or night, for love brought us forth, and to its end we live.' It was in that hour God gave you the key to interpretation, with but one loving command: 'Be true, be simple, but above all, be true.' From that hour you were never alone again, for God walked upon the earth. Your first doubt of this came during the long winter. One midnight, when the earth was a white fury of wind and snow, you left your bed and listened in the darkness. How you longed to know if God were awake in this terrible tempest. And then, suddenly, the bleat of a restless sheep carried a protest through the night, and you could sleep no more in your forlorn wonder about the world. But when the river ran free once more you had no uncertainty. The gates were lifted

up; the everlasting doors were thrown wide open, and the King of glory had come in. God walked daily upon the hills, and in his footsteps sprang all the grass, and his hand opened the buds for you. You breathed in the beauty of every day as simply as the green things did; and beauty was immortal for you and for them.

"But one evening in the heart of the still wood, a yellow leaf fell softly on your hand. You looked up in wonder only to find another, and yet another, just waiting for the first light wind to scatter them on the moss. And the moss, too, had changed; little discolored threads of yellow and brown were weaving it into an antique tapestry. And now with peculiar eagerness you followed the old wood-road to the open. A red squirrel in the hazel brush watched you with derisive scrutiny; but you had no time to spare for him then. Out in the old wood lot the brilliant flame of the fireweed had faded to a dull purple; many of the weeds had shrunk to an ashy gauze that drifted away like mist. On the top of the hill the scarlet berries of the round-wood tree, grouped against their yellow leaves, struck a sudden glory in the dusk. And here, where you gathered strawberries in June, only the crimson links of the vines climbed up the old gray rock and sank into the grass again. In the orchard the air was as sweet as though many Mays had been distilled into this one night. Nothing broke the quiet here but the fall of an apple, and that, too, was muffled in the long grass. The light had gone out of the sky, and so far away was the depth of heaven that even the stars seemed

sad and desolate. And again the wonder of the world overwhelmed you. The wash of the river against the shore broke upon your heart. You felt that you must break these boundaries of your dreams; that you must climb the hills, and sail beyond the bend in the river."

"But may I not seek for knowledge?" I cried. "Yes," she whispered, "for is not the divine knowledge the very heart and fabric of nature? Seek knowledge joyfully, for it is the oil in the lamp, but the spirit is the flame; and the pure spirit is that which God first sets in the heart of the little child. Keep it as your divine possession and you may seek all knowledge without fear. But listen yet a moment. One night on those hills of home a young lamb lost its way. All day it had cropped in the sun moving from green to fresher green. At night the wise sheep trotted to the fold, but the lamb could not find its way home. It finally stopped crying and lay down on the moss where the buttercups twinkled like stars. The dusk and the dew fell upon it as gently as in the fold, and every growing thing sent out its sweet breath to the night. There, on a knoll, it slept, until a silver line of light parted the clouds and flowed from the inner heaven where hung a single star. And the lamb waked in this wide and tender light to find the hill wrapped in glory and it alone in the radiance. But fear durst not touch it in this silver mystery. By and by came a second dusk and a tremor as of some impalpable presence crept close to it; but still no fear touched the lamb; it had

passed its youth in this night on the hill. And then a new light, soft as the inner down of a dove's wing, broke the line between the sky and the mountain where the highest fir-tree stood as a plumed knight. Swiftly the line spread till a whole army seemed to have risen from camp. The tall knight raised a crimson spear whose radiance touched the whole mountain into flame, and every bird came singing to the light. The wise sheep were still sleeping in the shadow of the fold, but the lamb had seen the morning star,

and the sunrise on the mountain top."

All silently, as Nature talked, the hours melted into each other, and now the day was growing dim. Across the field she moved once more, across the clover now a fragrant mist upon the grass, and into the shadow of the wood she passed, where every leaf was as the voice of a child calling her home. I was alone again by the old beech-tree, but I knew she would come to me wherever a hill lifts its head against the sky, or a river sings along its shores.

A Story of the Sea

By L. M. Sawyer

TELL you about myself, dearie? there isn't much to tell. I was born only twenty miles from here, in that quiet nook beyond the headland, and my longest journey was when I came here as a bride. How brightly the sun shone that day I remember still, and how the fields were filled with goldenrod, and how proud I was as I rode along in the old stagecoach, holding my husband's hand, and thinking there was no one else in all the world so happy.

But you want me to tell you all, and begin at the time I lived around the headland? Well, dear, when I was a child that cliff seemed a mountain high to me, shutting out all the world beyond, and making the village in the little cove where I lived

seem like a prison. But that was when I was older. Before that I thought the world could hold no fairer spot than our long smooth beach, and the deep woods where I spent so many happy hours.

Our house was poor and old, like all the other fishermen's homes, but I was the youngest and my father's pet, so the work of helping with the fish did not fall to me, and I was allowed to attend school both terms of the year. My brothers and sisters could go but one term a year, and not always that if they were needed at home, but I loved books and learned quickly and perhaps that's why I talk differently from the other people here.

Oh, that happy, happy childhood! What though my gown was old and torn, and stained with the juice of the

wild blackberry, and my feet were bare six months of the year. What cared I? All day long through the happy summer I raced the beach; numberless castles grew under my hands, and if the waves washed them away, what mattered? The whole beach was mine. Did any other sands ever hold such wondrous shells, or have such beautiful starfish? Where were the waves that could roll and roll so gently, breaking so softly on the beach, bringing in the fishing boats? And then what joy. How we children danced around as the bright, shining fish were taken out of the nets, and how proudly we trailed after our fathers and big brothers up to our homes!

And then in the fall what woods ever held such wealth of nuts, and red and yellow leaves? And how sweetly the air blew in the pine grove. Then came winter, and the happy days at school, until the spring came again, and the woods grew beautiful with a soft, faint green, and even the headland looked pretty with the short, bright grass.

Was I always so happy, you ask. Ah, no. I romped and raced, free as the air, until I was ten years old, and then came the most eventful day I had ever known.

All my life I had longed to climb the headland and see the wonderful world beyond, but the rocks were hard to climb, and there was no path. But for my birthday treat, my brother Bill, who was eighteen, had promised to take me to the top of the cliff. How early I rose that morning, and with what glee I started off, my hand in his, and jumping with joy! No matter if I stumbled and slid, my

brother held me up, and on we went. I kept my eyes down and would not look in any direction in order not to lessen one bit of the final pleasure. And so we reached the top, and I held my breath, and the wind blew so strong I held to Bill with both hands, and looked and looked, away out to sea. Not the sea as I had always seen it from our cove, bound in by the headlands, but broad and wide, with the sails passing and passing, and the bar beyond the headland, where the ships passed safely at high tide, but went way round when the tide ebbed. And when I had looked and looked, I turned to the shore, and saw the quaint town with its streets built on the side of the bluff, and the rough, stony footpaths, and the houses clinging to the side of the hill as if afraid the wind would blow them out to sea. What a lovely lunch we had, eaten in the shelter of a rock, and how quickly the hours flew that bright September day! I ran all over the top of the bluff, gathering the tiny blue flowers that grew there, and shouting with joy. But at last we had to start for home. My father had been away on a trip, but we expected him back that night, and I sat up long after my bedtime, hoping he would come, and eager to tell him of my great adventure.

I was sitting by the window, trying hard to keep my eyes from closing and my head from nodding; when old Ned Conly, one of father's mates, knocked at the door. Bill opened it, and they stood whispering in the entry, when my mother went out to them, and then I heard a scream that made me jump with terror. It was only the old story, so common in

fishermen's homes, of the heavy sea, and the sudden wave that washes over the ship, and when it goes back, takes a life with it.

Do I mind talking about it? No, dear, no. I loved my father, and cried with the others, but a child's heart ache is quickly healed, and it was more for the change it brought to me that I missed him so much, though for nights and nights I cried myself to sleep, thinking of how I could never tell him of my day on the cliff.

When the father of a family died in those days it meant that the oldest son must take his place, and so on, each one doing the work the one older had done, and so a new life came to me. I went to school that winter, but the next summer, when the fishing boats came in, I had to take my basket of fish, and walking through the woods nearly three miles inland, go from door to door offering my fish. It was not so bad, though, for a party of us always went together, and we would start for home in the cool of the afternoon, and walk slowly over the deep green moss that made a soft carpet in the forest.

So the years passed, and I grew to be a tall girl, learning all our simple household work, and to sew and spin, and, most important of all, to mend the nets. During those years my sisters and brothers married and went to homes of their own, and at last my mother died, and then Jack came. He lived in this village all his life, but my brother Bill and he had met in the great ocean world, and were fast friends. So we sold our little cottage beyond the cliff, and Jack had this house built for me, and together

with their savings, Bill and he bought a schooner and launched it the day after I was married. Of course, they named it after me, the *Mary Josephine*, and I was a proud woman when the ship went out on her first trip. Too proud, my new neighbors said, because my house was larger and finer than theirs, but I did not care then what they thought. I was so happy when my husband and brother came home, and so busy sewing for the little one that was coming. Well, dearie, our baby came and died, and I was a long while getting my strength again. Jack and Bill took turns staying with me that summer while the other one went on the trip, but with the cooler days my strength came back, and toward the end of October I was able to do my work again. I went down to the shore that bright October day, and waved my hand as long as the boat was in sight. When I entered my home again it seemed so lonesome after having had some one there so many weeks, but I did not know then I should always be alone.

Don't try to tell you any more, dear? Oh, it does me good to talk and my tears come seldom now!

Well, I tried not to give in to my lonesomeness, and busied myself in putting the house to rights, and in thinking of the pleasant Christmas season coming, and what great surprise I would plan for them. But the weeks went slowly, and we had cold, windy weather, and the other fishermen's wives shook their heads and wished their men were back.

I was sitting at my window one evening as I had done one September night a little over twelve years be-

fore, when a man came up the street, and stopping in front of the house, looked at me. I knew who he was, one of the sailors who had gone in the *Mary Josephine*, and I knew the truth before he knocked at the door. I did not hear half his story then, for a merciful unconsciousness came over me, and it was long afterwards, and the Christmas season for which I had planned was long past, before I was able to hear all the truth. It was only the old story, of the terrible storm that raged all night and day and all the next night. In the middle of the second night, my brother tried to climb the slippery mast, but lost his hold, and fell overboard. It was madness to try to save him in such a sea, but Jack was after him in a minute. That was the last.

Well, dearie, I lived because we have to live, and death never comes when we want it. As I grew better, the neighbors grew more friendly, and I began to see that perhaps I had been too proud after all. Grief is a great leveller, my dear. The next fall I started to teach the little school, more to take up my mind than because I needed the money, for the ship belonged to me. I taught, though, for nearly thirty years, and my little pupils grew up and married, and their little ones came to me. I know now the children saved my mind and made life worth living once more. They brought their childish griefs to me, and I knew from my own childhood their troubles were real. After a while their mothers got into the habit of coming to my little house after school, and I heard their troubles, too. The sea was just as

cruel as in the old days when I was young, and the boats still came back without a father, or husband, or brother, or perhaps came not back at all. Since the sea had taken all I had I knew just how it was with them, and that is why they liked to talk with me.

What is that you say, the people call me Grandma Comfort? Ah, dear, that is only because they are so kind and loving. They have warm, tender hearts though their ways are rough. I have never been able to do much for them, only listen to their stories, and let them feel they have a friend; and always, dear, I have tried so hard to be charitable to all, even to the boy who was taking to drink, and to the girl who was wild. We all have the same nature, I think, only one grows thin at one place and another wears out somewhere else, and we all need a tender hand to put on the patches, lest the needle sting.

So I have grown old, dear, and the mothers and children still come to me with their troubles, but after they have gone and the twilight comes I love to sit at the window and watch the ships go by, although my ship never comes in. And I love to think of what life is, a little pleasure and a great deal of pain, but a great deal of love; a big world of sin and sorrow, and hunger and cold, but I thank God I have learned through pain and sorrow to pity the children's troubles and the mothers' griefs, and above all, to have charity. And so I sit and watch the ships go by, for I know that some evening soon, as the moon shines behind the headland, my ship will come again to take me beyond the bar.

Lowell's Influence in England

By Herbert W. Horwill

THE various books and articles that have been concerned with the life of James Russell Lowell have paid special attention to the period of his residence in London as American minister to the Court of St. James. They have discussed with much animation the question whether this appointment impaired his Americanism. On this subject the last word appears to have been said by Scudder's recent biography:

There is, however, another side of Lowell's relation to England which has not yet been commented upon to the point of exhaustion. While there is now a pretty general agreement as to the nature and extent of the influence of England upon Lowell, there may yet be something to be said respecting Lowell's influence upon England. The study of a considerable number of American criticisms has left upon me the impression that the true nature of that influence is commonly misinterpreted on this side of the Atlantic. An exaggerated value is set upon one phase of it, to the ignoring or minimizing of a service which was really greater and more enduring.

It seems to be generally believed in America that Lowell, in his capacity as representative of the United States, became a prominent figure in

English public life. It is, indeed, suggested that this happens in the case of every American minister to London. An English minister, we are told, is a representative to the American government, but an American minister is a representative to the English people. It is doubtless true that Mr. Choate more frequently attends extra-diplomatic functions in London than Lord Pauncefote did in Washington or New York. But the merchants and clubmen of the metropolis are not the English people. The fact is that not one Englishman in a hundred could give the name of the present occupant of the American Embassy, and not one in a thousand could give a list of the American ministers during the last ten years. The average American citizen would find it a hard matter to write down the names of the representatives of the European Powers to the American Republic, and the average Englishman is not at all better informed as to the identity of the foreign diplomatists appointed to London. When Lowell came to England he was better known there by repute than any of his predecessors or successors, at least for a generation. Consequently his appointment attracted more attention than any of theirs, and he is to-day the best known and best remembered of all who have occupied the post within

the memory of middle-aged men. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that during his term of office he came personally in close touch with the English people. His distinction as a writer made him an honored guest and prominent speaker at several important literary celebrations, and his addresses on such occasions were extensively reported. But with all this the charm of his personality had so narrow a sphere within which to operate that it could not possibly exert such a deep and wide influence as is generally attributed to it here.

It is nevertheless true that Lowell's influence on England has been wider and deeper than that of any other American of his time. It has mainly affected a section of English society with which, during his London residence, he came scarcely into contact at all. It may be that in London clubs and salons the mention of his name suggests principally the rare social gifts of which his personal friends speak with such enthusiasm; but to a multitude of men and women, including many who are themselves according to their opportunity leaders of the people, he is pre-eminently a champion of Christian democracy. The dreadful confession may as well be made first as last, painful though it may be to some of his admirers, Lowell is par excellence the poet of "the Nonconformist conscience." He has stimulated to a degree of which even New Englanders have no conception the movement in Old England for righteousness in public life. The sturdiest members of the free churches particularly, who inherit the tradition of many struggles for right and freedom, respond ardently to the

appeal of those inspired and inspiring poems in which he drives home the duty of honest men at a crisis. The class of which I speak has not lost its Puritanism in its zeal for progress. There is another type of English reformer which gets more help from Walt Whitman, but Whitman is no Puritan, and he therefore fails to touch that more powerful class which is not afraid to be thought narrow in its insistence upon the restraints that are a condition of worthy liberty. This class is just now under a cloud. At present it can scarcely do more than give its testimony, but by and by that testimony will win verdicts as it has done many times in the past.

It is not, then, as diplomatist or after-dinner speaker, or even as critic or poet, that Lowell has made the deepest impression upon England. His true place is among the prophets. Scudder says of him, "A preacher at bottom he was throughout his career," and this estimate would be confirmed by those Englishmen to whom he means most. A striking illustration of this was recently provided by the *Expository Times*, a magazine which is edited by a Presbyterian minister and is fairly representative of the spirit of the Nonconformist ministry throughout the United Kingdom. In an article in the May number the editor says: "James Russell Lowell was a prophet. He seemed to be a politician. He was also known as a poet. He had more title to the name of critic. He might be called all three—poet, critic, politician; but he was really only a prophet." The writer goes on to say that Lowell took up poetry only as a vehicle for his prophecies; that he

was a critic because he knew that the most difficult office the prophet has to fulfil is that of judge; and that he was a politician because the prophet must always speak to the men of his own time. "How could a man be a prophet who did not take a side between North and South in the Civil War? . . . Lowell linked himself to St. Paul and said, 'God made man in His own image.' And when the day came for the practical vindication of that principle, Lowell was where St. Paul would have been."

And Lowell was not only a preacher, but a preacher to preachers. The younger ministry in the free churches is better acquainted with Lowell's poetry than with that of any other writer. Traces of that influence might be found alike in published sermons and in discourses heard from the pulpit. As a rough test of influence quotations are very good evidence, and there are many people in the pews, themselves not readers of poetry, who have been made familiar with certain passages from "Extreme Unction," "A Parable" (both the poems with this title) "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Bibliolaters," "The Forlorn" and "A Legend of Brittany." Further, within the last few years whatever agitations have had a righteous passion at the centre of them have drawn largely from the inspiration of Lowell. Any one who attended the pro-Armenian and pro-Cretan meetings could soon get by heart, without seeing a book, several stanzas from the lines on "The Present Crisis" and "On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington." These extracts did not serve merely as tags to fill out a peroration.

There was a spirit in these verses which had first quickened the speakers and nerved them to their own protest. They naturally caught upon these lines both to express their own feeling and to arouse the same temper in their hearers. And the most unpopular agitation of all, that against the Transvaal War, found in this American minority poet its best exponent. Once more "The Present Crisis" pointed the solemnity of the nation's choice of policy, while "Anti-Apis" recalled the inevitable result of a conflict between imperialism and justice. But it was the homely wisdom of the "Biglow Papers" that most aptly hit off the situation from the point of view of those who were labelled pro-Boers. When, at the outbreak of the war, men of light and leading argued that confidence ought to be placed in the government, which doubtless had sufficient reasons for its attitude, what fitter reply could there be than this?

"Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

And surely nothing written expressly for the purpose could represent more exactly than the following lines the position of those who, a little later, professed the conviction that the war was a crime, but at the same time supported the policy of fighting to a finish:

"Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru."

In any account of Lowell's influence in England it would be un-

pardonable to omit mention of those to whom the wide circulation of his writings is mainly due. The credit of his introduction to English readers must be given principally to the late Thomas Hughes, whose appreciative preface still stands at the beginning of the Macmillan edition. Lately the most aggressive Lowell enthusiast has undoubtedly been W. T. Stead, who gave a selection from Lowell the fourth place in the long series of his "Penny Poets for School and Home." This cheap reprint has had a very large sale, and has made the most democratic and humanitarian of the poems familiar to working men of the more earnest and thoughtful type. Mr. Stead's own teaching is simply saturated with Lowell. For example, "If Christ came to Chicago" prints on its title-page a motto taken from, "Said Christ the Lord, 'I will go and see,'" the whole of the poem is quoted in the preface, and we are told that it suggested the idea of the book and inspired every page in it. In one of those remarkable confessions of his, Mr. Stead declares that in some of the critical moments of his life he found in Lowell help such as he found in none other outside Carlyle's "Cromwell" and Holy Writ. His first impulse to journalism came from reading the preface to "The Pious Editor's Creed." Later, while still a youth, he received a copy of Lowell's poems as part of a prize awarded in a magazine competition. With the exception of a Thomas à Kempis, the gift of General Gordon before starting for Khartoum, it is the most precious of all his books. It reached him at a critical time, when he was in a depressed mood and haunted by the

fear of going blind. There now came to him, from "Extreme Unction," an influence that changed his life. No four lines ever printed went into him so deeply as these:

"Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?"

At each later crisis Lowell's teaching helped to stiffen his backbone. Lowell supplied for him the Psalms of the crusade of 1876-78, and for nearly four years, during the protest against England's alliance with the unspeakable Turk, Mr. Stead's leading articles, at the rate of six a week, had as their constant refrain the substance of the stanzas beginning, "When a deed is done for freedom." In this way the most powerful prophet-journalist of our time has again and again felt his spiritual kinship with our greatest prophet-poet. If Lowell had exercised no direct influence upon any Englishman but Mr. Stead, his indirect influence upon the national life through this medium would still have deserved grateful record.

It would perhaps be a rash generalization, but I am tempted to express the opinion that to-day the impression of Lowell's poems is more keenly felt in England than in America. Possibly they form part of the usual school curriculum here and are therefore taken for granted afterward. It would be interesting to know, however, whether the general silence about them springs from ignorance of them or from over-familiarity. One would like, if it

were possible, to take such a gathering of young men and women as meets once a year in the City Temple in connection with the Congregational Young People's Union and test its knowledge of Lowell as compared with that of a similar assembly in New York. I would venture the forecast that a larger proportion of the English congregation than of the American would recognize the name of John P. Robinson.

Not even the oddities of the Yankee

dialect, combined with the specialty of a temporary and local situation, can conceal the truth to nature of a masterpiece of character-drawing. The candidates, editors and voters at whom Lowell's shafts were aimed are not the peculiarity of one country or of one time. Therefore, wherever in any English-speaking land there are to be found politicians who front south by north, the satire of the "Biglow Papers" will not lose its pungency.

The Child's Taste in Fiction

By Florence Hull Winterburn

FEW grown people know what literature they like until they have been told by somebody whose opinion they respect what they ought to like. Their admiration or disapproval results from a deliberate deference to rules and standards, or, in the case of the uneducated, from that emotional stampede that draws an entire mass onward after a leader.

But children, being comparatively isolated from the influence of contemporary opinion, receive from their first acquaintance with a book the effect of the book itself, free from the prejudice of an introduction. The ideas they may form in regard to it have the sincerity of a conviction reached by independent reasoning; more acceptable, consequently, as an indication of individual taste, than the impressions of adults who

rarely approach a book with unbiased mind.

And not only will an unsophisticated child pass judgment upon an author in accordance with his own sentiments towards him, but he will state his impression in a straightforward manner. He has neither apologies nor explanations to make for finding a famous writer dull nor another agreeable. It is instructive to hear the candid criticisms of a young, unspoiled mind, but an understanding which is wholly natural in its processes is not by any means characteristic of all children. Although there is in the life of every child a period when he is intellectually honest, it is often brief; cut short by his introduction to school. Here the sharp edge of originality quickly grinds away against the machine constructed to turn individualities into averages.

So quick and sure is the change under school discipline from impulsive frankness to calculated effects that I believe the data recently contributed by school libraries concerning children's literary tastes can scarcely be considered good evidence of their natural inclinations. It is the product of a cultivated soil, not a spontaneous outgrowth. And the determination to accept these as proofs of a child's mental bias reveals that prejudice in favor of the grafting of adult opinions upon the tender shoots of young instinct which is constantly leading us away from a true understanding of child nature. We cannot ascertain what a child thinks by starting out in our inquiry with a fixed idea of what he ought to think. Little is gained, indeed, by attention to his purely mental processes, even when they are honestly studied. We must chiefly consider his emotional expressions. The development of a faculty ordinarily proceeds under so much direction that it is almost the last thing upon which we can found a judgment of character. What we sometimes mistake for character is merely an inclination to exercise our powers along the lines education has suggested. As fast as emotions become intellectualized they take the tone of the people who exert influence over us, and it is only in those rare cases where a child receives such a training as directs his natural talents into the character most favorable for the preservation of his individual life, that he retains beyond infancy the power of frank expression. What is called culture is often a mere heaping up of a mass of superficial activities. Self-educated persons, who gather up

from the world's intellectual wealth only that toward which their minds throw out tendrils, attain surpassing force and independence. And if, as some believe, the best education is the preserving and enriching of individual power, every encouragement should be given youth to respect its own insight in intellectual things, and while carefully cultivating taste, guard its native sensibility.

Patient inquiry would discover in every normal child an instinctive appreciation of the good and the beautiful, at least equal to the guiding light of our own adult experience. There is, in fact, a curious likeness between the pure impulse of a simple understanding and the aspiration of a mind broadly cultured. A little child's estimate of literature which is at all within the realm of his comprehension is usually more than respectable; it is often acute, searching, just. What he likes is apt to have some claim to excellence, even if of a simple kind. And his distaste of complications closely resembles the rejection of clumsy effects made by a truly æsthetic nature when what is wanted is something to touch the heart.

Whoever will take the trouble to win the confidence of a child just beginning to get an acquaintance with literature, chiefly as yet through having stories read aloud, will probably find some very positive inclinations already aroused. Out of a dozen books one will be eagerly praised, the others listened to with indifference or impatience. And although this indication of preference or aversion may seem like a caprice, study of the child's tastes in other

matters will reveal such similarity of likes and dislikes as to show a valid reason for the criticism. Cold, sombre or subtle things attract him not. It is his *metier* to respond, not to interpret, and art may ask much from his feelings, but no new effort from his mind. The dividing line betwixt pain and pleasure is much sharper in youth than in maturity, and clearer, truer. Work is called work, play is known as play. A book that exacts hard thinking cannot delude infantile fancy by indulging in an occasional pleasantry. Emotion is king in the realm of childhood's tastes. The demand a child makes of a story is that it shall have vitality, the warmth that can kindle interest. Humor, pathos, or a lively bit of description stir him more than older readers, because his susceptibility has not been dulled by abuse. Whatever is presented in clear relief appeals successfully to young, fresh fancy. But an author must keep firm hold of his subject and indulge no soaring propensities.

Do we undertake to transport a child from the family sitting-room to the country on a May day, we must make the grass grow under his feet, show him the apple blossoms so that he gets the effect of their pinkness, and put such life into the lambs that his own limbs frisk in sympathy. And all this must be made vivid by a few words. Would the most critical taste ask more than is here demanded by innate feeling for the beautiful? Lengthy descriptions make him as impatient as they do Bourget, and he asks for such an artistic reproduction of a scene as may nail his attention fast. If too much is said he ceases to attend, and with better sense

than we usually dare to exhibit in the same case, leaves the story for another more graphically set forth.

Flaubert made young Maupassant write a description over and over again, until he could exclaim, "Now I *see* it!" And if any writer had the humility and shrewdness to go to school to an intelligent six-year-old child, he might get the same kind of discipline. Spencer's masterly essay on "The Philosophy of Style" hits the child's notions precisely. There must be no strain upon the reader's understanding, but everything be presented in such a manner that it may be comprehended without much effort. Few words, but those few filled with meaning; a cunningly conceived plan that shows worth from the start and does not tire as it unfolds. Let the matter be what you will, only related to something already experienced, so that as the child reads he may have the gratification of exclaiming from time to time, "Yes, that is so; I know that already." This remark is high approval.

There are children who take a kind of pleasure, I am told, in tickling their ears with the sound of rhythmical phrases; a baby of two years who listened in delight to Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," and other precocious poets who sigh over "Thanatopsis"; but we must regard such manifestations of preference for the incomprehensible as marks of an exceptionally gifted intellect. Most intelligent young people under a dozen years, when childish tastes begin to change, have a hunger for what is vivid and present; choosing, if one may so phrase it, the legs of plain prose, not the wings of verse; liking

rhyme very well, but insisting upon the story.

Folk lore makes no mistake and is permanently satisfying. "Mother Goose" holds her place in our nursery because in such thrilling narrative as "Little Jack Horner" and "Mary and the Lamb" there is an immediate answer to the child's wish for reality. A living person with an identifying name is at once projected on his attention. He is introduced as a playmate. Then he is given something to do that is both curious and interesting; something one would not mind doing one's self if chance offered. The laugh comes with the discomfiture of somebody or something not especially cared for. Favorites must be protected and extricated from all troubles before the tale ends, if there is to be peace.

Here becomes apparent the influence of different temperaments. A touch of native malice makes a child find entertainment in descriptions of mishaps, while many more sensitive minds must have things hastened along to a good ending. There are rare instances where a child's sympathies are so acute that tame and commonplace tales are preferred to exciting ones. One little friend of mine protests against "adventures." She understands that other people want them in stories, but for her own part finds them harrowing. Seized by a fever of authorship she began dictating a tale to her father, which ran along so smoothly that even her own sense became penetrated with its dulness, and with a despairing clutch upon her curls, she exclaimed, "How shall I get an adventure in this?" The best she could finally do was to

have her heroine fall out of a *very low* apple tree.

This is certainly an over-refinement of sensibility. Most children can stand having their favorites buffeted for the sake of a rescue. Boys want the excitement strong, but girls prefer something more delicate and sustained. They would have a heroine continually doing agreeable little things, like Miss Alcott's "Jo," who is, I believe, the most popular character in any book written for children. She is so altogether human; spicy, yet high-minded, and, above all, impulsive, like themselves. If we would get at the secret of what gives charm to character, I think it is this, the showing of lively impulse. A real child is always swayed by caprices, stopping scarcely one time out of a hundred to calculate and study consequences, and if he avoids all dangers it is after personal experience has taught him what they mean. When an author presents a cool, farsighted young creature who pauses before every attractive caper to decide whether he will get his feet wet or lose his chance of going to heaven, one cannot blame a sensible little reader for throwing down the book.

There are bits in some good novels that children recognize as faithful painting and like better than any tale written down to their understanding. Give them the school day experience of Jane Eyre, the chapter from "The Claxtons" about Pisistratus and his flower pot, or that picturesque and too little known *genre* bit from Mrs. Stowe's "Pogamec People," where Dolly goes to the illumination, if you would learn whether children appreciate excellence. Dickens's stories

about Poor Jo, Harry Walmers, Jr. and Little Em'ly are popular. The slender volume lately brought out by Dickens's daughter deserves praise, yet there is material for more such in the master's works. Every well-read woman may, however, make appropriate selections from the best authors to suit the tastes of her little hearers. It is one of a mother's privileges to introduce her children in this manner to what is best in literature and not send them forth utterly facile and undeveloped, to have their own opinions formed by any teacher into whose charge they may happen to come. Let their right instincts have a chance.

Old books, especially those meant for adults, contain treasures not to be found on modern juvenile bookshelves. Indeed, the majority of books written for children are an affront to their taste. They are mostly fantastic, exaggerated and lacking in true perception of child nature. They deal with life from the point of view of the adult trying to seem young. A kind of mocking humor results, which appeals to experience but not to innocence. An unsophisticated child is puzzled and revolted by magicians and goblins who talk satirically, by animals who are philosophical, and young persons who are made to pose for the purpose of acting out an author's idea. To succeed with them a writer must be sincere and have no double object in view. And this is why those child characters wrought by the masters to introduce their more elaborate personages strike the chord of young sympathy. They are written in the author's best mood and most earnest vein. When

a novelist presents his hero as an infant he knows that he works to win or lose all. If he does not succeed in making him interesting, it is all over. We may waste one perusal on his book, but will not return to it. If readers universally abided by their better impulses there would be a great weeding out in our literary fields.

The child does cull sensibly if he is allowed. He chooses the story that strikes the truest note; that appeals both to his knowledge and his imagination. And another fine point showing how closely his instinct is in agreement with the keenest critics is his preference for a certain skilful reserve in the drawing of a character. He likes to have his fancy stimulated, not satiated. Perhaps this desire is more characteristic of girls, although not wanting in boys. Wherever there is originality in young readers there is present a desire to seize upon any idea offered and carry it farther along. Some children take pleasure in mentally experimenting with any hero or heroine they adopt as a friend. They invent new situations, develop traits an author has barely hinted, and solve problems simply suggested. Firm outlines, natural tones, are the essentials, and with these the child improves.

There is no *raconteur* more successful with children than a child with a talent for story telling. If books for children could be written by children, we should then have a real juvenile literature. It would be interesting to set a phonograph at work in the room with a young story teller and study the result. Or, if one could accurately recall the tales reeled off in one's

own early days to groups of little friends, the gist of something to labor upon might be obtained.

It is certain that there ought to be present in every juvenile tale an atmosphere of sympathy with childhood, and this is difficult to create unless the author is young, at least in his feeling. The suggestion of effects sought in the author's own view of life, instead of resulting naturally from the action of the story, is repugnant. And this may be the reason why Grimm's fairy tales, simple and matter-of-fact, even in their exorbitant use of wealth and power, are preferred to Hans Andersen's, fantastically beautiful as they are. There is too often manifest in them a delicate irony, a sadness of outlook that betrays the poet and sage.

They are for pensive hours, not for the happier periods of life, and although children will occasionally yield to the influence of the metaphysical spirit, if it is artful, they incline toward what is bright and hopeful. Stories may not end in gloom nor death, nor in that satirical winding up sometimes given as the final experience of a hero who has been breathlessly watched through many adventures, "He awoke and found it all a dream!" This makes the child feel that his credulity has been played upon. A confession of unreality is an anti-climax. Who wants to see the wheels the scene moves on? It is like being compelled to watch the prompter's box at the opera. The most pleasing writer is the one who

skilfully preserves an illusion, and who carries a reader onward as if borne on wings; while in the air the earth is only nicely apparent. A grown person can seldom enjoy this purely psychical experience as keenly as an imaginative child. With what abandon does he enter into it! How enthusiastically he pursues the flowery path of "suppose," which may lead, as George Eliot warns, to a mathematical dreamland, but is youth's own natural road to a quite innocent kind of sensuous enjoyment.

The desire to continue such illusions, to dwell among them for many sequent hours, leads a child to love long stories and enjoy the multiplication of adventures of a favorite hero. If he could be made sufficiently attractive there is a possibility that one hero would last a child during the term of nursery existence. Such a character as the worthy "Tuflongbo," in Holm Lee's fairy tales, is much cherished.

Yet, although the instinct of childhood is so true, so constant, it is little understood by writers and mostly ignored by educators. Year after year books are produced which contain nothing to appeal to a child's pure taste for the beautiful, the living, the everlastingly human in art. If the most difficult rôle in all the literary field is to write a successful book for children, it is because children are not to be dazzled by tinsel in anything which affects their feelings. They want gold.

The Tale of Brooks Tavern

By Frederick Brooks Noyes

HISTORY, like everything else, travels very slowly over the old road from Acton Common, which branches at Rocky Guzzle into the turnpikes to Sudbury and Concord and the avenue to the ancient town burial ground. The tale of this lonesome stretch, within twenty-five miles of Boston, is still unwritten. A short piece, flanked by tall pines, is fittingly known as Cathedral Drive, for the whole region invites from the pettiness and vanity of the trolley world. It is a consoling thought that the inevitable electric can never completely spoil this section. Nature's outline is too picturesque in Acton for intersecting street railways to ever make a mere steel chess-board of the old town as they have often done in the open level parts of the state. The whole sentiment of the locality is in its half-hidden and unexpected features of landscape. There is a curious mixture of frankness and reticence in the expression on nature's face. An authority on the topography of Massachusetts has commented on the strange uncanny hollows and dimples, the inexplicable ridges that suggest human formation.

The touch of Nature invited the touch of Fate. In the early times it was a place of concealment. Its secret nooks have always been connected with stories of buried treasure and the abode of pirates and disguised noble-

men. Just one hundred years ago, banished persons of rank in these very woods were brooding over plans for the murder of Napoleon, but their tale has remained untold except in the homes of the old families. Nothing has ever lifted the veil from this mysterious legendary lore. The unimaginative historians have been content in recording a faithful list of civic and military officers and in telling of the fight with the mother country at the North Bridge, April 19th, 1775, and the fight ever since with the mother *town* over the supreme glory of that day. Lowell speaks of taking down from his bookcase "a volume sapless as the shelf it stood on, and remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a *town history*."

The people of Acton are not a people of legend and tradition. It is in the practical and not the mythical that they show their quality. There is little heartfelt interest in anything that is not near and present. Life has a dry, peaceful and wealth-seeking sameness. The town has become isolated by reason of the railroad development of this part of the state. All the lines have swept around, instead of passing through this hill town. While from the car window the canvas of the last two centuries seems to unroll as you pass through the open plain of Concord, history is sealed in the wooded hills of Acton. An incident here con-



ACTON COMMON, LOOKING WEST

nected with the rise or fall of a great European family is lost.

If Longfellow had lived in Acton, he would have found in the tales of Brooks Tavern more than he found in those of the Wayside Inn.

Concord is the oldest town above tidewater in America. For the first century of its existence, Acton was included in the limits of Concord. One of the most influential families in Acton came from Sudbury, hence there was always an intimacy between the three towns. From Rocky Guzzle, whose tale of life and death we have tried to weave together from fragments of tradition, roads lead in three directions to the respective centres of these three towns. One hundred years ago this system of turnpikes connected three of the best known inns in Middlesex County,—Howe's Tavern in Sudbury (Longfellow's Wayside Inn), Wright's Tavern in Concord, the headquarters of Major Pitcain in

1775, and Brooks Tavern in Acton. The names of these taverns appeared often in the early records of the three towns in connection with elections, training days and ordination dinners. When the Rev. Marshall Shedd, father of the late Professor W. G. T. Shedd, of Union Seminary, occupied the pulpit of Acton parish, the Rev. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was entertained at Brooks Tavern.

The most important material, however, that I have in regard to Brooks Tavern is in statements made in my boyhood by Miss Elizabeth N. Brooks, who was born in the historic inn, and who was six years old when the events narrated took place. One hundred years ago this Tavern was owned and kept by my great grandfather, Captain Paul Brooks, who had inherited it from his father. For over a century this public house on the northeast slope of



ACTON COMMON, LOOKING EAST

Acton Common was an opposite neighbor of the old manse now standing, with its spreading gambrel roof and small window panes strongly resembling the Red Horse Tavern of Sudbury.

"Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way."

I remember Brooks Tavern,

"As somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And chimneys high and tiled and tall."

The upper corner blocks of the front door frame were carved with concentric circles, a design we often see to-day in colonial architecture, but these blocks must have been out of all proportion to the casement, for the wooden rings were of prodigious size. The effect was also greatly heightened by the singular fact that the circular spots remained white, while the rest of the building had grown black. When a boy, on my

way to school I had to pass this house and I felt as if I were undergoing inspection from an old lady wearing spectacles. The stare of those great eyes over the front door certainly made the old inn more unreal and ghostly, for it gave the building an expression which only age could acquire. Few were alive who could remember when it was used as a tavern, but the tales that had come down in our family quickened my imagination, and it had a strong historic influence over my early schooldays.

But in those days the crooked old highway was even more suggestive to me of the supernatural. It swept around from the front of the Tavern, almost to the rear, and then descended into the valley with a dark serpentine course, turning one way and then another so abruptly that when the old stages started for Concord and Sudbury they were lost sight of as quickly as if they had rushed down a spiral



TOWN HALL AND DAVIS MONUMENT. THE FORMER ON THE SITE OF THE MEETING-HOUSE BUILT IN 1807 AND BURNED IN 1862

stairway. It seemed as if the trees barely stood aside to let the carriage pass and closed immediately behind it. The land slopes so strikingly on all sides at Rocky Guzzle that one seems to have reached a depth below the surface of the earth. The forefinger on all the guide-boards directing to this place point downward. The graceful curves of this old road have played many a trick and caused many a fright. The road was straightened and widened and the adjoining forest partly cleared before my time, but no house has ever been built between the site of the Brooks Tavern on the top of the hill and the graveyard gate half a mile below, and the grass-grown traces of the old winding roadway on either side of the present straight

course give to an Acton boy his most impressive picture of the past. In short, this old turnpike from Brooks Tavern to Rocky Guzzle does more to recreate the historic scenes of Acton than all the pages in the town's safety vault.

On the night of April 18th, 1775, an unknown horseman, sent by Paul Revere, after arousing Captain Robbins, not far from the Concord line, rode up to Brooks Tavern and the commotion of the morning of the 19th was witnessed by the two eyes over the front doorway of this public house, as Captain Isaac Davis formed his company of Minute Men on the Green, from whence he marched to the North Bridge in Concord. Three days later, over the same road, his body and that of Hosmer and Hayward, who were killed on the same day, were borne to their graves in this old burial yard. But it was not to be their resting place. In 1851, the bodies of these "embattled farmers" were disinterred and given a military burial in the tomb provided by the Commonwealth. On Acton Common, the State built a monument, the principal feature of which was a shaft of rough hewn granite one hundred feet high. At its completion, there was a great celebration; and over this very road, passing the Tavern, a great procession moved.

The old Brooks Tavern had kept its eyes on the world, without blinking, through all these years. Many a night in the winter of '75,

"The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the
leaves."

The Minute Men of Acton discussed

world-politics around the blazing logs in this quaint old mansion long before the Concord Fight, and in the Brooks Tavern was formed the resolution that "fired the shot heard round the world."

On April 19th, 1851, the world recognized, through the sanction of the State of Massachusetts, that this forgotten little colonial town of Acton furnished the men to lead the column that on the old Bridge causeway made the first organized resistance in America to the troops of King George III. Ah, that monument dedication was a day for this place of slumber and dreams! What banners, what flags, what martial music. The echo of cannon was like thunder over this wooded slope, as the Revolutionary heroes were escorted from their old to their new sepulchre. The Governor, George S. Boutwell, rode in state and with him United States Senators Robert C. Winthrop and Robert Rantoul, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar and the poet of the day, the brilliant John Pierpont. At the exercises in the mammoth tent most appreciative letters were read from President Millard Fillmore, Secretary of State Marcy and Daniel Webster.

Since that occasion, a long line of notabilities has visited this spot, driven over this old road in state at times of other celebrations. The list includes eight Governors,—Boutwell, Banks, Butler, Long, Brackett, Russell, Greenhalge and Wolcott; one Attorney-General and one Secretary of the Treasury. At the time of the Peace Jubilee, President Grant made a brief stop in the town. Every Memorial Day the veterans follow the strains of a dirge over



DESK AND PLATES FROM BROOKS TAVERN

this road, and several times the surviving members of the first regiment that responded to Lincoln's call in '61,—"The old Sixth that went through Baltimore," have made a spectacle here. But once this avenue to the Tavern was filled with an advancing army. Rocky Guzzle was crowded for many hours with blue and red soldiers and marked with innumerable footsteps. General Butler paid the rare military tribute to the old town and its Revolutionary martyrs, soon after the Civil War, by marching the whole militia of the state, cavalry, artillery and infantry, from its encampment at Concord to the Davis Monument, and honored it nearly all day by the lowering of passing colors. It was a pageant never to be forgotten, and a salute at a soldiers' grave never before known in the country.

Among the famous ones of the world who have travelled along this highway, may be mentioned all the prominent Anti-Slavery agitators. Garrison once opened an address here with

the Scriptural paraphrase, "They that turn the world upside down have come to Acton." Whittier planted a pear tree, which still grows, near the site of the Tavern. It is also possible to conjure up the figure of Emerson riding in a chaise to conduct a funeral service in Acton at the home of a distant relative, Hon. Winthrop Emerson Faulkner. The whole town seemed under the spell of a tragedy,—the son of Colonel Faulkner, a Harvard student, had been instantly killed in a railway accident at Porter's Station, Cambridge, when on his way to college. Emerson spoke of his interest in young Faulkner as a friend and classmate of his own son, a frequent visitor in his Concord home, and closed his remarks with these words: "We commit him to the Fates."

But it is not to the Minute Men of the Revolution, nor the company of great ones of the last half-century that our tale relates; and the ghosts that are encountered at Rocky Guzzle do not walk out through the cemetery gateway. There is another personage whose presence is as real to me as if he passed me, whenever I walk through this place. The dust of a nobleman is beneath my feet.

The legend has never been put on paper, and it is no easy matter to connect the links in the chain of tradition.

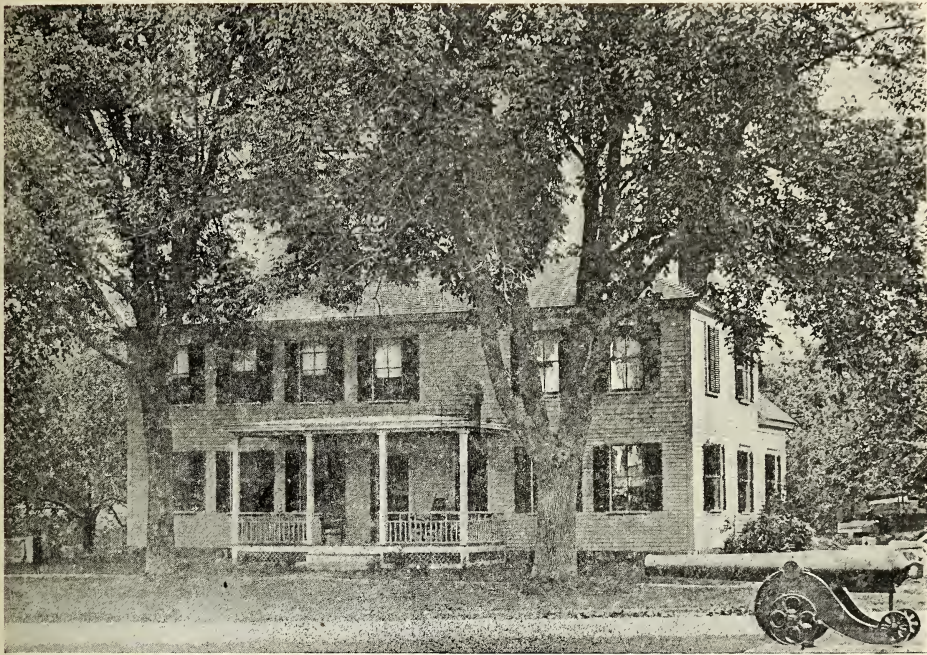
The name Rocky Guzzle is bewildering. It is not suggested by any peculiarity of the spot. There is no locality in the town so devoid of rocks, and if there were a rocky throat, there is no stream for it to swallow. It is a quiet little hollow in a sandy formation. Such an inconsistency never fastens itself so strongly as a common household name in any community,

without a grim legend behind it. A name, like money, has to have an intrinsic or redeemable value or it will not pass with the Yankee.

Two observations gave me a clew to the name. While living in Plymouth, I have noticed the tendency of seafaring men to substitute the terminology of water with that of land and vice versa; a sheltered anchorage is called the "Cow Pasture," a woodland lake, "Billington Sea." This interchange of designations always points to a sailor. My other observation was at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, where I found another Rocky Guzzle, a wild ledgy entrance to a cave where the tide enters with great force and sound, and an old sea captain told me this name was taken from an original Rocky Guzzle on the channel coast of England.

Unquestionably, then, some man who had sailed the seas and had also been an actor here in this lonely wooded vale gave the name; some soul that had been so intimately connected with this spot that it heard in the whispering of these dark old pines the gurgling waves around some boulder hung with sea-weed. Some imagination must have been stirred most passionately to have even thought in this dull corner of the flood-tide beating against a headland on a far off shore. There must have been a tragedy here. The name is not one of common-place associations. It is intelligible to me only by the tale I heard when a boy, which I now give.

There are many persons scattered throughout the country who distinctly remember the legend in large black letters on the white gable of old Acton meeting-house, "1807." That was a

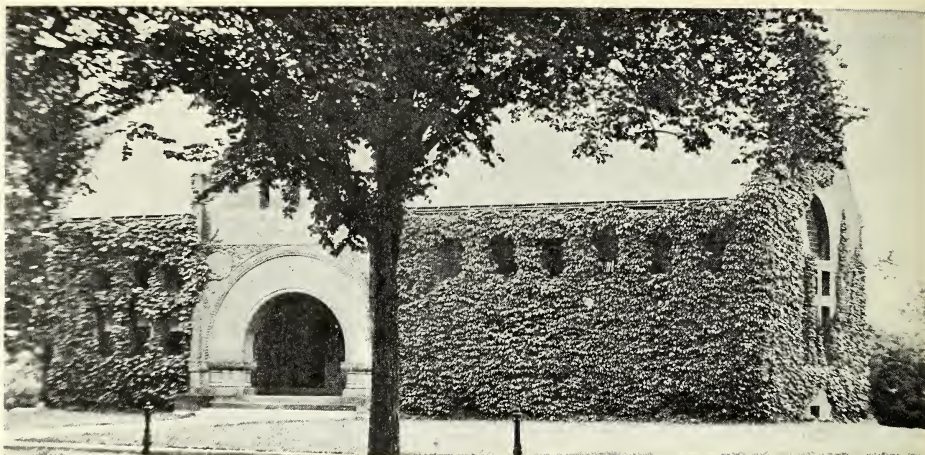


OLD BROOKS HOMESTEAD

Only house standing that witnessed these events

dramatic year, crowded with the doings of the great men of the world. In that year the Sons of the Revolution, as they met one another on the Acton cart-tracks and bridle-paths, always talked about two things, their new meeting-house and Napoleon. The French Emperor was in the middle of his career,—not a Republican, as he appeared at the beginning and end, but a King of Kings. He was having his own way most freely. Europe was in a general panic. Its balance of power had passed away. Prussia had just signed the most humiliating treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon had told Goethe that the character of Caesar had not been properly represented on the stage. His mastery of the continent was inspiring him to reach beyond. President Jefferson received information from

John Quincy Adams, then in the United States Senate, that Napoleon had determined to conquer the British provinces and also the United States, and form a monarchy under General Moreau. The nineteenth century opened with far greater perplexities than those of our own time. It was a time of contrasts, inconsistencies, waverings. The leaders could hardly understand the scene around them. Many were questioning the truth of the principles that brought about the horrors of the French Revolution, for that mighty movement had turned out contrary to all expectation. There were Frenchmen who looked upon all that had happened in the last fifteen years as a dream. They were still brooding over the assassination of Napoleon and intending to call back the "Old



WILDE MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Family." In England, Pitts' commanding figure had passed away in disappointment. All seemed darkness ahead, and no trusted pilot. In America there was a tragic irony in the position of Jefferson. The only success of his first term as President had been in a measure that violated all his party views,—the purchase of Louisiana, and now as he entered upon his second term there appeared such a storm about to burst from the sea that he began to doubt the truth of his own words:

"It will ever be in our power to keep so even a stand between France and England as to inspire a wish in neither to throw us into the scale of his adversary."

This year, 1807, was the critical point in Jefferson's career, for he never escaped from the misfortune of the Embargo. It was also the year of Aaron Burr's intrigue. A republic had been resolved into an empire in the old world and many feared that an empire in the new world would replace the republic. As adventurers from New

England and New York sought the Mississippi Valley, so exiles from Europe sought Massachusetts. The whole world was moving, and in that eventful year of 1807 the whole world was a field for a great game of skill and chance.

One move in this game was doubtless made in Brooks Tavern.

We look back nearly a century to a summer day at half-past twelve o'clock. Captain Paul Brooks, the landlord, is standing with some other villagers before the Tavern on the hill. They have been drawn out from the cool retreat into the sun by the sound of voices far below in Rocky Guzzle. It is like the singing of an army. Nearer and nearer it comes, as the Boston stage climbs around each bend of the steep winding turnpike. Ten minutes pass, and at last the huge lumbering coach and four slowly come through the trees. With no flourish, but with a heavy panting tug, this unusual load of passengers is hauled to the great front doorway. It is a company of sailors from Boston, hired by the Ac-

ton Selectmen to raise the timbers in the frame of the high tower of the new meeting-house on the Common near by. The young fellows tumble down from the top and out through the door and into the old-fashioned dining room. They make two long rows of weather-beaten, coarse featured faces. Yet as the landlord's niece, Caroline, passed the open hall door, she saw one face so unlike the others that the whole group at once assumed a dignity and mystery. The same bronzed skin, the same shock of hair; but eyes that could see, where the others merely looked; lines of brow, cheek, nose and mouth that recited history and could not be hushed. It was one of those rare, finished countenances that have a dimpled chin and are still strong,—the combination of delicate feeling and intense force; inherited cultivation without loss of virility. The next time this young woman of sixteen, without herself being seen, stole a glance at the

young man of twenty-five, she noted another thing,—one of those trifles that contain a biography—the sailor's plain collar was relieved by a scarf and bow of the finest quality of blue silk.

Meanwhile this exceptional face had not been unnoticed by others as the group entered the Tavern. The villagers did not go home but remained just outside. While the dishes were being passed inside the open windows, we may be sure a rich dish of gossip was furnished the surrounding loafers.

Two weeks passed, the bell-top tower was completed, and the sailors returned by the stage to Boston,—all but the one with the dimpled chin. He read long letters from over-sea. He wrote long letters, but his correspondence never came or went by the stage which was the regular mail carrier. He often took the landlord's favorite mare and rode down to Rocky Guzzle. Here he was seen many times with another horseman. This mounted com-



THE OLD MANSE, REMODELED 1780

panion was a bent, wizened, twisted old man who always met the younger one by emerging from a dense bridle path that led to Faulkner's Mills. At the first house on that trail the old man lived during that summer. He was reputed to be a pirate who had come to the same house twenty years before, and was then thought to have buried treasure in Rocky Guzzle. In fact, he was once seen pacing from the hollow along the ridge to the west.

The spell over this spot cast by the presence of this hideous figure was broken as the summer waned. Moonlight after moonlight the young sailor and the landlord's niece walked together to Rocky Guzzle. Events, however, were moving swiftly during that wonderful year.

Aaron Burr was brought to trial in the late summer, and a conspiracy to divide the states was checked, not to reappear again for half a century. The peaceful policy of the President was changing by the English outrage on the frigate *Chesapeake*. Napoleon and Alexander were mapping out the world anew.

One day in the early autumn the Boston stage was again awaited with great expectancy. As the coach drew up before the door of this primitive tavern, only three passengers were noticed by the staring villagers. The first to alight was the landlord himself, whose whole bearing was more full of dignity than his townsmen had ever known before. All instinctively felt that the guests who followed the Captain must be men of high station and great repute, and yet no one was aware that they were no less personages than the second and sixth Presidents of the United States. The presence of John

Adams and his son John Quincy Adams for an hour in the Brooks Tavern is recorded in this legend, although all is silent in regard to their mission here. The inference is strong that in the web of world-politics then weaving, one thread was traced to Acton. Captain Brooks, learning that the two distinguished statesmen and diplomats were stopping over night with a friend in Concord only four miles away, rode over in the morning and induced them to return with him on the noon stage. We may be sure that the disguised young nobleman with the dimpled chin was the magnet that drew them to the inn. Whether they recognized and identified him as one whom they had met under the skies of France remains untold. As a souvenir of that day when Acton had as her guests two Presidents of the United States, I treasure the office desk and two plates from the Brooks Tavern dinner set. These are the only heirlooms in existence connected with the ancient inn.

There was a Son of the Revolution, a descendant of one of the Minute Men of 1775, who watched all that took place at the Tavern with a jealous eye. He was a thoughtful young man and could talk intelligently on the present international complications. He had a deep interest in the success of the Federal party, but now had forgotten everything in the world save his mad desire to win the landlord's niece at any cost. The fearful struggle that was going on in his innermost life sometimes betrayed itself through the mask that he had worn most of his life. A certain loyalty to the Puritan ideal had kept this young man in a fixed course, but now he seemed to be trying to reconcile himself to himself. One

part of his nature rose up and denounced the other. The only time, however, that he had ever been seen without his conventional, guarded expression was on his meeting, near Rocky Guzzle, two young people walking together,—the nobleman with the dimpled chin and Caroline with the playful blue eyes and wavy blonde hair. Then he set his teeth.

At last the Count disappeared, leaving no trace of his departure or his destiny. The hour of the coming of the stage then became a tragic hour. The landlord assumed a more serious pose, as in the front doorway he counted the arriving guests, and when the horses were brought to a standstill after their half day's journey, the face of Caroline sadly withdrew from the open window.

More days passed, and the townspeople gossiped. They needed no summoning for that purpose. When anything out of the usual run occurred, every shade of opinion was aired in the old inn, and as the Boston stage appeared, usually all talked at once. One remark is preserved of this village tattle. A baby had just been named for the President, Thomas Jefferson. It was mentioned in the bar-room, whereupon a decided man said, "Name it Judas!" During all these days of idle chat, the color was fading from the nervous, wistful, living portrait framed in the open casement at the day's eventful hour.

One fine noon, in the time of short and frosty days when the stretch between Boston and Acton was covered in one hour's less driving, suddenly, without a moment's notice, the big stage drew smartly up to the old house. No one awaited it at the door, the cus-

tomary loiterers had not put in an appearance. There was a wildness in the voice of the driver that startled all in the tavern. The villagers came running as if they had heard the deep tones of the meeting-house bell ringing an alarm. Something unusual had happened,—the news of another dazzling conspiracy to form an empire in the Mississippi Valley, perhaps; a revolution quickly growing out of the unknown Southwest; an angry stroke of Napoleon; another insult by some British ship; a declaration of war by Congress, which had been specially called together a month sooner than usual, or a message from Jefferson. Those were days of feverish waiting,—anything might happen.

It was the driver, forgetting his team and hurrying into the Tavern, around whom all crowded. In his hands was the fine blue silken scarf which everyone instantly recognized as the neckwear always worn by the young nobleman, stained with blood and found beside the road at Rocky Guzzle. All is soon told now. Only one more broken heart, and life-long mood of sorrow. Only one more loved and lost.

All down through the generations since this mysterious disappearance, there have been strange stories of a murder and the manner of it, but these tales have all differed. There is one tradition that the Count came to this country because of the hostility of Napoleon to his family; that he mixed among the sailors on the voyage and learned from them of an old pirate who had buried treasure near a spot he had named Rocky Guzzle; that the Count accompanied the sailors to Acton mere-

ly through curiosity; that he visited the pirate simply to hear his tales, and the jealous rival of the Count for Caroline's favor worked on the pirate's fears of capture, until the Count, discovering the changed feeling in the old man, had secretly fled to Boston, but was returning for Caroline when the pirate, who always haunted the borders of Rocky Guzzle, intercepted and shot him. There is another tradition that the Count had been befriended by the pirate years before; that the pirate enabled him to get away from France during the reign of terror; that they lived together on the shore of the original Rocky Guzzle in England, and that they met in this spot in the new world by previous agreement and here laid new plans, being really accessories in a great political scheme.

There is a third tradition, similar to the second, that the Count had papers from Napoleon and concealed his real imperial plotting by associating his presence with search for buried gold; that the pirate took written messages between the Count and another confederate in Boston; that the Count killed the pirate and purposely left his own blue silken scarf to cover up his deed.

The next year after this incident Captain Paul Brooks sold the tavern, removed to Westmoreland, N. H., and became the landlord of a Connecticut River inn. He is buried in the old cemetery in that town. His widow, with her three daughters, returned to Acton, and for four generations all these traditions have been handed down in the old Brooks House, which is still standing, as in 1807, directly opposite the site of the

church on which the young nobleman worked and the present town hall. Here, it is said, the nobleman often called, and since the burning of the old meeting house in 1862 and the razing of the tavern in 1873 it remains the only building on the Common connected with the tale.

It is impossible at this distance of time to sift the legends and find the true one. At any rate, setting aside all myths, we have the never-to-be-forgotten fact that when, forty years ago, a survey for a railroad was made through Rocky Guzzle, and the engineer for some reason caused some of the bank on the east side of the road to be taken away, the workmen in digging came upon a human skeleton and a few French coins.

There is also the additional fact that after the discovery of the skeleton a descendant of the man with whom the old pirate had taken refuge drove regularly at sunset into the woods near this lonesome place, tied his horse to a tree, and passed the night in digging for buried gold. The holes he then made are visible today and there is a belief among his neighbors that his effort was not a failure, for not long after he abandoned his strange freak he paid off a large, long-standing mortgage on his farm, and when he died left an estate whose accumulation could in no other way be accounted for.

Rocky Guzzle will forever keep its secret, but the facts we know verify the legend that it has a real secret of life and death, and though it grows more puzzling to reveal in clear outline the dead and gone, still we can never pass the place without remembering that human nature when it is alive is

always and everywhere human nature, and that the world over a pretty face, a young, knightly figure, a man and a woman walking together along a wooded road, have been enough to arouse jealousy and make the whole tragic plot of hate and murder.

Dr. Harris Cowdrey, the best remembered physician of my boyhood, once told me that after a severe surgical operation he always rode in his gig down to Rocky Guzzle for rest and soothing influence.

Rocky Guzzle is an ideal spot to which to take a friend or a book. The voices of the pines around the old graveyard are never still. It is not

difficult to imagine above the ascending lines of oak and apple trees a cathedral spire in the hill town, and a fine old medieval inn. The loveliness of nature's dimple recalls the young nobleman with the dimpled chin, and if you have a speck of poetry in your mind, you will smell the sea and find in the scent the flavor of a long voyage. You will have a greater rapture than when near the scene of some gloomy, old-world tragedy, for this spot is sacred to the memory of two worlds, the new and the old,—the last real struggle of the then two opposing principles, Aristocracy and Democracy.

Lullaby

By A. B. de Mille

HEART that is weary,
Eyes that would weep—
Night comes, my Dearie,
Sleep.

Now in the gloaming
Out of the west,
Dream-things are roaming—
Rest.

Stars without number,
Peace without bound;
Hush thee and slumber
Sound.

Over my Dearie,
Night, still and deep,
Day was so weary—
Sleep.

A Gastronomic Tragedy

By Temple Bailey

MRS. DUFOUR turned the pillows and rolled her husband's chair out into the sunlight. Then she sat down on the bench beside Mary.

"He don't seem to get strong," she said.

Her big, red face took on a worried look as he gazed at her delicate spouse. He sat hunched up in his rolling chair, his pinched face perfectly expressionless, his weak eyes blinking in the glare. Only his wrinkled hands, clutching the robe that lay across his lap, showed the agitation that was within him.

Mary Barton thought of those hands as they had been thirty years before. Then they had been soft and white, with almond shaped nails,—hands so different from those of the rough farmers of her own village, that they had caught her heart and held it until now.

Not that she loved the man before her. The man she loved was the slender youth with the foreign air, whose picture was buried deep in the bottom of a lacquered box, together with two precious notes and a lock of jet black hair. This wrinkled, shuddering old man had nothing in common with that boy of graceful deportment and soft sentences, who had led on her imagination, until when he chose another woman for his wife, she had nothing left to give any one else, and so old

maidism and old womanhood had come upon her.

"What would you do?" Mrs. Dufour lowered her voice, as her husband nodded. His hands relaxed, his little round bald head dropped back, and he slept, the unbeautiful sleep of the aged.

"I have had the best doctors, and tried all sorts of treatment. You can't suggest anything, can you?" she finished helplessly.

"Perhaps it is France that he wants."

At the word, the bundle of inertness opened its eyes, and Mary saw for a moment in them the pleading expression that had belonged to the youth of long ago.

"France," he murmured, and his hands went out with an entreating gesture.

"There, you see," his wife ejaculated, irritably. "He wants to go, but what in the world he thinks I can do with him on a boat, when he can't crawl around here, I can't see."

"Perhaps," suggested Mary, with the tenderness born of the love that had been, "it would do him good to see the shores of his native country, the houses of his own people, to hear his own speech again—" She stopped, for there was no response in the face of the invalid. "He might enjoy the food," she went on, and the impassive face began to take on lines of eagerness.

But Mrs. Dufour was loud in her denunciation of Continental cooking.

"Such messes. The sauces are enough for me. Gaston wanted to show me how to make them, but I won't have him killed with such stuff. And frogs' legs!" Her voice was full of repressed horror.

The old man shivered hopelessly and Mary rose to go.

"Wait a minute, Mary," said Mrs. Dufour, "while I get John to come and roll him. He hates to be left alone."

Mrs. Dufour rustled up the path, and Mary looked after her, noting the heavy figure, the badly cut gown, and the impossible bonnet. Susan Brooks had been a pretty girl of a hard, coarse type, and she had developed into a hard, coarse, old woman, without the youth which had given her comeliness.

"Mary!" the air was cut by the thin voice.

She turned to the sick man. He was leaning towards her, his face lighted up with an eagerness that was almost maniacal. There was color in his cheeks, and his hands plucked feverishly at her gown.

"I am not sick. I am not sick." His tongue stumbled over the words.

She looked at him, uncomprehending.

"I am starved—starved. She gives me nothing that I like. I have told you—years ago," the graceful gesture of his old hands waved them both back into the past, "of Oscar, my friend—in Paris. Make her let me go. I would go to him and he would give me coffee and rolls, the little white ones with the brown tops. She gives me coffee that is of grain because of my digestion. I am not a horse, I cannot eat oats and ozzer sings." He

was twisting his English, a thing he had not done for years.

"What can I do?" asked Mary.

"Tell her to let me go. Tell her."

The rustle of the silk linings announced the return of his wife, and he sank back in seeming apathy, as she came up with the man.

Mary and Mrs. Dufour followed behind the wheeled chair until they reached the gate. Then Mary stopped.

"Good by, Susan," she said. "I go the other way. I think if I were you, I should take Gaston over to France."

"Now, Mary Barton, how do you think I can stand such a trip?" Mrs. Dufour's red face looked like a petulant child's as Mary kissed it.

"I am sure you will do it, Susan, if it is best for him."

As Mary went down the road, it seemed to her that nothing in the little village, except herself, had changed in the last thirty years. It had been up this same street that she had tripped as a girl. She remembered the pink organdie that she had worn the day that the French schoolmaster had walked with her, and the way her hair was curled and parted. The old crab-apple tree in front of the Pattersons' was in full bloom then as now, and the robins were investigating the tender green of the lawn. How Gaston had admired this first view of a New England spring! The enthusiasm of his artistic nature had brought into life beauties which she had never discovered.

Poor little girl! Mary Barton thought of her as of some one else. That tender heart and trustful mind were long since dead, and there lived only a tall, gray, old woman, of quiet

peace, who stepped stiffly across the road and opened the gate of her tiny cottage, then stopped for a moment to look at the sun setting behind the big house on the hill, where, by virtue of his wife's money, Gaston Dufour lived, the wealthiest man in town.

The Gaston Dufours went abroad, as Mary had suggested. Mary received a letter from Susan in the late summer, dated Paris, which ended thus:

"We are at the best English hotel. I have had a dreadful time with Gaston. He wants to eat everything, so the other day I went out and bought some things, and now I don't let him go to the table. My dear Mary, in this I am firm, he shall not ruin his stomach with French messes. We stay here for a few weeks longer and then I shall bring him home, and get rid of all this worry. We are trying a nut diet now."

Poor Gaston!

Mary heard nothing more, and the summer passed. One autumn evening she sat in her little sitting room by the light of her open fire. On the hearth was the other member of her family, a big black cat, Demosthenes, the descendant of generations of black felines who had occupied the post of honor at the Barton fireside. Out of doors the wind was rising, and there was a hint of frost in the air. It was on such a night as this, Mary pondered, that the young Gaston Dufour had rapped at the door of her mother's house to ask his way to the nearest inn. Mary had opened the door, and after that, twice a week, the young Frenchman had found his way to the little house.

Those had been perfect weeks in the girl's quiet existence. Gaston had talked of "twin souls" and of much of which she had never heard. Her trust in him had been the trust of the self-controlled New England maiden, raised in the belief that regular weekly visits from a man constituted a pledge as binding as matrimony. But Gaston had been bred in a land where love and matrimony were conducted on different lines. Mary might be his twin soul, but Susan Brooks had money.

Therefore one day he proposed formally for Susan's hand and was accepted on the spot.

Gaston told Mary of his engagement, frankly.

"You are more dear to me, but you have no dot," he explained ardently.

Mary's ancestors had not fought for nothing, and she bore this blow with a fortitude inherited from the sturdy stock. She dismissed Gaston with a dignity from which there was no appeal. Heretofore Gaston had been told the story of her love in the tender droop of the eyes, in the welcoming blush, and in the trembling lip, but from the moment of his engagement he saw no evidence in Mary of anything but the most casual acquaintanceship. She continued her friendship for Susan, a friendship which had begun in their early school days long before there could have been any question of congeniality, and she came and went at the Dufour residence whenever the helpless Susan needed her.

These were the things of thirty years ago. Mary brushed away the cobweb of memory as she rose to get supper. Demosthenes rose also, and went with her into the pantry. Mary Barton's pantry was redolent with the atmos-

phere of the perfect housekeeper. With visions of her rule over Gaston's household had come the desire to compete with the wonderful cooks of which he had told her. So she had begged for recipes from the young Oscar who was making name and fame in Paris.

When the reason for endeavor in this line was removed, she did not lose her interest in it, indeed she turned to it as her only occupation, with the result that she was considered the best cook for miles around, although the country people who were raised on certain indispensables could not appreciate her triumphs in the making of sauces, salads and entrées.

"Demos," said Mary, "this is your kind of supper." Demos sniffed ecstatically as the silvery fish was taken out of the refrigerator and prepared for the broiler.

Then the two went into the kitchen, and Demos watched his mistress as she wiped the lettuce daintily and chopped sweet peppers and chives for her salad. The fish was put on the broiler and a savory and delectable sauce set bubbling in a little saucepan on top of the stove.

Demos again followed his mistress as she went into the sitting room, where she drew the table in front of the fire and set it quickly for one. Then back to the kitchen again, to turn the broiler and stir the sauce, and at last the fish was served, its perfect brown harmonizing with the quartered lemon and cress which surrounded it.

The feast being ready, Demos sat down to watch Mary, curling his tail around him tightly, as if to hold in his too-eager anticipation.

Before the silver knife had been put

into the fish, however, there came a faint rap at the door. Mary rose and opened it, and started back as she saw the white face of an old man peering in.

She controlled herself quickly.

"Come in, Mr. Dufour," she said.

He came into the old room, which should have been thick with memories of youth and love; but his eyes saw only the feast.

"I smelled your coffee, and I made John stop and let me come in. Susan won't know. She's gone on ahead to open the house," he chuckled as he tugged at his coat.

Mary helped him, struggling all the time with a sense of an unconventional situation.

"Sit down here." She indicated a place at the little table.

There was no further word of invitation or acceptance. She knew and he knew that he had come for the food, not for her. As she laid a second place, she looked at his old face wistfully. "Does he remember nothing, nothing?" She drew herself together sharply. "You are an old woman. Mary Barton," she whispered, "and he is an old—old—man."

She brought rolls, white inside and brown without. He ate the fish devouringly.

"This is Oscar's sauce," he cried, after the first mouthful. "You excel, Mademoiselle." His hand was on his heart with half-forgotten courtesy.

When Mary brought the lettuce, pale green and white and crisp, with the peppers, the oil, the olives, the vinegar, and all the other concomitants of a perfect salad, his old fingers trembled with eagerness.

"I will mix it. It shall be a salad

of history. You shall tell of it in the years to come."

But his hand trembled, and the oil was spilled over the tablecloth. Mary repaired the damage, and the second trial resulted in the proper mixing.

When the coffee was poured, black and aromatic, he stood up with his hands on his heart, and waved his hand to his hostess.

"I drink to the queen of cooks."

In spite of a bewildered sense of unreality, Mary thrilled at the compliment.

Over the coffee Gaston became talkative.

"She drove me mad. She has no fine feeling. I have not complained in all these years at the awful things she cooks. But to be in Paris, to be near Oscar. To have him bring to me a dish of mushrooms, stuffed with oyster crabs, and to see her, the vandal, the uncomprehending one, the woman who knows nothing,"—his hands tore at his thin hair,—*"to see her take them from me and give to me a soft-boiled egg and a health biscuit. I rave and I rave, and she bring me back."*

Tears of disappointment stood in his eyes.

"I should have married you," he said. "You have the fine feeling."

Mary blushed to the roots of her soft, gray hair. It sounded positively immoral to hear this old Frenchman talk of her as his possible wife,—this old, raving, eager gourmand.

He felt in his pocket and found a cigar.

"Susan wouldn't let me," he mumbled, "but she won't know."

Mary left him then, and gave Demos the scanty remains of the fish, setting

before him, also, a compensating saucer of cream. Then she cleared the table, set it back in the corner, and went to the pantry to put things in order.

As the fragrance of the cigar stole through the rooms, Mary felt the subtle influence of the presence of the masculine in her maidenly home. She looked at Gaston through the pantry door. Only the back of his head could be seen. So might the lover of her youth have sat, when he had become the companion of her old age. She came out into the sitting room, her heart softened by the moment of imagination.

The peace of the little home was softening him, too, and bringing into life the petrified emotions of his long sealed heart. The old clock struck, and the chiming notes awoke the memories of the days of long ago.

He looked at Mary as she came towards him. Her slender figure still had in it something of the grace of youth. Her soft, gray hair formed a frame for her delicate face, her lavender gown was cut with taste and a sense of the artistic.

He held out his hands as she came towards him.

"Mary," he said, and his face was transformed. "Mary."

There was a hurried step on the porch, and without knocking, Mrs. Dufour entered.

The nervous frown on her face deepened as she saw her husband's cigar.

"What are you thinking of, Mary? He will kill himself. He ought not to smoke, and the idea of his walking from the carriage alone. I told John that I should never let him out of my

sight again. It was lucky I followed so soon."

She stopped breathless. Out of her husband's face all the tender lines had faded. He was again an ungracious, senile invalid.

"Go away," he snarled.

Mary helped Susan to wrap him up. He was whimpering softly like a badly treated animal.

She watched them go across the moon-lighted lawn, the old man's fig-

ure drooping beside the erect one of his wife, then she went in and shut the door.

The shadows gathered deep around her, the fire died down, and Demos cuddled into her lap for warmth and sung himself to sleep. The old clock chimed out the late hour, but the sound fell on the unheeding ears of the old woman who still heard the "Mary, Mary," of the man he might have been.

The Waiting of Helen Horton

By Mabel A. Rundell

BUSINESS had called me East and on my return journey to the western state of my adoption, the desire came to me, as indeed it often had before, to take the little branch railroad that led to Norris and visit the little town among the hills which had been my birthplace and which I had not seen for twenty years.

This time I carried out my intention, and the following evening found me smoking my after-dinner cigar with a genial doctor of the place, who had done me many a kindness in my rather friendless youth; and who, greatly to my surprise, had not only recognized me, but had been undisguisedly glad to see me, and had carried me off, from my aimless wandering down the straggling main street, to his own snug little domain, where his trim, bright-eyed wife had

made me as welcome and comfortable as only a kind-hearted woman can. They seemed really delighted to have this slight break in the rather humdrum routine of their existence, and I found the quiet atmosphere so restful to nerves jaded by business that I gladly lingered.

As we sat and talked, in the coolness of the evening, on the broad, green lawn, I was really surprised to find how many I recalled of the acquaintances of my boyhood, and how much Dr. Clayburn could tell me about them. The physician in a small town, if he be of the right stamp, comes very near to the lives of the people, and I listened to many curious bits of history as the doctor delved in the memories of years of practice.

During a pause in our conversation, the figure of a woman passing in the

street caught my eye. She moved erect and swiftly, with a sure step, and though she was dressed most unobtrusively in some dark material, there was that about her that would have attracted attention anywhere. Her face was colorless and very calm, yet the feeling seized me at once that the placid exterior covered a smouldering fire. It was the look of the ascetic and something more. I have seen it occasionally in the eyes of a nun.

"Who is it?" I said in a low tone to Dr. Clayburn.

He followed my glance and answered, "Helen Horton. Don't you remember her? Old Judge Horton's daughter. You lived not far from their big white house on the hill; it was the only show place in the town."

"What! That Helen Horton?" said I. "Why, as I remember her, she was as frail and irresponsible as a little windflower, and this woman is marble and steel."

"Nevertheless that is Helen Horton," replied Dr. Clayburn. "It is rather an unusual thing, the change in her, even among the odd things of a doctor's experience."

His voice was low, and he sat for some time reminiscently puffing his cigar and gazing into the soft, damp shadows that were gathering under the trees; then he resumed:

"I knew all about Helen Horton, from her listless, characterless childhood. I was always treating her for some little ailment, and never accomplishing anything to my satisfaction: there seemed never anything to build on, no constitution, no vital force. All her desires were gratified,

and she had not many. To all intents and purposes, she was an only child; the other child, a son, whom you do not probably remember, was a great, strong, rollicking fellow, as different from Helen as can well be imagined. He was much the older and went to Annapolis and into the navy while Helen was yet a little thing.

"When the girl was twenty she manifested her first human interest by falling in love, not very violently to be sure, but she became engaged. The man was really not worthy of her, but the old Judge and his wife could never deny her anything and were really pleased to see her at last more like a normal girl.

"But it did not last long. The man's innate coarseness, revealed on closer acquaintance, repelled her delicate, shrinking nature, and she grew indifferent to him. It was then I was first seriously alarmed about her. She seemed to lose even her usual slight interest in life and I exhausted all my arts trying to awaken some response in that nerveless girl.

"Just at this time, while Helen grew neither better nor worse, her mother was seized with typhoid fever, and I sent to New York for a nurse. Her name was Octave Masterson, and it suited her well. She was rather plain in appearance, but a woman of unusual magnetism; young, clever, strong, cheerful, with a low, merry laugh, and pulsing with life to the ends of her cool, steady fingers. Helen Horton turned to her at once, as a little, sickly plant turns to the sun; and, rather to my astonishment, Miss Masterson seemed greatly attracted to the girl. I suppose Helen's

helplessness appealed to her strength, and perhaps with her ready sympathy she detected in the frail little soul depths the rest of us had never discovered. The friendship between them grew fast and firm, and Helen began to gain strength and animated ways, quite unknown to her formerly.

"When Mrs. Horton recovered, I advised them to have Miss Masterson take Helen to California. I thought the change of scene and climate, and more than all Miss Masterson's care, might work wonders. The Hortons would have trusted her to no one else, but Helen, rather to my astonishment, was all eagerness to go, and they finally consented.

"The two were gone six months. We had not expected them to stay so long, but Helen was so delighted with everything, and her letters were filled with such glowing accounts of the beauties of the country, of her own improving health, and of Miss Masterson's untiring care and devotion, that the father and mother had not the heart to call her home.

"But at last she wrote they were coming, and the day after their arrival they came up to my office to see me. I had expected great improvement, but I was simply astounded at the transformation that had taken place in Helen. She was rosy, glowing, with an effervescent vitality and charm I had never dreamed her capable of. She had a hundred questions to ask and as many things to tell me of their travels, and in everything she appealed to Miss Masterson. Out of her own abounding life, Octave Masterson seemed to have infused strength and spirit into this

frail girl, who hung on her every word and look with a beautiful and yet pathetic appeal. After they left the office, I sat a long time pondering over the unusual sympathy between them, and wondering what the outcome of the friendship would be.

"In the Norris Hospital at this time the place of matron was left vacant, and on my recommendation, Miss Masterson was appointed to the position. Nothing could have exceeded Helen's joy in hearing of it. Much of her time after that was spent in the matron's private rooms, and during Miss Masterson's free hours she was at Judge Horton's, while her short vacations they spent at the seashore or in the mountains together.

"All Helen's latent possibilities seemed brought out by this companionship. As quite a child she had tried to play the violin, and in her usual half-hearted way had never made much progress; but Miss Masterson was passionately fond of music, with the true artist's temperament, and her inspiration communicated itself to Helen. She had lessons while she was away and they played together, Miss Masterson the piano. I heard them one night and never forgot it; there was something strange, almost eerie, in Helen Horton's playing. It was not especially brilliant in technique, to be sure, nor even correct, but it was the voice of a human soul. Listening, one could fancy she was drawing the bow across her heartstrings.

"And so it went on for several years,—a perfect companionship between two human beings: Miss Masterson happy and content, Helen, vibrating, radiant. And then a man

stepped in, and in a few short weeks marred two lives.

"He was a clever enough fellow and handsome, though I always thought him rather a weak nature. He came as house physician to the hospital, and his admiration for Miss Masterson was soon apparent. She was seemingly unconscious or indifferent for a time, but no woman finds it easy to withstand a man's love, and her interest grew; while poor Helen looked on in unbelieving wonder, that soon changed to desperate pain. That she could be obliged to share Octave's love with any one had never occurred to her, and there must have been some stormy scenes between the two; for more than once I was called to Judge Horton's to find Helen half lifeless among her pillows, with what seemed to be a sharp heart attack, and Miss Masterson bending over her,—white, silent, remorseful.

"But fate was stronger than Helen Horton's love, and Octave Masterson gave up the struggle. In a few months she was married and went with her husband to a western city, and there came over the face of her friend the look you saw to-night. I thought she would not bear it long, but she said to me once, as she rallied from a sinking spell, "If I live, she will need me,—some time."

"That is ten years ago and she has changed but little. Her father and mother died not long after, and she looked about for something to fill her empty life. She turned the big, old house into a 'Foundlings' Home.' The grounds are full of the happy play of tiny children, sent out from New York. She goes among them, always tender, always busy, and they

cling about her and worship her as a saint, though they rarely see her smile.

"Such a woman as Helen Horton could not of course always pass unsought. Rumor has it that more than one wooer has gone up the flower bordered walks to her door, but whatever she says to them they have kept their own counsel, and no one is the wiser.

"I see a great deal of her through the babies, as she calls me to attend all their ailments, but she never alludes to Miss Masterson, and whether she hears from her or not I do not know. Others have told me that her husband is dissipated, that her life has been a disappointment, and it has taken all her strength and courage to keep them from actual want. Meanwhile Helen Horton is waiting."

"We were silent for a time; our cigars had gone out; then I said: "Yes, and her face is the face of a woman who knows *how* to wait,—even into eternity."

The next morning, as I lay dreaming in the shadow of one of the great elms, the doctor came to me with a look of trouble in his eyes. "I have been out to the 'Foundlings' Home,'" he said, speaking slowly. "Helen had a letter this morning from Octave Masterson. She writes that her husband is dead, that she is coming back, and that with the little foundlings she and Helen will take up their old life together."

"And Helen Horton's waiting is ended," I said.

"No," he answered, "she is waiting still,—in eternity. She dropped down without a sigh, with the letter in her hand, and her face is transfigured."



DANIEL VOSE (SUFFOLK RESOLVE) HOUSE, MILTON LOWER MILLS

The Suffolk Resolves

By M. P. Webster

THE powerful and far-reaching influence of the New England town meeting finds its most important illustration in the famous paper known as the Suffolk Resolves. The story of which is that of the towns of Suffolk County, in 1774, and especially of Boston, whose struggles and sufferings had enlisted the sympathy not only of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, but of the whole continent, from Quebec to South Carolina, and even of many people in England. While the tyranny of King and Parliament was

felt throughout the colonies, Boston, then a little town of sixteen thousand inhabitants, had made the most determined and spirited resistance, and had openly defied the power of the English government. Accordingly Boston and the Province of Massachusetts Bay were singled out for punishment. The rule over them became more and more stringent, and in 1768 troops were sent to enforce their obedience, for George the Third and his ministers were determined to crush this spirit of revolt.

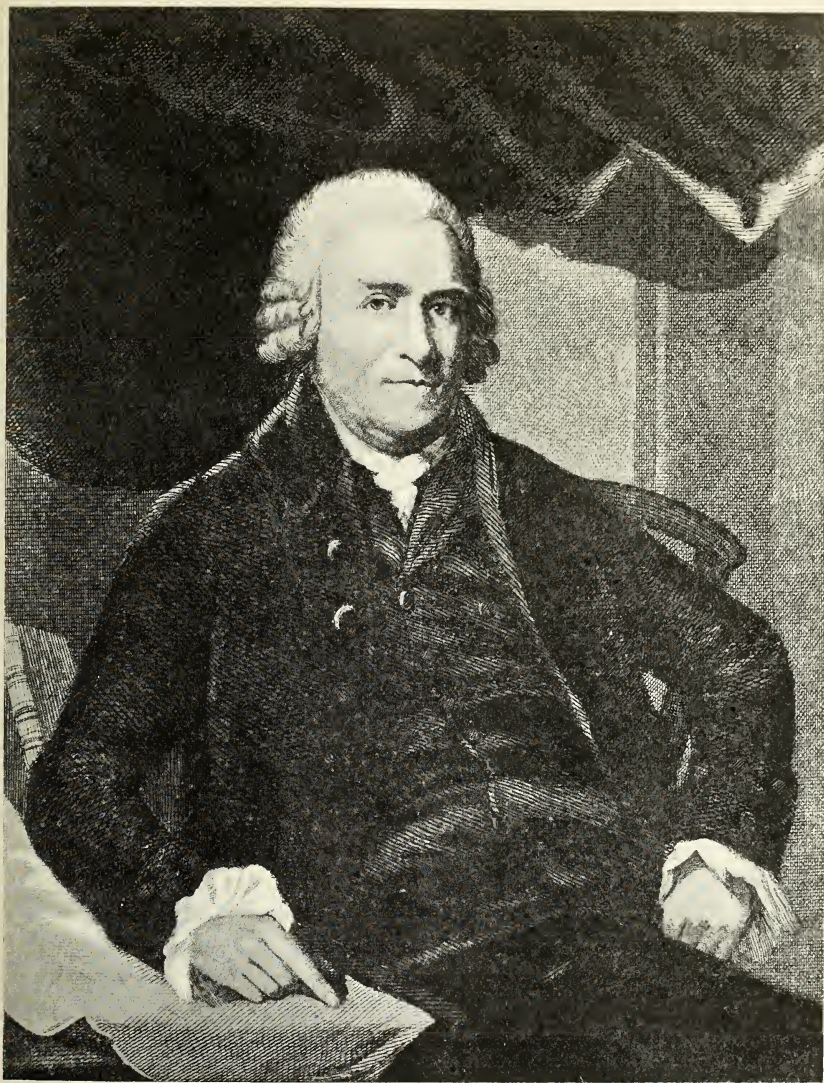
Realizing the importance of the

crisis and that on their conduct depended the fate of the entire country, the people of Boston saw clearly that their only hope for the future lay in the united action, not merely of the different towns and counties of the province, but of the several English colonies. At a town meeting, held November 2, 1772, Samuel Adams proposed that a committee of correspondence should be appointed to prepare a statement of the rights of the colonists and of the infringements of those rights, and send them to the other towns, accompanied by a letter "requesting a free communication of their sentiments on this subject." Governor Hutchinson wrote to Lord Dartmouth of this "foolish scheme," as he called it, and even some of the friends of Adams laughed at it. But three years later John Adams wrote: "When a certain masterly statesman invented a committee of correspondence in Boston, did not every colony, nay, every county, city, hundred and town upon the whole continent, adopt the measure, I had almost said as if it had been a revelation from above, as the happiest means of cementing the union and acting in concert?" Soon the province was organized, and within four months the Virginia Legislature proposed a system of correspondence between the colonies, and thus united them into a confederation. In May, 1774, the Sons of Liberty of New York asked Massachusetts to name the time and place for a general Continental Congress, and on June 17, just a year before the battle of Bunker Hill, the Massachusetts Legislature, behind locked doors and while the governor's secretary sought in vain to enter with a proclamation dissolving the assem-

bly, under the intrepid leadership of Samuel Adams, chose their delegates and appointed the first meeting of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia on September 1. It actually met on the 5th, four days before the passing of the Suffolk Resolves.

Meantime the local affairs of Boston and the Province of Massachusetts Bay had gone from bad to worse. Four acts had been passed by Parliament which reduced the colony almost to a condition of slavery. These were the Port Bill, by which the port of Boston was blockaded after the first of June; the Regulating Act, by which the executive power, including the courts of justice, was concentrated in the hands of the governor; the so-called "Murder Act," by which magistrates, revenue officers or soldiers, indicted for murder or other capital offence in Massachusetts, were to be transferred for trial to Nova Scotia or Great Britain; and a bill legalizing the quartering of troops in Boston. A fifth act established the Roman Catholic religion and French laws in Canada and extended the Province of Quebec as far as the Ohio and Mississippi; a measure much opposed in New England because of the influence of the Roman Catholic religion in political matters. These acts so roused the people that they could with difficulty be restrained by their leaders, who felt that while the acts should be resisted with firm determination, the country was not yet ready to resort to arms and that a premature conflict could result only in disaster and defeat.

Boston showed its characteristic energy. The Port Bill was read at a town meeting held on May 13, 1774, three days after its receipt, and the



SAMUEL ADAMS

records show that a committee was appointed to consider "what measures are proper to take upon the present exigency." At an adjourned meeting, held the same afternoon, it was voted that a "Circular Letter" should be written to the several towns of this province and to the several colonies and that "messengers should be dis-

patched with all possible speed," and we learn later that "Mr. Reviere" started on this errand the very next day. It was also voted at the same meeting "that it is the Opinion of this Town, that if the other Colonies come into a joint Resolution, to stop all Importations from Great Britain & Exportations to Great Britain, & every

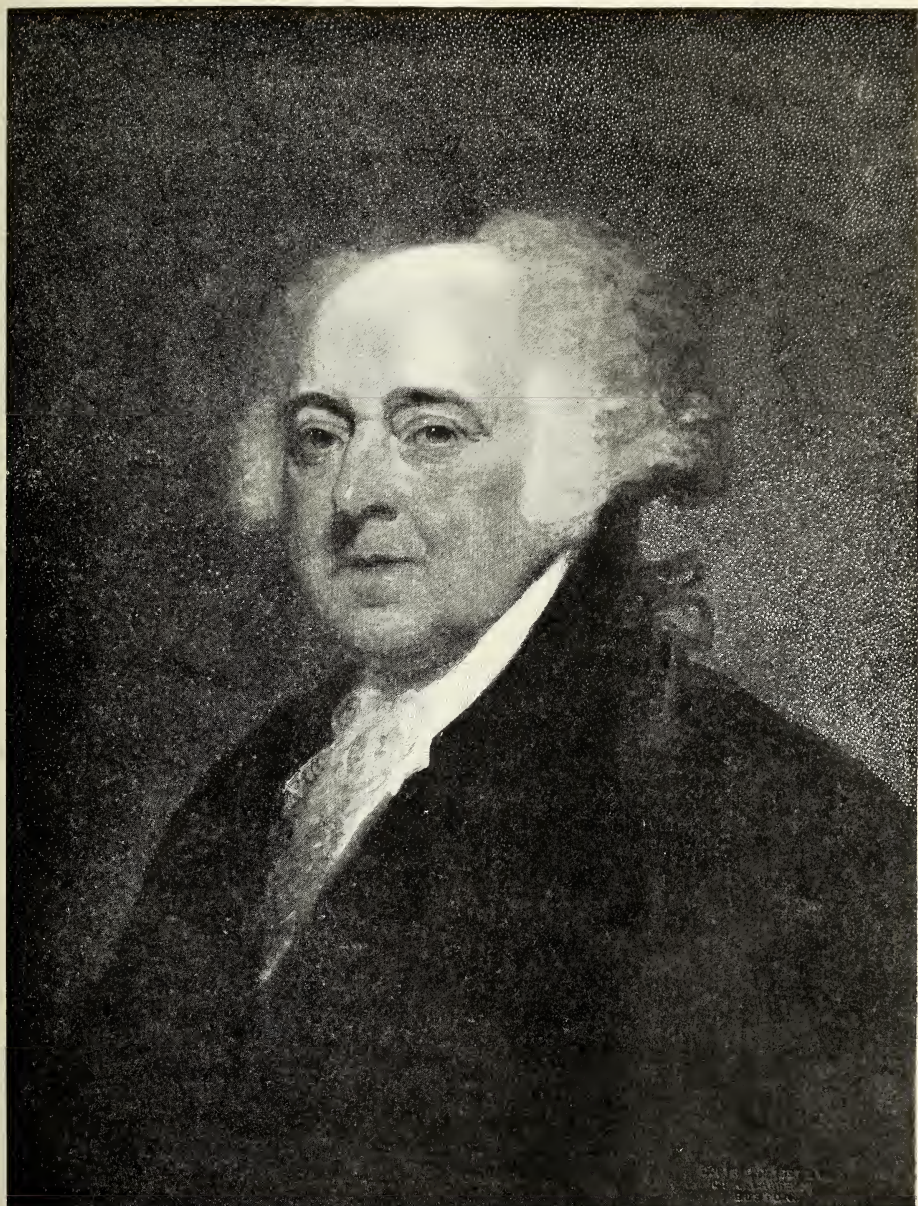
part of the West Indies, till the Act for Blocking up this Harbor be repealed, the same will prove the Salvation of North America & her liberties. On the other Hand, if they continue their Exports & Imports, there is high Reason to fear, that Fraud, Power, & the most Odious Oppression, will rise triumphant over Right, Justice, Social Happiness, & Freedom—And moreover, that this vote be forthwith transmitted by the Moderator to all our Sister Colonies in the Name & Behalf of this Town.” At the town meeting of May 30 it was voted “That the Committee . . . be desired to prepare a Paper, to be carried to each Family in the Town, the Report of which to be, not to purchase any Articles of British Manufactures, that can be obtained among Ourselves, & that they will purchase Nothing of, but totally desert those who shall Counter-work the Salutary Measures of the Town.

“Voted, that the Committee of Correspondence be & hereby are directed, to communicate the Non Consumption Agreement aforesaid to the other Towns in the Province.”

This paper, which was known as the Solemn League and Covenant, caused great division of opinion; for many felt that the committee had exceeded their authority. On June 17, while the Legislature were choosing representatives to the Continental Congress, a town meeting was held, of which John Rowe, a Boston merchant, says in his diary: “A generall town-meeting this fore-noon—they chose mee Moderator. I was much engaged & therefore did not accept.” (An unusual proceeding in so public spirited a man.) “The People at present seem very averse to Accommodate matters.

I think they will Repent of this Behavior Sooner or Later.” On June 27 he writes: “Town Meeting the Hall so full they adjourned to the Old South Meeting house the Debates were for and against the Committee of Correspondence very warm on both sides it Lasted all Day and adjourned till tomorrow 10 of Clock.” On June 28 he writes: “The Town met again at the Old South Meeting. The Debates very warm on both sides. I think . . . the Committee are wrong in the Matter. The Merchants have taken up Against them they have in my Opinion exceeded their Power & the Motion was put that they should be dismissed the Gentlemen that made & supported this Motion could not obtain their Vote the Majority were Four to One Against them this affair will cause Much Evill one against the other. I wish for Peace in this Town, I fear the Consequences.”

No wonder the Boston merchants were anxious; for the condition of the town, whose harbor was now in the possession of a fleet of war ships, was indeed pitiable. Bancroft says: “Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox or a sheep or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River, the fishermen of Marblehead, ‘sending dried fish to the poor of Boston,’ were obliged to transport their offering in wagons by a circuit of thirty miles.” The town was full of British soldiers. Business was paralyzed. A letter written at this time says: “When I seriously reflect on the unhappy situation



From a painting by Gilbert Stuart

JOHN ADAMS

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we are in, I can't but be uneasy lest ye trade of the town should never be reinstated again. . . . You can have no just conception how sensibly I am affected in my business. . . . Such are the inevitable consequences resulting from a stoppage of trade; for if you consider the branch of the distillery of rum alone, at the smallest computation, is allow'd to be a loss of six thousand pounds Lawful money, a week to the town, as the expense attending the transportation of molasses 28 or 30 miles by land, and the rum when made the same distance (to be ship'd for foreign markets) is equal to a prohibition—that the manufacturers of that article in Mistick, Watertown, Salem, Haverhill and Newbury engross the whole of the trade, and it's a chance (after being *long* used to those channels for a supply) whether it will ever revert to us again.” (Andrews, August 20, 1774.)

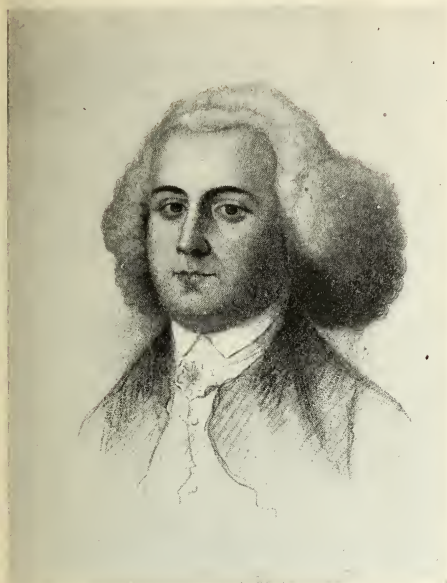
In this time of need the sympathy of the entire country went out toward Boston. “Gifts were offered from far and near. South Carolina sent two hundred barrels of rice and promised to make the gift a thousand. Washington headed a subscription paper in Fairfax County, Virginia, with fifty pounds; Wilmington, North Carolina, raised two thousand pounds currency in a few days; flour, cattle, sheep, fish, came from New England towns; Quebec sent over a thousand bushels of wheat; and Augusta County, Virginia, offered one hundred and thirty-seven barrels of flour.” (Gilman's “Story of Boston.”)

“Lord North had no expectation that we should be thus sustained,” said Samuel Adams; “he trusted that Boston would be left to fall alone.” But

instead, the Boston Port Bill had precisely the opposite effect. It was this measure that stirred New York to propose the Continental Congress. Bancroft says: “The port act had been received on the tenth of May; and in three weeks . . . the Continent, as ‘one great Commonwealth,’ made the cause of Boston its own.”

But it was one thing for the other colonies to send assurances of sympathy and gifts of money and provisions; to write in indignation that they should not pay for an ounce of the detested tea; to toll the bells in Philadelphia when the Port Bill went into operation; or to observe the day in Virginia with fasting and prayer; it was quite a different thing and a far more serious matter for them to stand shoulder to shoulder with Massachusetts in opposing the Regulating Act, which utterly annulled her charter and established a new form of government for the province. The other colonies had been moulded by influences and traditions which were very different from those of Massachusetts. Would it be possible to reconcile these differences; to unite all the colonies in a common cause; to smooth away jealousies; to establish mutual understanding and confidence? The Massachusetts delegates had a difficult task before them. They were first of all to learn the character and disposition of the other delegates; then they were to place the case of Massachusetts before them so clearly that it could not fail to be understood; and finally, they were to secure that substantial coöperation without which the brave struggle of Boston would have been in vain.

And who were these four delegates upon whom the fate of the state and



John Adams

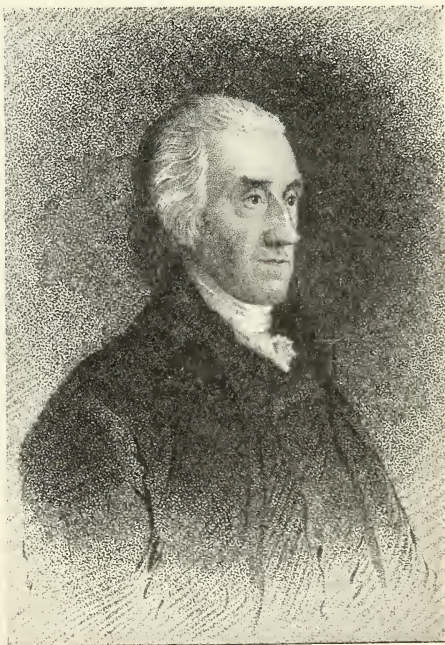
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of the nation depended? First and foremost was Samuel Adams, at this time fifty-two years of age; Thomas Cushing, the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a man of great influence, moderate and conciliatory, forty-nine years of age; Robert Treat Paine of Taunton, a lawyer, and a man of forty-three, noted for his scholarship, ability and wit; and another lawyer, John Adams, then thirty-eight years of age, and so the youngest of the group. The last two had served four years before as prosecutor and defender in the trial of the soldiers who took part in the Boston massacre.

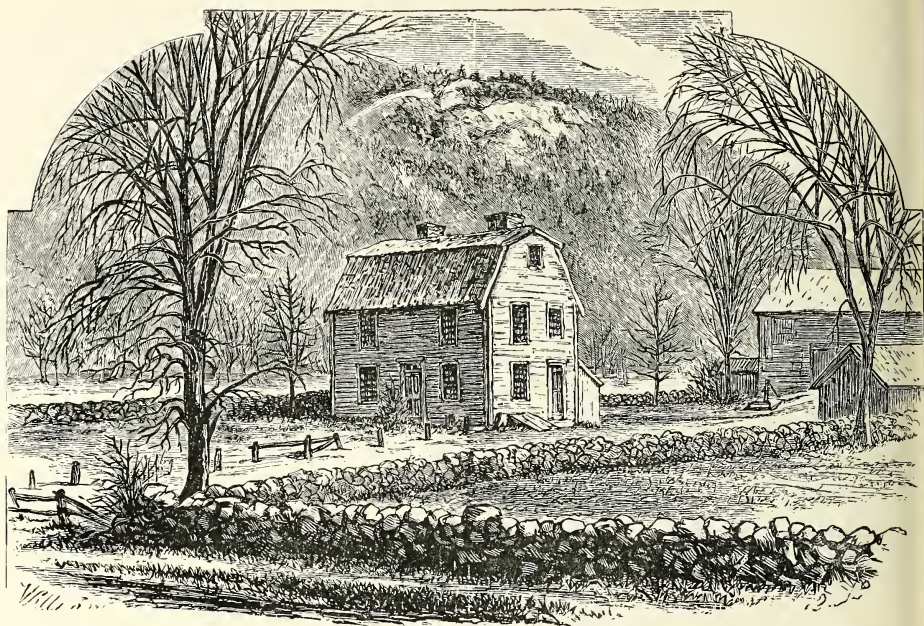
Behind these delegates were the people of Massachusetts, eagerly awaiting the decision of Congress and ready to do all they could to bring about the wished-for result. Bancroft tells us

that before leaving for Philadelphia, on August 10, Samuel Adams had concerted the measures by which Suffolk County would be best able to bring the wrongs of the town and the province before the general Congress; and he left the direction with Joseph Warren, who was to send a memorial of the result to Philadelphia. Warren wrote to him on the 15th that delegates had been chosen for the first meeting of the convention, and again on the 21st, saying, "I shall take care to follow your advice respecting the county meeting, which, depend upon it, will have very important consequences. The spirits of our friends rise every day."

Meantime the other counties had not been idle. Berkshire had met long before, on July 6, at Stockbridge; Worcester on August 9; Middlesex on



ROBERT TREAT PAINE



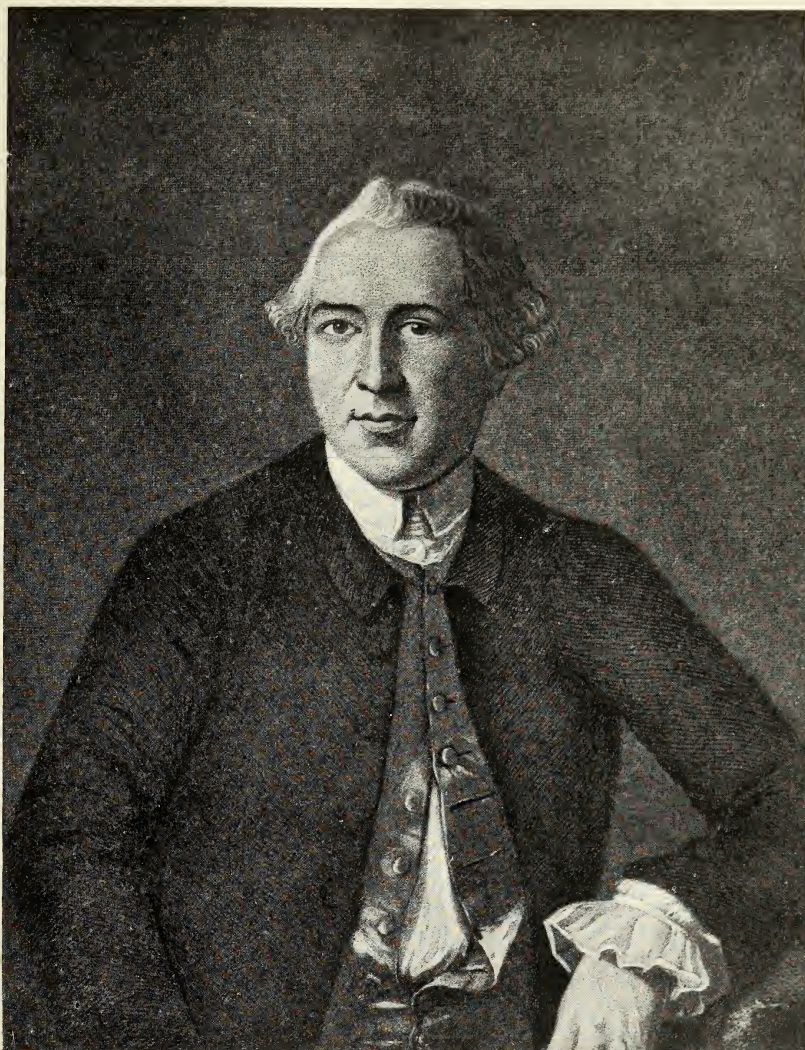
DOTY'S TAVERN.

August 30; and Essex, Cumberland, Hampshire, Plymouth and Bristol during September. Reports of these conventions will be found in the Journals of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. They all passed resolutions, which agree, first, in declaring their allegiance to King George the Third; second, in firmly opposing the acts of Parliament in which their charter rights are violated. The action of the Worcester convention was especially vigorous. On August 31 they passed resolutions calling the people together to prevent the sitting of the court on September 6, in obedience to which about six thousand assembled in military order, and "Having been formed in two lines, the royalist justices and officers were compelled to pass through the ranks, pausing at intervals to read their declarations of submission to the public will."

In Suffolk County the patriots had

held their first meeting on August 16, at Doty's tavern, in what was then Stoughton, now Canton. This old house, which was standing until 1888, was on the Canton road, very near Blue Hill. It had been chosen by the advice of Samuel Adams, who "desired that some inland town should be selected, where the Congress might meet, free from interference." "Early in the forenoon the delegates began to arrive. The members from the inland towns came on horseback, while young Dr. Warren, with his Boston friends, drove up in a stylish berlin, drawn by four horses, with a coachman in livery on the box and footman on the rumble. From old Stoughton came Parson Dunbar in gown and bands . . . against the advice of many of his friends, his relatives and (even) his own son." (Huntoon, "History of Canton.")

One of the Boston delegates to this



Joseph Warren

From a painting by Copley

convention, writing a few days later to Samuel Adams, says: "We were perfectly unanimous and firm in the common cause. Colonel Thayer particularly said, we must all appear undisguised upon one side or the other. Good Parson Dunbar gave us the most extraordinary liberty prayer that ever I heard. He appeared to have the most divine, if not prophetic, enthusiasm in favor of our rights, and stood with us till eight o'clock at night." The result of the meeting may be seen in the following letter, which was sent to the different towns:

"ROXBURY, Aug. 18, 1774.

"Gentlemen:—

A meeting of gentlemen from every town and district in the county of Suffolk, except Weymouth, Cohasset, Needham, and Chelsea, was held at Colonel Doty's, in Stoughton, on Tuesday, the 16th current, to consult what measures were proper to be taken by the people of the county at this most important and alarming crisis of our public affairs. But, as several towns had not appointed delegates for the special purposes of a county meeting, they did not think proper to proceed to complete the business proposed; but, in order that the proceedings of such a meeting might be more valid and authentic, they came unanimously into the following resolve, and appointed a Committee to transmit the same to every town and district in the county; viz.:

"Whereas it appears to us that the Parliament of Great Britain, in violation of the faith of the nation, have, in direct infraction of the Charter of this Province, contrary to Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the natural constitutional claim of British subjects, by an Act called the Boston Port Bill, a Bill for amending the Charter of the Province, and another for the Impartial Administration of Justice, with all the parade and ostentation of law and justice, attempted to reduce this Colony to an unparalleled

state of slavery; and whereas the several Colonies on this continent, being justly and properly alarmed with this lawless and tyrannical exertion of power, have entered into combinations for our relief, and published sundry resolutions, which we are determined to abide by in support of common interest:—

"We earnestly recommend to our brethren of the several towns and districts in this county to appoint members to attend a county convention for Suffolk, at the house of Mr. Woodward, innholder, in Dedham, on Tuesday, the sixth day of September next, at ten o'clock, before noon, to deliberate and determine upon all such matters as the distressed circumstance of this province may require. We therefore transmit the same to you, to be laid before your town, to act thereon as you may think proper; and we beg leave to add our request, that the gentlemen who may be chosen by your town would be very punctual to the hour proposed for the convention, as it [is] very probable the business will take up the rest of the day.

"We are your humble servant, by order of Committee.

NATH. PATTEN.

To the Gentlemen Selectmen for the town of Roxbury."

(Heath Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.)

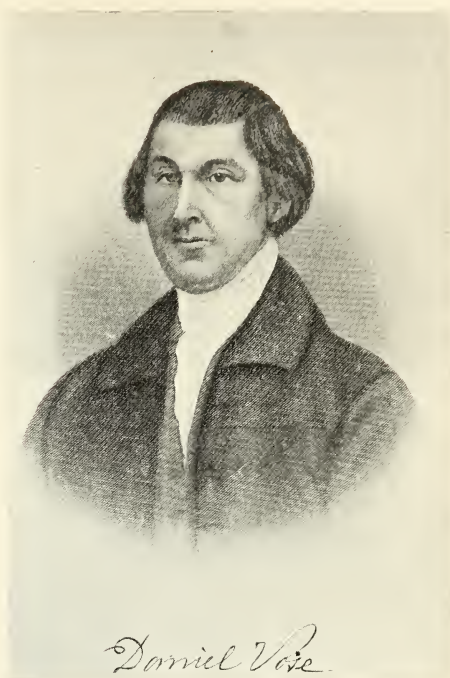
The house of Mr. Woodward, who was a leading citizen of Dedham and a delegate to the convention, stood directly opposite the present courthouse. The meeting there on September 6 appointed a large committee, headed by Warren, to draft a set of resolves, and then adjourned to meet on September 9, at the house of Daniel Vose, in Milton, where the report of the committee was read and the resolves unanimously passed.

At this time the position of Milton was a peculiar one. Although a little town of about a thousand inhabitants, less than one-fifth of its present popu-

lation, we must think of it then as a much more important place, relatively speaking, than it is now. It had been a social centre ever since the days of Governor Belcher and Provincial Secretary Foye, members of whose families still remained in the town. Just above the village, at the summit of Milton Hill, stood the house of Governor Hutchinson, with its beautiful English garden, and not three months before the meeting of the Suffolk Convention the governor himself had walked through the village street, past Daniel Vose's house on his way to take ship for England, shaking hands as he went with his fellow-townsmen of both political parties, with whom he was personally a favorite, and bidding them a cordial farewell.

Milton also counted among its citizens other men of learning and refinement. Among her delegates to the convention there was at least one Harvard graduate, Dr. Samuel Gardner. Another, David Rawson, was afterwards representative of Milton in the Provincial Congress. A more influential man than either of these had been Oxenbridge Thacher, Jr., grandson of Milton's first minister, whose death, some nine years before, had been a great loss to the patriots. A lawyer of great ability and a member of that noble band whose eloquence had "associated Faneuil Hall with the idea of civil freedom," the government party had "hated him worse than even Otis or Samuel Adams and had feared him more."

The intellectual status of Milton and its patriotic spirit are well shown in the resolutions passed at a town meeting on the 25th of July, which



must have been held in response to the receipt of the "Solemn League and Covenant," sent out by the Boston Committee of Correspondence in June. The record of this meeting is as follows:

"At a town-meeting held by adjournment from the 27th day of June 1774 to the 25th of the next July at 4 of the Clock afternoon.

"1st the Committee appointed at the last Town Meeting to consider and determine upon some proper measure for this Town to come into Respecting the situation of publick affairs Reported as follows, viz.

"We the Inhabitants of Milton acknowledge George the third to be our rightful Monarch—we feelingly Declare ourselves to be his true and loyal Subjects—and next to the Horrors of Slavery we detest the thought of being seperated from our Parent State. We have been wont to glory in our connexion with our Mother Country—our hearts have been ever warm with filial affection and we are

ready and willing on all proper Occasions to spend our Blood & Treasure in defence of his Majesties Crown & Dignity—and we are Equally ready and willing to spend our ALL in defending our own religious and civil Liberties when invaded by any humane Power. We have been taught from our Mothers Breasts, that our Freedom is a Jewel of Inestimable Value, that 'one day one hour of Virtuous Liberty, is worth a whole Eternity of Bondage' that 'Free Government supposes that the conduct of affairs may be inquired into & spoken of with Freedom—That opposition in a loyal Regular way to measures which a person thinks wrong, cannot but be allowed in a free Government. For 'it is in itself Just, and also keeps up the spirit of Liberty,' accordingly we claim a right, 'especially in times of Publick Trial' freely to speak against & zealously to oppose any *Measures* by whomsoever adopted which are aimed at the Destruction of our Constitutional Liberties, *which* alter our good and ancient Usages—and *which* are designed to make us Slaves, for such measures are base & wicked, and ought to be resisted,' the Destruction of a free Constitution of Government, though men see or fancy many defects in it, and whatever they design or pretend, ought not to be thought of without Horror, for the design is in itself unjust since it is romantic to suppose it legal; it cannot be prosecuted without the most wicked means; nor accomplished but with the present ruine of Liberty, religious as well as civil—and whoever will thoroughly consider, in what Degree Mankind are really influenced by reason & in what Degree by custom, may be convinced, that the state of human Affairs does not even admit an equivalent for the mischief of setting things afloat, and the dangers of parting with those Securities of Liberty, which arise from regulation of long prescription and ancient Usage. 'But in defiance of the Laws of God and society, in direct Violation of Sacred Compact, the British Parliament have assumed a Power to alter and destroy our free Constitution of Civil Government and to introduce any Species of oppression whatever. Now

that such pretended Omnipotency ought to be opposed when assumed by any set of men unless they have *infinite Wisdom* to direct, and *infinite Goodness* to stimulate them to a righteous conduct, is a dictate of common Sense, and whether these are predicable of the present British Parliament let Gods intelligent Creation Judge.'

"And being clearly of opinion that to withstand such assumed Power, and to oppose in a regular way; the Oppressive Measures which are carrying into Execution by such Power is a Duty we owe to God, to ourselves, and to unborn Millions, we therefore RESOLVE that we will unite with our Brethren THE SONS OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA in any proper Measures, that may be adopted to defeat the late cruel & oppressive Acts of the British Parliament respecting America, and this Distressed Province in particular,—to extirpate the Idea of Tyrannizing, which is so fondly fostered in the Bosoms of those in Power—and to secure to ourselves and to Posterity our invaluable Rights & Privileges.

"A Non-Consumption Agreement we think the most rational as it is the most Peaceful, But as Committees from the several Colonies on this Continent are soon to meet and to deliberate & determine upon some wise & proper Measures for the recovery & Establishment of American Liberties—and as we doubt not but the WISDOM OF AMERICA will fix upon such righteous measures as will Eventually prove not only the Salvation of this Extensive Continent but also the Permanentest Dignity of Great Britain, we therefore RESOLVE to commit our cause under God, to them, and to adopt such Righteous Measures as shall be by them recommended to the Colonies as necessary to regain & secure our free Constitution of Government.

"We wish them a seasonable & Joyful Meeting—and a happy union of sentiment—and may God Almighty direct and protect them. We return our sincere thanks to the Town of Boston for their indefatigable & noble Exertions in the cause of Freedom—and beg them still to watch

upon the walls of our Jerusalem and not
to be weary in well doing."

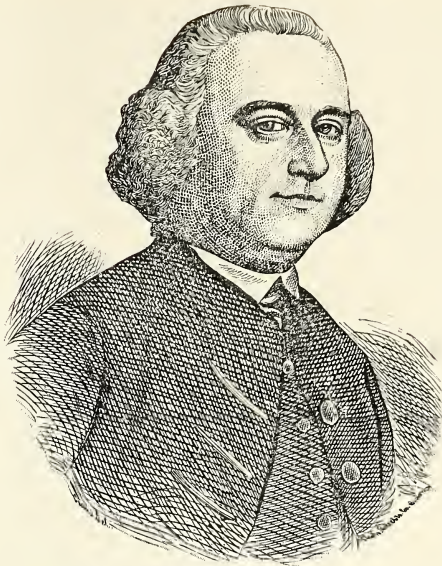
"DAVID RAWSON
RALPH HOUGHTON
AMARIAH BLAKE
OLIVER VOSE
JOSEPH CLAP
SAMUEL HENSHAW, JUN^r
SAMUEL GARDNER
Committee."

"MILTON 25 July 1774."
(Milton town records.)

Milton counted among its citizens not only social and intellectual, but business leaders as well. As early as 1633 the first gristmill in the country had been built on the site now occupied by one of the Baker chocolate mills; the chocolate business itself was established in 1765; the Milton paper mills, the first in the country, were in 1769 sending as far as Portsmouth for rags; the slitting mill at Mattapan was the first in the province. Mr. James Boice and Captain Daniel Vose, both afterwards representatives of Milton in the Provincial Congress, were well-known business men.

At that time Captain Vose's home stood farther up the street than it does now, being afterwards removed to its present location and enlarged. The beautiful elms in front of it were planted in 1784 by Captain Vose's son-in-law, Dr. Amos Holbrook. It was most conveniently situated for a county convention, being near the junction of the post road from Boston to Plymouth and the "great road to Taunton."

At the meeting there on September 9 nineteen towns and districts were represented, most of them appointing five delegates; some, only one or two; some as many as seven—all leading men, as befitted the occasion. Many



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Palmer

of their names are found among the minutemen who hurried to Lexington on the 19th of April; one, Isaac Gardner of Brookline, the first Harvard graduate to be killed in the Revolution, fell on that day; and another, Captain Eleazer Kingsbury of Needham, was wounded. The moderator was Deacon Joseph Palmer of German-



From photo by Walter Stimson

SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN ISAAC GARDNER FELL,
NORTH AVE., NEAR SPRUCE ST.,
CAMBRIDGE

town, in Braintree, who was afterwards made a brigadier general; the clerk was Major William Thompson, a well-known patriot from Brookline. From Stoughton came Thomas Crane, a native of Milton, who, with Daniel Vose, was to furnish most of the powder used by the province during the first three years of the war, manufacturing it in Stoughton, which then included Canton, on nearly the same site as that occupied by the Revere Copper Company, whose business, started by Paul Revere, is still carried on by his descendants. From Roxbury came William Heath, afterwards major general in the Continental army. From Boston came, alas, the traitor, Dr. Benjamin Church. From Boston, too, came the leader, Joseph Warren, chairman of the committee which had drafted the resolves, who, although only thirty-three years of age, was celebrated as a physician, a writer and an orator; was a grand master in the Masonic fraternity, and soon to be made a major general in the army, and whose death at Bunker Hill left orphan four little children, already motherless, and deprived his country of one of her greatest and noblest men.

Few details of the convention have come down to us. We know that the 9th of September was a beautiful day, that the delegates must have been in good spirits over the news from Worcester; we may guess that toasts were drunk to the brave men there and in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia; we are shown the doorway in which Warren stood as he read the resolves, paragraph by paragraph, to be considered and voted upon by the assembled delegates. We know,

too, that not a man gave way to fear, and that every vote of the convention was a unanimous one; and we know that the resolves were sent to Philadelphia by Paul Revere.

Nearly a month had now passed since the delegates to the Continental Congress had set out on August 10, "in a coach and four, preceded by two white servants, well mounted and arm'd, with four blacks behind in livery, two on horseback and two footmen." (Andrews.) A large number of gentlemen had escorted them as far as Coolidge's, in Watertown, where an entertainment had been prepared. As they proceeded on their way they had everywhere been received with demonstrations of sympathy and respect. Seven miles out of New Haven they were met by a great number of carriages and horsemen, and John Adams writes in his diary:

"As we came into the town, all the bells in town were set to ringing, and the people, men women and children, were crowding at the doors and windows, as if it was to see a coronation. At nine o'clock the cannon were fired, about a dozen guns, I think. . . . No Governor of a Province, nor General of an army, was ever treated with so much ceremony and assiduity as we have been throughout . . . Connecticut;" and he writes to his wife from Philadelphia: "I have not time nor language to express the hospitality and civility, the studied and expensive respect, with which we have been treated in every step of our progress." And again, a little later, "I shall be killed with kindness in this place. We go to Congress at nine, and there we stay, most earnestly engaged in debates upon the most abstruse mysteries of state, until three in the afternoon; then we adjourn, and go to dine with some of the nobles of Pennsylvania at four o'clock, and feast upon ten thousand delicacies,



INTERIOR DANIEL VOSE (SUFFOLK RESOLVE) HOUSE

and sit drinking Madeira, Claret, and Burgundy, till six or seven, and then go home fatigued to death with business, company and care. Yet I hold out surprisingly." Later, he says: "There is a great spirit in the Congress. But our people must be peaceable. Let them exercise every day in the week if they will, the more the better. . . . But let them avoid war *if possible* — *if possible* I say." (Oct. 7.) In his next letter he gives us the following glimpse of the Congress: "This assembly is like no other that ever existed. Every man in it is a great man, an orator, a critic, a statesman; and therefore every man upon every question must show his oratory, his criticism and his political abilities. The consequence of this is that business is drawn and spun out to an immeasurable length. I believe if it was moved and seconded that we should come to a resolution that three and two make five, we should be entertained

with logic and rhetoric, law, history, politics, and mathematics, and then—we should pass the resolution unanimously in the affirmative."

Such was the assembly before whom the four delegates were to state the case of Massachusetts. Moreover, they had to overcome a feeling of personal prejudice against themselves. When within a few miles of Philadelphia, they were told by some of the Sons of Liberty, who had come to meet them, that letters had been written to that city and to all the South by some of the friends of government in Boston, in which they were represented as four desperate adventurers. According to these letters:

"Mr. Cushing was a harmless kind of

man, but poor, and wholly dependent on his popularity for his subsistence. Mr. Samuel Adams was a very artful, designing man, but desperately poor, and wholly dependent on his popularity with the lowest vulgar for his living. John Adams and Mr. Paine were two young lawyers, of no great talents, reputation, or weight, who had no other means of raising themselves into consequence than by courting popularity. We were all suspected of having independence in view—an idea as unpopular in Pennsylvania and in all the Middle and Southern States as the Stamp Act itself. 'Now,' said they, . . . 'you are the representatives of the suffering State. . . . You have been long persecuted—your feelings have been hurt, your passions excited; you are thought to be too warm, too zealous, too sanguine. You must be very cautious; you must not come forward with any bold measures, you must not pretend to take the lead. You know Virginia is the most populous State in the Union. They are very proud of their ancient dominion, they think they have a right to take the lead, and the Southern States and the Middle States, too, are too much disposed to yield it to them.'

"This was plain dealing and . . . there appeared so much wisdom and good sense in it, that it made a deep impression on my mind, and . . . on all my colleagues.

"This conversation, and the principles, facts, and motives, suggested in it, have given a color, complexion, and character, to the whole policy of the United States from that day to this." (Mr. Adams is writing in 1822.)

We cannot wonder at the estimate in which Virginia was held when we remember that among her delegates were Peyton Randolph, president of the Congress; Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and George Washington. But it was not possible for the Massachusetts men to keep in the background. At the very first meeting it was given to Samuel Adams to speak the right word at the right time; a

word of inestimable weight in uniting the colonies; which showed at the very outset the willingness of the Massachusetts delegates to adopt the fundamental principle without which there could have been no union, viz., a spirit of mutual toleration which could overlook minor differences of opinion in recognition of the fact that in spite of these differences they were all at heart united in love to God and to their country.

The incident is told as follows in a letter written by John Adams to his wife:

"When the Congress first met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger to Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress, to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our president, waited on Mr. Duché, and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form; and then read the Collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston.* I

* This was a story of bombardment arising out of exaggerated reports at the time the gunpowder was seized at Charlestown.

never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning. After this, Mr. Duché, unexpected to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime—for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston."

The first business of the Congress was to examine the credentials of the delegates, pass resolutions regulating their transactions and appoint two committees, one "to state the rights of the colonies in general," the infringements of these rights and the "means most proper to be pursued" for their restoration; the other to examine and report upon the laws affecting the trade and manufactures of the colonies. Then, after thanking the Library Company of Philadelphia for offering them the use of their books, they adjourned from day to day awaiting the reports of the committees. On September 14 the delegates from Massachusetts placed the resolves of the county of Middlesex before the Congress. They were read, but no action was taken upon them, for Samuel Adams and his colleagues were, no doubt, waiting to hear from Boston and from Suffolk County. Every one is familiar with the famous ride of Paul Revere on the 19th of April, in 1775, but history has little to say about the equally important one which he took in September, 1774, when in one short week he carried the Suffolk Resolves from Boston to Phil-

adelphia. On the 19th of September Samuel Adams writes:

"Last Friday Mr. Revere brought us the spirited and patriotic resolves of our county of Suffolk. We laid them before the Congress. They were read with great applause, and the enclosed resolutions were unanimously passed, which give you a faint idea of the spirit of the Congress. I think I may assure you, that America will make a point of supporting Boston to the utmost." On Saturday, September 17, the day after the Resolves reached Philadelphia, John Adams writes: "This was one of the happiest days of my life. In Congress we had generous, noble sentiments, and manly eloquence. This day convinced me that America will support the Massachusetts or perish with her." And on the 18th, in a letter to his wife, he says: "Two votes . . . were passed yesterday, and ordered to be printed. You will see them from every quarter. These votes were passed in full Congress with perfect unanimity. The esteem, the affection, the admiration for the people of Boston and the Massachusetts which were expressed yesterday, and the fixed determination that they should be supported, were enough to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave pacific Quakers of Pennsylvania . . . do entreat every friend I have to write me. Every line which comes from our friends is greedily enquired after, and our letters have done us vast service. Middlesex and Suffolk have acquired unbounded honor here."

The votes which Adams mentions are as follows:

"Resolved unanimously, That this assembly deeply feels the suffering of their country men in the Massachusetts Bay, under the operation of the late unjust, cruel, and oppressive acts of the British Parliament—that they most thoroughly approve the wisdom and fortitude with which opposition to these wicked ministerial measures has hitherto been conducted, and they earnestly recommend to their brethren, a perseverance in the same

firm and temperate conduct as expressed in the resolutions determined upon, at a meeting of the delegates for the county of Suffolk, on Tuesday the 6th instant, trusting that the effect of the united efforts of North-America in their behalf, will carry such conviction to the British nation, of the unwise, unjust and ruinous policy of the present administration, as quickly to introduce better men and wiser measures.

"Resolved unanimously, That contributions from all the colonies for supplying the necessities, and alleviating the distresses of our brethren in Boston, ought to be continued, in such manner and so long as their occasions may require."

On Saturday, October 8,

"The Congress resumed the consideration of the letter from the Committee of Correspondence in Boston and . . .

"Resolved, That this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay, to the execution of the late acts of Parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, in such case, all America ought to support them in their opposition."

And two days later it was

"Resolved unanimously, That every person and persons whomsoever, who shall take, accept, or act under any commission or authority, in anywise derived from the act passed at the last session of parliament, changing the form of government, and violating the charter of the province of Massachusetts Bay, ought to be held in detestation and abhorrence by all good men, and considered as the wicked tools of that despotism, which is preparing to destroy those rights, which God, nature, and compact, have given to America."

This action of the Continental Congress produced a great effect both in this country and in England. A writer of the times says:

"The friends of America have the satisfaction to learn that the Resolves of the late Continental Congress respecting the

votes of the County of Suffolk published in the English papers here not only surprised but confounded the ministry, as by it they perceive the Union of the Colonies to be complete, and their present menaces only mark their despair.

"At a meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of Boston at Faneuil Hall . . . December 30th, 1774—

"Mr. Samuel Adams in the Chair. . . The following Vote expressive of the Gratitude of the Town for the benevolent Assistance received from the other Colonies under our present Calamities, & the kind Recommendation of the late respectable Continental Congress for future Support—Passed Nem. Cont.

"Whereas the Town of Boston is unfortunately become the most striking Monument of Ministerial Tyranny & Barbarity, as is particularly exhibited in the sudden shutting up this Port thereby cruelly depriving the Inhabitants of this Metropolis of the Means they have hitherto used to support their Families; And whereas our Brethren of in the other Colonies, well knowing that we are suffering in the common Cause of America & of Mankind have, from a generous & Brotherly Disposition contributed largely towards our Support in this Time of our General Distress (without which many of our worthy and virtuous Citizens must have been in imminent Danger of perishing with Cold & Hunger)—And whereas the Honble Members of the Continental Congress have kindly recommended us to our Sister Colonies, as worthy of farther Support from them, while the Iron Hand of unremitting Oppression lies heavy upon us. Therefore Voted, that this Town, truly sensible of the generous Assistance they have received from their sympathizing Brethren, return them their warmest & most sincere Thanks for the same: And they pray that GOD, whose beneficence they so gloriously imitate, may bestow upon them the Blessings he has promised to all them, who feed the hungry & cloath the naked: And the Thanks of this Town are accordingly hereby given to our Benefactor aforementioned, & to the

Hon^{ble} Members of the Congress for their Benevolence towards us, expressed as aforesaid, which Support, if continued cannot fail of animating us to remain steadfast in defending the Rights of America."

The delegates to the County Convention were in most cases

chosen by special town meetings called in response to the letter sent out by order of the preliminary meeting, August 16. It is distinctly stated that every town and district in the county was represented at Milton.

LIST OF DELEGATES.

(*Afterwards Representatives in the Provincial Congress.)

BELLINGHAM.

*Stephen Metcalf,
*Committee of
Correspondence.*

BOSTON.

*Joseph Warren.
*Benjamin Church.
*John Pitts.
Benjamin Kent.
*Oliver Wendell.

BRAINTREE.

*Joseph Palmer.
*Ebenezer Thayer.
Thomas Penniman.

BROOKLINE.

*William Thompson.
*Benjamin White.
Isaac Gardner.
*John Goddard.
Thomas Aspinwall.

CHELSEA.

Samuel Sprague.
Samuel Sargeant.
*Samuel Watts.

DEDHAM.

William Avery.
Richard Woodward.
Nathaniel Sumner.
Daniel Gay.
Ralph Day.

DORCHESTER.

Samuel How.
*Lemuel Robinson.
*Ebenezer Withington.
*James Robinson.
John Minott.
William Holden.
John Homans.

MEDFIELD.

Simon Plimpton,
Eliakim Morse,
*Seth Clark,
*Daniel Perry,
*Moses Bullen,
*Committee of
Correspondence.*

MEDWAY.

Daniel Pond.
*Jonathan Adams.
Elijah Clark.
Joshua Partridge.
Eleazar Adams, Jr.

MILTON.

*David Rawson,
William Taylor,
Samuel Gardner,
Amariah Blake,
Ralph Houghton,
*Committee of
Correspondence.*

NEEDHAM.

*Eleazar Kingsbery.

Lemuel Pratt.

Jonathan Deming.
Samuel Daggett.
Caleb Kingsbery.

ROXBURY.

Nathaniel Patten.
*William Heath.
Nathaniel Felton.
Ebenezer Dorr.
David Weld.
Eben Whiting.
Jeremiah Parker.

STOUGHTON.

*John Withington,
Theophilus Curtis,
John Kenney,
Josiah Pratt,
*Thomas Crane,
*Committee of
Correspondence.*

STOUGHTENHAM.

*John Swift.
Eijah Hewins.

WALPOLE.

Nathaniel Guild.
*Enoch Ellis.
Samuel Cheney.

WRENTHAM.

*Jebez Fisher.
*Lemuel Kollock.
Ebenezer Daggett.

The names of the delegates from Weymouth, Hingham and Cohasset are not specified on the town records. These three towns were probably represented by committees whose duties covered a more general field of work.

On September 28, 1774, the town of Weymouth

"Voted To axcept of the 19 Resolves Drawed up by the County Committee & to stand by them Resolves."

At Hingham

"the Committee appointed to meet the Committees from the several Towns in the County of Suffolk Reported to the Town" on September 21 and the Resolves

were voted "to be agreeable to the Town."

On October 7, Cohasset

"Voted to accept of the Report of the Committee for the County of Suffolk."

It seems probable that Weymouth may have been represented by Nathaniel Bayley, Hingham by Benjamin Lincoln and Cohasset by Isaac Lincoln, all of whom were later in the Provincial Congress.

The Suffolk Resolves are too long for insertion here. They are given in full in "Acts and Resolves of the Continental Congress," in Teele's "History of Milton" and in Frothingham's "Life of Joseph Warren."

Schools and Colleges in Colonial Times

By Homer J. Webster

WHEN we consider our vast educational system of to-day, with its excellent free schools and endowed colleges on every hand and its universities so well equipped for advanced research, all opening their wide doors of opportunity to American youth; and when we consider further that all this vast system from its very inception has sprung up within the short space of but two and a half centuries, our admiration for American educational zeal is profound; and when we remember also the many difficulties—financial, physi-

cal, religious and political—which our forefathers had to face in founding this system, our admiration is increased. Almost every American schoolboy knows the date of the founding of Harvard College, our first institution of higher learning; but how many of them remember with equal pride the date of the origin of our public school system? And yet of the two, which is the more important conception? The one is the students', the other is the people's college. The one builds the superstructure; the other lays the foundation. The one opens its doors to the

avored few; the other, to the less fortunate many. The one is for a class; the other is for all.

The first feature of the colonial schools which impresses one is that they were mainly under the patronage and control of the church instead of the state. Massachusetts originated the public school system by legislative enactment in 1647, and Connecticut followed in 1650. The Massachusetts laws provided that every town of fifty freeholders should maintain a district school, and that every town of one hundred freeholders should maintain a grammar school, and the Connecticut laws were similar. These are the only examples of state control and uniform systems of schools in colonial times. In all the other colonies, each parish or settlement had its own school and was a law unto itself. The colonies in general showed a disinclination, to say the least, to state control of their schools or to the establishment of uniform systems. In Rhode Island the people would tolerate no legislative interference with the education of their children, which, like religion, was considered strictly a parental and individual duty. In Virginia the words of Governor Berkeley have become historic: "I thank God there are no free schools or printing presses here, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." It must be remembered, however, that it was against *free* schools only that he spoke, for he favored private schools and academies. His wish as to free schools was gratified, for Virginia had none till they were introduced through the efforts of Jefferson over a century later. In Pennsylvania,

also, although the Friends, Moravians, Germans and others had successful schools, there was no public school system. A heterogeneous population, and the idea that public schools were a form of charity, prevented their introduction. The southern colonies had a few private and parish schools, and the wealthy families had their own tutors and sent their children to New England or to England for higher learning. It should be noted that "public" and "free" schools then were not such in the sense in which those terms are now used, but required the payment of fees or rate-bills, at least from all who could afford to pay.

That the colonial colleges also were founded, governed and supported mainly by church influences is apparent from the most superficial investigation. Let us consider briefly the first three colleges, Harvard, William and Mary and Yale. Ministers led in founding them; their courses of study were calculated for the training of ministers; ministers were their chief administrators. There were strong reasons for all this. The ministers were the educated class. The coming generation must have men prepared to take their places. The colonists had come to America partly for freedom of worship and the church must be maintained. It was already organized and was prepared to direct education. On the other hand, the state was poorly organized and besides, the idea of state control of education was not yet generally established. So that while these institutions did receive more or less public support, the part of the state was mainly that of handmaid to the

church. Concern for the religious welfare of the colonists is a prominent note in all the literature relating to the beginnings of the early colleges. Harvard was founded, "that the light of learning might not go out, nor the study of God's word perish," the people "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when their present ministers should lie in the dust." Of its five hundred graduates in the seventeenth century, fully one-half, it is estimated, entered the ministry. Yet that a liberal spirit prevailed there is shown by the fact that no religious test was required of Harvard professors, and it was made a welcome home for all denominations. In the founding of William and Mary we find similar notes of religious concern. In 1660, the Virginia Assembly asked for a royal endowment of the college, "to the end that the church of Virginia might be furnished with a seminary for ministers of the Gospel, that the youth might be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Indians might be converted to the Christian faith, to the glory of Almighty God." About thirty years later, the Rev. James Blair, first president of William and Mary, when soliciting Attorney-General Seymour for a charter, urged that the Virginians had souls to be saved and that the institution was needed to prepare young men for the ministry. "Souls!" cried Seymour. "Damn your souls! make tobacco." Yet, despite the discouraging reply, the college received liberal royal patronage and was favored in this respect above all other colonial institutions. Upholding the Church of England as it did, and

being a namesake of the king and queen, this was but natural. It was part of the original plan, running back to 1619, that the college should be a "seminary for the breeding of good ministers." Governors and "visitors" were required to be members of the Church of England, professors had to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, and students to know the catechism. Yale was to be named the "School of the Church" and was to receive support from a synod of the churches and an oversight "as far as should be necessary to preserve orthodoxy in its government." Then clergymen were chosen as its trustees, and they required that no instruction should be given in any other system of divinity than such as they should order, and that students should recite daily and be examined in the "Assembly's Catechism," Ames's "Cases of Conscience" and "Theological Theses." Yale was founded soon after the unsuccessful attempt at Harvard to impose a religious test, and partly at least for the reason that "the college at Cambridge was under the tutelage of latitudinarians." It was not many years till Rector Cutler and some of the tutors were "excused from further service" because they had gone over to episcopacy, and this led to the introduction of a religious test in Yale for rector and tutors, 1722, which endured for a century.

Thus it appears how ultimately the lives of these early institutions were connected with the life of the church. Of the ten colleges which had been founded by the year 1776, only one, the University of Pennsylvania, 1749, was non-sectarian. But a

marked broadening tendency was constantly developing. Immediately after the Revolution a number of new colleges were founded, and by 1796, of the twenty-four then existing, eleven were non-sectarian.

As to the district schools in Massachusetts and Connecticut, perhaps their importance in this period was due as much to the great new principle of public instruction enforced by the state, which they involved, as to the actual educational work which they did. They were held two months in the winter and two in the summer, the winter term being only for boys. The masters of these schools were usually experts only with the rod. The slow progress which must have been made in such short and interrupted terms reminds one of the problem of the frog which ascends from the well by successive leaps but slips back almost to its former position before each new leap. The subjects taught were reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, and a very meagre amount of these. Having such crude and rudimentary work to do in the schoolroom, the master did not have to burn the midnight oil to keep ahead of his pupils and he was usually a jack-at-all-trades. His extra duties must have been, in many cases, a welcome diversion from the monotony of the schoolroom. We read of one in New England in 1661, whose duties were: "1. To act as court messenger. 2. To serve summonses. 3. To conduct certain ceremonial services in the church. 4. To lead the Sunday choir. 5. To ring the bell for public worship. 6. To dig graves. 7. To take charge of the school. 8. To per-

form other occasional duties!" And we learn that Adam Roelandsen, the first schoolmaster of New York, besides teaching the youth, also took in washing.

The great work of preparing for college was mainly done in the grammar schools. Some of these became historic. The earliest conspicuous schools of this class were the Dutch Reformed School of New York, founded in 1633, and the Boston Latin School, 1635. The former is said to have been the first public free school in the United States, and both of them are still continued. As early as 1621 the Virginia colony had secured an endowment for the Charles City School, along with the projected college of William and Mary, and thus at this early date was begun the movement which later resulted in the establishment of the college and the famous Hampton Institute of to-day. But the Indian massacre in Virginia in 1622 prevented for the time the execution of the plans. These three centres, however, having pointed out the way, a number of other schools were soon established in the middle and New England colonies. Famous among these were Nathan Tisdale's Lebanon School, which drew students from all the colonies and the West Indies, the Penn Charter School and the Roxbury Latin School. Of Roxbury, Cotton Mather said: "It has afforded more scholars, first for the college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or, if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England." In the southern colonies, schools were sadly neglected. In South Carolina, prior to 1730, not a single gram-

mar school existed. Between 1731 and 1776 there were five, but they were broken up by the Revolution. In Georgia the chief educational institution, prior to the Revolution, was the famous Orphan House at Bethesda, organized by Charles Wesley and George Whitefield. On March 25, 1740, the corner stone of this school was laid by Whitefield himself, and the institution did a great service for the orphans of Georgia for thirty years.

The education of women forms a painfully short chapter in colonial history. Education had hardly entered woman's sphere, and few girls' schools were founded in colonial times. The girls attended the district summer schools and learned at home to read, write and spell, but from most Latin schools they were strictly excluded. The Penn Charter School of Philadelphia, however, admitted both sexes on equal terms from the time of its foundation in 1689, and the Moravians established a thriving school for girls at Bethlehem, Pa., as early as 1745.

A glimpse into the individual lives of the colonial schoolmasters affords a most interesting picture. Of all these, perhaps the most noted was Ezekiel Cheever, author of the "Latin Accidence," which was the standard handbook of Latin instruction in New England for more than a century. Under his guidance, the Boston Latin School, of which he was master for thirty-eight years, became the principal classical school of New England. He died in 1708, aged ninety-four, having been a teacher for several years.

As to the course of study pursued

in the New England grammar schools, the key-note is struck in the Massachusetts law of 1647: "It being one chief project of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the scriptures . . . by persuading from the use of tongues," etc. This suggestion foreshadowed a superabundance of "tongues" and Bible study in the curricula, and in the grammar schools the classification of students was based upon Bible work. First was the Psalter class, then the Testament class, and lastly the Bible class. The Psalter contained the Psalms, Proverbs, Sermon on the Mount and the Nicene Creed. The text-books used in the district and grammar schools were such as the "New England Primer," the "New England Psalm Book," which, after fifty editions, was still in use during the Revolution; the Dillworth Spelling Book, published about 1750, being the standard till superseded by Webster's about 1783; Hodder's "Arithmetic, or that Necessary Art made most easy; being explained in Way familiar to the Capacity of any that desire to learn it in a Little Time," had passed through twenty-five editions in 1719 and was the only standard text until the appearance of Pike's Arithmetic in 1785. Bailey's "English and Latin Grammar" was used. Cheever's "Latin Accidence," already noted, first issued in 1645, was the most remarkable of all. It was republished as late as 1838, with the approval of distinguished scholars throughout New England. The pioneer in its line was the "Universal Geography" of Jedediah Morse, which appeared as late as 1784, contained but four maps,

yet it remained the standard text for almost half a century.

The daily routine of the schoolboys is thus described by McMaster: "To sit eight hours a day on the hardest of benches poring over Cheever's *Accidence*; to puzzle over long words in Dillworth's speller; to commit to memory pages of words in Webster's '*American Institute*;' to read long chapters in the Bible; to learn by heart Dr. Watt's hymns for children; to be drilled in the Assembly Catechism; to go to bed at sundown, to get up at sunrise, and to live on brown bread and pork, porridge and beans, made up, with morning and evening prayers, the everyday life of the lads at most of the academies and schools of New England. When Sunday, or as the boys would say, the Sabbath, came round, they found it anything but a day of rest. There were long prayers in the morning by the master, there were commentaries on some scripture text to be got by rote before meeting; to which, dressed in their best, they marched off with ink-pot and paper to take down the heads of the sermon and give what account of it they could at evening prayers." The master's business was to stand, rod in hand, while his pupils pored for hours over points in the lessons which a few words of explanation from him would have made plain. But this must not be; the students must root it out for themselves. Trumbull, the artist, when at Master Tisdale's Lebanon School, had to spend three weeks in the vain endeavor to solve a problem in division. It was against the master's pedagogical principles to help him, and he

strictly forbade any of the other boys to do so. Josiah Quincy affirmed that he studied over his "*Latin Accidence*" twenty times.

Passing to the college curriculum, we find that at Harvard in its early days it embraced three years of study. According to Boone, it included two years of Logic and something of Physics, two years of Ethics and Politics, two years of Mathematics (arithmetic and geometry); the equivalent of four years of Greek and one year each of Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac. Latin had to be mastered before entrance, its conversational use being required of all students, and English was "to be used under no pretext whatever unless required in public exercises." The Bible was systematically studied during all the three years. A year was given to Catechetical Divinity. Daily prayers must be attended at six o'clock in the morning and at five o'clock in the afternoon. Natural science was practically untouched. Concerning degrees it was ordered that "Every scholar that on proof is found able to read the originals of the Old and New Testament into the Latin tongue, and to resolve them logically; withal being of Godly life and conversation; and at any public act hath the approbation of the overseers and master of the college, is fit to be dignified with his first degree." All this was in Harvard's first years. In the early part of the following century, under the wise administration of President Leverett, the course of study was revised and broadened. Latin conversation was not required and Virgil and Cicero were inserted in the course. Chaldee and Syriac were

omitted, while geography and more physics were added. Finally, toward the close of the colonial period the instruction was classified into four distinct groups: Latin, Greek, Logic and Metaphysics, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The curricula of other colonial colleges were similar, in general, to that of Harvard which, being the pioneer, served in a measure as a model for all. To the college of William and Mary, however, must be given the honor of first duly appreciating the value and importance of historical study.

The trials and difficulties which the founders and supporters of these early schools and colleges had to meet in the work were many and serious. When we consider the poverty and embarrassment, the theological and political contentions, the Indian panics and disturbances, through which they passed; and again, when the Revolution broke out, how students and professors alike left the colleges that the ranks of the army might be filled,—we wonder that these inchoate institutions endured. Their beginnings were like the grain of mustard seed. During the first decade of its existence Harvard received but thirteen hundred dollars from all New England. The meagre salaries of her presidents compelled some of them to fill ministerial charges in Boston to keep the wolf from the door, so that during twenty years of its most precarious existence it was without a resident head. President Chauncy lived in grinding poverty, and President Leverett died a bankrupt. Before the founding of Yale, each Connecticut farmer supported Harvard

by an annual donation of a peck of corn. The beginnings of Yale were, if possible, still more humble than those of Harvard. The gift of the forty volumes of the ten ministers was the foundation of its library. For seventeen years the institution had no permanent location and was part of the time distributed among several towns. All the students except seniors were for several years permitted to choose their own teachers and locations. During the first session there was but one student; and this, for the time being, insured unity of location, at least so far as the student body was concerned. But as the number of students increased, the institution was divided and the divisions shifted somewhat from place to place. For a school of twenty-five students to be scattered in half a dozen towns seems utterly ridiculous, yet such was Yale until 1718, when it was unified and permanently established at New Haven. The entire contribution made by Connecticut to Yale before the Revolution did not exceed \$25,000.

In many ways the college of William and Mary was unique among colonial institutions. It was the first of all, not to be established, but to be conceived. It was the first one endowed. It began its existence rich. With the exception of King's College (Columbia), founded 1754, also under the patronage of the English Church, it was the only one liberally supported by the crown. These two colleges, being the only ones of the English Church, and also the only ones receiving liberal royal support, well illustrate the fact already dwelt upon that, in those days, education

was the child of the church rather than of the state. William and Mary was also the only college represented in the state legislature. It was the only one that enjoined celibacy upon the members of its faculty. It was the only colonial college of the South. And it was pre-eminently the mother of statesmen. In the first three months of its existence it received more financial support than Harvard had in half a century. Yet here, also, great difficulties had to be overcome. It was seventy years in becoming established. It was twice burned, and its libraries were lost. In the Revolution it lost its landed interests, and the depreciation of currency was fatal to its endowment and revenues. Half of its faculty and students left its halls to recruit the army. Yet those sturdy Virginians

never wavered in their purpose of founding a college, and having succeeded in this, they were no less resolute in maintaining it.

In this brief survey we have purposely limited our references to a few of our pioneer institutions, but much which has been said of them applies, in a general way, to the others which were founded in later colonial times. Such were the humble beginnings of the early schools and colleges of our land; the highest praise which can be given their founders and supporters is the simple record of what they accomplished; the noblest monuments which could be erected to their memory are the institutions they established; the deepest gratitude we can show them is by the proper use and extension of these institutions which they have bequeathed to us.

How New Haven Came to be in Connecticut

By Ernest H. Baldwin

TO a sincere admirer of the fortitude and perseverance of the Pilgrim and Puritan founders of New England, it seems almost a violation of historic justice that the old colonies of Plymouth and New Haven failed to reach the dignity and honor of statehood in the American Union. Although time has shown the advantages of the forced union of these with their stronger neighbors, the pioneer labors of the Pilgrim settlers

in Massachusetts and the untiring exertions of the Puritan colonists at Quinnipiac seem to have come short of their deserved reward. Some of the reasons for this were the same in both cases. Each of these two colonies failed to secure a royal charter, and both were unable to realize that measure of material success and importance which was essential for continued independent colonial existence, one because of unfavorable situation, the other on account of

misfortune and disaster. The untoward events which combined to impoverish the New Haven colonists and frustrate their plans to procure a charter of government and the circumstances which led to the absorption of their colony by Connecticut form an interesting story.

No colony in old New England was begun under conditions more favorable, or with success more promising, than the colony of New Haven, founded at Quinnipiac by John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton. Its financial capital was large, the learning and ability of its leaders conspicuous, their experience with affairs wide, and the courage and determination of the settlers such as characterized all the persecuted Puritans of the time of Charles I and Archbishop Laud. Commercial motives combined with religious at Quinnipiac. The new town was designed for an important trading centre governed by Puritan church members; its excellent harbor was to be a safe haven for ships laden with rich cargoes; its laws were to be the "laws of God as they were delivered by Moses." The ambitious commercial projects of these Puritan traders were destined to result in failure, however, and the financial loss carried with it that of colonial independence.

The first disappointment came with the discovery that, owing to the small number of Indians remaining there, the fur trade in the immediate neighborhood of New Haven would never reach any considerable proportions. Plans were therefore made to establish trading stations on the Delaware, where the prospect of a lucrative commerce with the red men was more

promising. A number of the leading merchants became sharers in the enterprise, and Captain George Lambertson was sent to make a beginning of a trading post at the southern end of what is now New Jersey. This attempt to secure a foothold on the Delaware met with strenuous opposition from both the Dutch and Swedes, who claimed the territory. The New Haven men were attacked and driven away and their huts burned. Efforts were made to recover damages, but in vain. The expense of the undertaking had been great and its failure caused a very severe loss to the merchant adventurers at Quinnipiac.

The Dutch at Manhattan had resisted the English invasion of the lower Connecticut region from the first, and they manifested particular hostility to the Quinnipiac settlement. The bold attempt to secure a foothold on the Delaware increased their animosity, and the New Haven people, fearing an attack, began to consider measures for defence. They soon realized that protection by mother England might become convenient and even necessary. A charter from home would assure them of such protection; but they had no charter. When they left England in 1637, their leaders, Davenport and Eaton, could not have obtained one if they had asked it. King Charles would have been more likely to have thrown them into prison. So the colony was founded practically as an independent state and did not even acknowledge the king. It happened, just at the time the attitude of the Dutch was most threatening, that the government of England was in the hands of the Puritans. This sug-

gested the feasibility of procuring a charter. There was one serious obstacle to the success of this plan, however; that was the matter of expense. Charters cost money. Fees must be paid to numerous officials in the course of the negotiations; the aid of influential persons must be obtained by means of rich gifts; and an agent must be employed.

Six years had passed since the settlement of the colony and New Haven had little money to spare. So much of its capital had been expended in building the town—and New Haven contained some of the most elegant houses to be found in New England—and such severe losses had been experienced in the Delaware and other enterprises, that the resources of the colony were nearly exhausted. In spite of these discouragements and repeated failures, the New Haven merchants were unwilling to abandon their efforts to build up a successful commercial city, and hoping to repair their losses and at the same time provide money to secure a charter, they combined their remaining capital in a new venture. This was nothing less than the opening of direct trade between New Haven and England. Thus far trade with the mother country had been carried on through Massachusetts Bay and in small ships. Larger ships were required for the ocean traffic, and no one person at New Haven had sufficient capital to build them.

In November, 1644, the General Court at New Haven voted to send Mr. Thomas Gregson, one of the leading merchants, home to England to get a charter for the colony. The same court voted to raise for this ob-

ject the sum of two hundred pounds, of which New Haven was to pay one hundred and ten pounds in good salable beaver skins, and the other towns the remaining ninety pounds. More than a year passed before the preparations necessary for Gregson's departure could be made. A large ship of one hundred and fifty tons burden was purchased in Rhode Island and then chartered by the "Company of Merchants of New Haven," of which Gregson was partner and agent. The name of the ship is unknown; it is always mentioned in the old records as the "great shippe." Her cargo was worth many thousands of dollars and comprised nearly all the available capital of the little colony. The cost of the desired charter was to come out of the profits, which would be large if the voyage proved successful; in case of failure the loss would be ruinous to the commercial hopes of New Haven, for the colony had placed all its eggs in this one basket.

The "great shippe," with Captain Lamberton as master, and a number of the homesick colonists as passengers, sailed out of New Haven harbor in January, 1646. The people of the town followed several miles on the ice, through which a channel had to be cut before the vessel could enter the sound. Their solemn faces and tear-dimmed eyes betrayed the anxiety they felt for the safety of their friends, for many had expressed the opinion that the ship was unseaworthy; even Captain Lamberton considered her "cranky." As the event proved, their fears were well founded. The vessel disappeared in the gray east and was never heard of

again. The story of her fate has been touchingly related in Longfellow's poem of the "Phantom Ship." She probably foundered at sea and was lost with all on board. As the months went by and no tidings came of her arrival in England, the stricken colony was in despair. Mourners went about the streets. The spirit of the people was crushed. In fact, the disaster nearly put an end to the New Haven colony. The leaders talked seriously of moving to Ireland. Oliver Cromwell offered them a place for settlement on the island of Jamaica, but the fear of the plague in the West Indies prevented the acceptance of this offer; besides, many of the people were now too old to again undergo the hard labor of starting a new colony. They were compelled to give up their ambition of making New Haven a commercial city and turned their attention to farming. As for the plan of securing a charter, that was out of the question, for had they been able to afford the attempt, it would have been vain, as England was in the midst of a civil war and Parliament was too busy fighting the king. The unfortunate colony was destined to continue without a charter and eighteen years later be compelled to submit to the more liberal civil authority of a neighbor.

The Puritans who moved from Massachusetts Bay and founded the colony of Connecticut in the region about Hartford in 1636, like the settlers of New Haven, having no charter, established an independent government. In 1644 they purchased the territory along the Connecticut River, which was known as the "Warwick Grant." As the patent or deed

of this grant was in England, it was not known definitely what extent it had. It was not learned until later that it included the territory of Quinnipiac; and more than fifteen years passed before Connecticut made any claim to the jurisdiction of New Haven. In the year 1660 the Puritan Commonwealth came to an end in England and Charles II became king. Some of the persons appointed to influential positions in the new government were friends of the Connecticut settlers. Consequently it seemed a favorable time for that colony to apply for a royal charter. As Governor Winthrop was about to visit England on private business, he was given a commission to procure a charter and was desired to have it cover all the territory included in the Warwick grant, even though it comprised the sister colony of New Haven.

Meantime the appointment by New Haven of a committee to "set out the bounds with lasting marks" between the two colonies provided a convenient opportunity for Connecticut to advance a claim to the Quinnipiac territory and thus pave the way for their comprehensive charter. In a letter in which they objected to "further proceedings in this nature," the Connecticut authorities claimed to be "the true proprietors of these parts of country," and declared that New Haven could not "be ignorant" of their "real and true right" to them "both by conquest, purchase and possession." This bold claim occasioned great surprise and indignation at New Haven. Of course it could not be permitted to go unchallenged, and another committee was appointed in May, 1661, to consult with Connecti-

cut "in reference to the dividing bounds betwixt them, and of some seeming right to this jurisdiction, which they pretend." This was the beginning of a long and heated controversy, which was characterized by indignant stubbornness on the part of New Haven and uncompromising insistence on the side of Connecticut, and which ended only with the unconditional surrender of the former.

When Mr. Davenport learned of Connecticut's ambitious plans for a charter, he wrote to his friend, Governor Winthrop, warning him not to be concerned in "so unrighteous an act" as the inclusion of the New Haven colony in the proposed instrument. Winthrop's reply was quite reassuring. He said, in effect, that the Connecticut magistrates had agreed that if the new patent should be found to include New Haven that colony should be at full liberty to join with them or not. The Connecticut governor evidently believed that such a union would be advantageous and that it could be accomplished by mutual agreement. There were others in Connecticut, however, who thought that the forced union of the two would be best for all concerned. These people probably counted upon the support of that growing party in the New Haven colony which openly expressed dissatisfaction with the theocratic government maintained by the influence of Mr. Davenport. The discontented individuals who composed this party coveted the privileges of their neighbors' more liberal system; for, in Connecticut, all free-men could vote, whether church members or not. Even William Leete, the timid governor of New

Haven, favored the union and urged Winthrop to procure a charter including both; but the consideration that moved him was, that during his administration, New Haven had harbored the regicides Whalley and Goffe, and had in consequence incurred the displeasure of the home government; he thought that the justly feared punishment might be avoided if New Haven should come under the sheltering wing of Connecticut. The position thus taken by the New Haven governor met with severe criticism from the independent party; Mr. Davenport declared that "it was not done by him according to his public trust as governor, but contrary to it."

Governor Winthrop's mission to England was very successful. With the assistance of influential friends he obtained from the king a most liberal charter. It granted privileges and immunities which made the Connecticut colony practically self-governing, and indeed so excellent were its provisions that it was used as a state constitution for nearly thirty years after the formation of the Union. As Winthrop decided to remain in England longer than he at first intended, he forwarded the charter to New England, where it was read to the commissioners for the United Colonies at Boston in September, 1662, and a month later was presented to the grantees at a meeting of the General Court, held at Hartford. As was expected, the new patent included in its jurisdiction the territory of New Haven, although that colony was not expressly named. At this same meeting of the Hartford Court a number of the inhabitants of Guilford and Southold, towns in the

New Haven colony, having learned previously that their settlements were comprehended in this new charter, presented themselves and, upon their own request, were received under the government and protection of the Connecticut colony. However justified Connecticut might seem, according to the strict letter of the law, in thus deliberately and without warning dismembering a sister colony, the act was certainly characterized by an entire lack of courtesy and a disposition to take unfair advantage. A due regard for the feelings of their New Haven friends would have first prompted, at least, a considerate, if firm, announcement of the investment of a superior authority.

After thus appropriating several towns in its jurisdiction, Connecticut sent to the New Haven colony a copy of the new charter, calling attention to its provisions and expressing an "earnest desire that there may be a happy and comfortable union" between them. When, at the same time, the New Haven authorities received information that they had already been dispossessed of several of their towns, their indignation was great; but their immediate acknowledgment of the notification was calm and dignified. They promised to communicate the message to the freemen and answer as soon as convenient; "Only we desire that the issuing of matters may be respite until we may receive fuller information from the Honored Mr. Winthrop or satisfaction otherwise, and that in the mean time this colony may remain distinct entire and uninterrupted, as heretofore, which we hope you will see cause lovingly to consent unto, and signify the

same to us with convenient speed." Three weeks later—November 4, 1662—the freemen of the New Haven colony met to consider the Connecticut claim and take measures for the preservation of their independence. All looked to Mr. Davenport for advice and suggestion. He was very willing and ready to proffer them, for he bitterly opposed the union. He had labored long and suffered much to establish in the new world a state whose government should be in the hands of church members only. The loss of colonial independence would mean the failure of his cherished hopes.

The reply sent to Connecticut by the New Haven freemen declared that nothing could be found in the new patent to warrant the alteration of "the orderly settlements of New England," renewed the request to be left "distinct" until the truth of the matter could be learned from Mr. Winthrop or the king, and contained an emphatic protest against the division already made in their colony before "so much as a treaty" had been made with them "in a Christian, neighborly way." Inclosed in the reply was a statement of the reasons adduced by Mr. Davenport to prove that New Haven was not included under the jurisdiction of the charter. In the first place the name of New Haven was not mentioned in the document, and that colony had always been treated as separate and independent, not only by the other New England colonies, including Connecticut, but by the king himself. Certainly the king would not have included them without their desire and knowledge, and if Connecticut had had any such

intention, they surely would have been consulted before Mr. Winthrop went to England. If it should appear, however, after an appeal to the king, that the union of the two colonies was intended, they would submit "according to God."

Finding that Connecticut paid no attention to their protest but "persisted in" her "own will and way," the New Haven authorities resolved to appeal to the king, being persuaded that it was not his pleasure to confound the two colonies and so destroy the "long continued" and "strongly settled distinction of *the four United Colonies of New England*." Word was accordingly sent to their friends in London, asking them to confer with Mr. Winthrop and then, if satisfaction could not be obtained from him, to present their appeal to his Majesty. When Governor Winthrop learned the situation of affairs he immediately stopped the movement for appeal by promising to obtain satisfaction for the injury done by Connecticut. He then wrote to the Connecticut Court, informing them that the charter had been procured with the plain understanding that no plantation settled under any other government was to be meddled with, and that any action which had been taken by Connecticut detrimental to New Haven should be rescinded. The letter conveying this information, addressed to the Connecticut authorities, was sent to the New Haven governor, with the expectation that he would forward it to Hartford. Mr. Leete, evidently supposing it to be a copy of the original, probably retained it, as Connecticut is said never to have received it. What-

ever the reason, New Haven obtained no satisfaction as a result of Mr. Winthrop's promise and underwent the added humiliation of having Connecticut officers authorized to act in her towns.

March 20, 1663, Connecticut made certain liberal propositions for a settlement of the difficulty between the two colonies, but New Haven rejected them upon the plea that while their appeal to the king was pending, any action in the matter would be improper; besides it was anticipated that Mr. Winthrop's return would speedily end the controversy in New Haven's favor. New Haven was disappointed in this expectation, however, for, upon his return in June, 1663, the Connecticut governor immediately adopted the policy of his associates, having been convinced, seemingly, that the desired union by mutual consent would be impossible. Proposals and counter proposals made by both colonies during the summer of 1663 not only failed to secure an amicable settlement, but resulted in more strained relations. No compromise regarding the qualifications for freemen could be effected, New Haven insisting upon her peculiar policy and finally declining to treat any further until Connecticut "first restore us to our right state again." Encouragement to persist in this firm stand was received from the commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, who rendered a decision in her favor, and from the home government by letters addressed to the New Haven authorities—a distinct recognition of their separate and independent existence. Taking advantage of this latter acknowledg-

ment the New Haven magistrates issued a proclamation calling upon all persons who had separated from the colony to return to their rightful allegiance and pay their arrears of rates. This proclamation was boldly torn down by the Connecticut constable at Stamford; and when it was published in Guilford two men, affected by it, immediately repaired to Hartford and demanded protection. Several Connecticut officers returned with them to Guilford, where, arriving late at night, they created much alarm by firing off guns. Governor Leete, who lived in the town, fearing trouble, hastily sent to Branford and New Haven for assistance. A number of soldiers responded, but, upon their arrival, found nothing but noise and excitement to quell. After requesting Governor Leete not to collect taxes from Connecticut citizens until the dispute over the charter was settled, the armed invaders withdrew.

This affair at Guilford necessitated another attempt at a conference, but New Haven, "considering how fruitless all former treaties had been and that they had formerly ordered that there should be no more treaty with them unless they first restore us those members which they had so unrighteously taken from us, therefore did now again confirm the same." Nevertheless, it was determined to have a statement of all their grievances drawn up and forwarded to Connecticut. This writing, prepared by Mr. Davenport and Mr. Street, and entitled "New Haven's Case Stated," was a lengthy document and contained, besides a complete history of the controversy, with the grounds of defence, an appeal for just and

righteous treatment. Connecticut's reply, which, it is believed, was never sent to New Haven, was somewhat sarcastic and bantering in tone and an unsatisfactory answer to the New Haven paper. "To untie this knot and pretense of yours," it began, "in all the particulars of it, states the whole case you have presented in your large schedule and multiloquous pennings; therefore as methodically as we can, and curt, as the little time we have allowed . . . will permit, in few words we have addressed ourselves for resolution and your conviction." To the declaration that she had maintained her territory against the claim of the Dutch "by hewing out the King's Arms in wood," the reply sarcastically said, "marble and brass are the more lasting;" and to New Haven's claim that it could be mathematically demonstrated that her bounds were not included in the charter, Connecticut replied, "For your mathematical measures and discovery, it might do us some service in the line betwixt us and the Massachusetts, if you have an able artist, when he is desired by them and us to attend that service; but our charter is the true astrolabe for our south bounds."

Thus the relations between the two colonies were at a deadlock, for although more persons in the New Haven towns were beginning to favor the union, Mr. Davenport and his party still controlled the colony and prevented submission. More than two years had now passed since the charter was procured, and Connecticut was about to take some definite compulsory action in the matter, when a very unexpected

event put a sudden end to the disagreeable situation. In March, 1664, King Charles II made to his brother, the Duke of York, a grant of extensive territory in America. This gift included all the land between the Connecticut and Delaware Rivers and therefore comprised the colony of New Haven. The territory of the Dutch was also covered by the grant and a fleet was despatched to conquer it. With this fleet came four royal commissioners, invested with power to settle disputes and fix boundaries between colonies.

This was a new and alarming danger for New Haven and Connecticut. The people of both colonies feared the loss of their liberties, for the Duke of York was a Royalist and no friend of the Puritans. Under these circumstances the movement for union with Connecticut rapidly progressed in the New Haven colony, for it was believed that in union would be strength sufficient to maintain the new charter and their liberties. The town of Milford soon voted to join Connecticut, and that left only Guilford and Branford to New Haven. Meantime the Dutch at Manhattan were conquered, and the name of the settlement changed to New York. The royal commissioners then having fixed the boundary line between New York and Connecticut, placed New Haven in the latter colony and thus rendered it necessary for her to submit. The freemen and other inhabitants of the defeated colony met at New Haven December 13, 1664, and passed the following vote:

"1. First that by this act or vote we be not understood to justify Connecticut's former actings, nor any-

thing disorderly done by our own people upon such accounts.

"2. That by it we be not apprehended to have any hand in breaking or dissolving the confederation.

"Yet in testimony of our loyalty to the king's Majesty, when an authentic copy of the determination of his commissioners is published to be recorded with us, if thereby it shall appear to our committee that we are by his Majesty's authority now put under Connecticut patent, we shall submit, as from necessity brought upon us by their means of Connecticut aforesaid, but with a *salvo jure* of our former right and claim, as a people who have not yet been heard in point of plea." Thus New Haven lost her colonial independence and became a part of Connecticut.

Most people soon forgot the bitter quarrel and were contented with the new arrangement. Some were never reconciled to it, however. The people of Branford were so dissatisfied that they left their town and moved to New Jersey, where they founded the city of Newark. But no one felt a keener disappointment over the affair than Mr. Davenport. His great ambition was destroyed; he was broken-hearted, and would not be comforted. A few years later he moved to Boston where, shortly afterwards, his disappointed life ended. But the city he left in sorrow and which owes so much to him has never forgotten nor ceased to revere his name; and the blessings which resulted from the union he tried so hard to prevent have long since buried in oblivion the wrong which helped to bring it about.

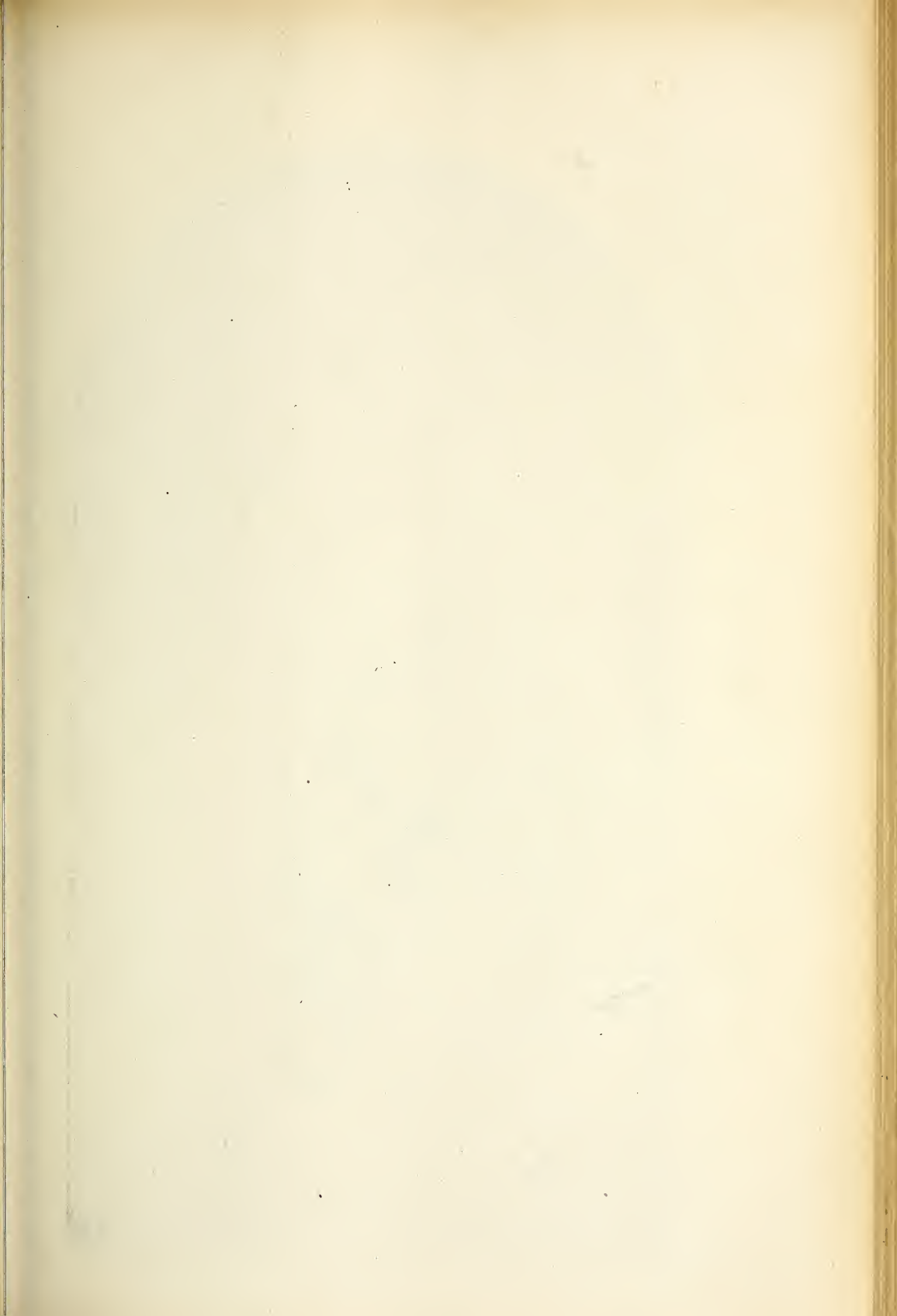


The Stream

By Ormsby A. Court

Never a thought has the little stream,
Singing its careless way;
Purling good-night to the stars that gleam,
Merrily greeting the day;
Flashing a smile at the flaming sun,
But never a thought for the day that's done.

Never a thought has the little stream,
Though tears on its bosom drip;
And never of grief does it even dream,
Though it mirrors a trembling lip;
But on it gurgles and splashes with glee,
Till its course is lost in the sounding sea.





TITIAN'S MADONNA IN THE CHURCH OF THE FRARI, VENICE

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Titian's Country

By Margaret Waldo Higginson

FROM Venice, across the lazy, sunny lagoons and the low flat lands away to the north, just at the edge of the far horizon, there rises a dim blue outline of distant hills, and to this the Venetians point and say, "That is Titian's country." Many a little lagoon-bred girl and patient woman living and toiling under the scorching midsummer sun looks off to those mountains as to Paradise itself, so cool, so mysterious, so unknown. Sometimes a gray-haired old woman or a sunburnt young matron, with her bambino in her arms, stops before Titian's wonderful Madonna in the church of the Frari, and as she repeats her mechanical little prayer, looks up with longing and wonder at the blueness

of the calm mountains behind the Mother and Child.

It is not so far as it looks from Venice to the Dolomites, only four hours in the train, and every mile is a delight. The traveller feels a pull at his heart strings as the train backs out of the station, with the bronze-faced affectionate gondoliers crowded about the watery steps. Bit by bit he skims over the flat marshes left by the receding waters of the lagoons, with just the slender steel thread on which the train is balanced stretching along between. Finally all he can see are the red spires of San Giorgio and the tower of the Campanile, with, between, only the lowlands and the sea. Soon even the sea disappears, and suddenly, with a bound, he is in a



THE LAKE AT TOBLACH

cooler, clearer atmosphere, hemmed in on all sides by green, a delicious change after sun-baked Venice. The quiet meadows, little hedges and white cottages seem like England; and the fields and ploughed lots are neat and clean, with peasants working on them, many colored and cheery to the last degree. Jolly little boys are tumbling about on the grass, or on the clean white steps of cottages, hooting with glee as the train sweeps past; and the white roads that wind away into the greenness are so shining and alluring that one wants to jump from the train and investigate them.

Suddenly, without warning, the hills begin to come, big and green, or seamed like those in Madeira, with white cottages nestling under them in tiny groups. By and by the hills become mountains, big, gray,

and almost covered with soft mysterious clouds. Once in a while a peak creeps out of the mystery and shows its snow-covered crest and the bold black fissures down its sides. Then a "sudden little river" will appear, so shallow that the round white stones at the bottom show through, in spite of its queer lime-like color. It is "sluggish," too, like the one in "Childe Roland," but gets broader and broader, and finally succeeds in following the train to Belluno. It is delicious to run into a little shower, and it almost makes one feel as if one had flown over the British Channel and all the miles between and were speeding through the Scottish Highlands.

But now the train has stopped, and the real Dolomites, though not the highest, are near at hand, sur-

rounding the quaint town of Belluno. After dinner walk out along the road a bit, and see what a fascinating little country village it is, with the loitering peasants passing and the bold black mountains looming above. The tops of the mountains look like big black icicles turned upside down; whole families of them seem to be seated all along in rows. Some look delicate enough to break off and fall at any moment, and it is awkward when they tumble on innocent human beings, thereby sweeping them off the face of the earth. There are houses, or remnants of houses, in Belluno which came down from a hilltop in a landslide, and there was a lawsuit and much excitement between the man who owned the hilltop and the man who owned the land on which in so evil an hour the cottages had descended. We innocently went to look at the hill, but there was none, it having probably come down with the houses.

From Belluno a wonderful country stretches away on all sides, the exquisite greenness only broken by occasional ploughed fields, where brightly clad and brightly smiling women toil all day. We hardly saw



a peasant anywhere among the Dolomites that did not smile and give us a brisk "*Buon giorno*" as we passed. As to the swarming children, it was almost impossible in driving not to run over them, for they sprawled and straddled and sat all over the road, or even more contentedly—and safely—in the gutter, making dust pies with serious faces. All ages and sexes and colors were represented, and all stages of astonishment at this strange new world in which they found themselves. The precise amount of clothing which adorned their small bodies seemed of little or no account to them, the less the better. After all, perhaps as small a garment as possible, in a sunny gutter on a June day, if one is small and brown and Italian, may be the height of bliss.

The gods who had the Dolomites under their especial supervision decreed a vast amount of rain during our stay at Belluno, treating us to a formidable thunderstorm each afternoon with great regularity, and sometimes to even a tremendous downpour, minus thunder, in the



BELLUNO



THE RAGGED DOLOMITE PEAKS

morning, without the least excuse. But we paddled off in the hardest showers, to the consternation of the English people, huddled before a very cold stove in the hotel. We found bewitching walks, and even when we would resolve to penetrate, come what might, a sopping, but most alluring little lane, all mud and dripping branches, and would patiently push to the end, only to turn up at an un-get-over-able fence, the wet greenness was enough reward. A solitary walk is one of the best things in the world, as Stevenson and Hazlitt bear witness; all the warm, living productions of nature come near to one; every leaf and grass blade seems to be quivering in sympathy, and the little human flowers scattered about take one as peacefully and quietly as they.

Going off on a long tramp one

day, through the funny little Old World town, where the women were washing away merrily in the very yellow river, the way led between meadows, and then up a steep hill with a crumbling old church at the top, sitting all by itself, looking down at the valley beneath and the great ragged mountains above. There was a magnificent thunderstorm up in the mountains, and resting on a bank, with sweetly smelling hay fields above and below, I watched the grumbling clouds roll back and forth. Drops of rain began to fall, and everything was very still and peaceful. Two little yellow-haired children were playing in the grass (while their parents worked in a field near by), weaving marvelous garlands out of the fallen leaves and twigs as peacefully and unconcernedly as if all this blackness and growling yonder were no more than

the sunshine. When it rained harder they pulled their little aprons over their yellow heads and went on playing.

As I turned to go a small boy came trotting down the path, a wee fellow, with a straw hat twice too large for him, and a most formidable black band twice too large for the hat. He came along with a careless, nonchalant air, stopping at every haystack to hide something therein out of his pocket. Whether it was a tangible treasure or some freak of the imagination, I could not discover. Finally he came to where some clothes, thrown down by some workman, were lying. This was evidently his objective point, for he grabbed them up and slung them over his small back, from which, one by one, they dribbled off to the ground. I called to him and pointed, and he came slowly back, gazing solemnly at me, not at the clothes, till finally some point of humor seeming to enter his youthful mind, he smiled a tiny smile and a little dimple tried to proclaim itself in one cheek. I turned around again a moment later, and lo! he had made a new discovery, and was belaboring the fence with a large knife that had evidently fallen out of one of the pockets of the ill-fated garments. But the wood did not yield under his mighty strokes, and this seemed to surprise him, for he worked on and on, with an air of ever-increasing wonder and injury.

Coming down, another little lad—die, a wee, happy urchin, followed me along the steep rocky path, swinging a straw basket lustily as



he went. We passed a barn and heard a dreadful wailing and groaning from within. He said it was a sheep. I asked him if the poor thing were being killed. "Oh, no," he said, "it is only crying because it is alone!"

The lake of Santa Croce, not far from Belluno, is almost more wonderful in color than Lucerne, with a depth of exquisite greenness that I have never seen in any other water. It is all shut in by big wooded hills, and a queer, black, dingy little group of about half a dozen huts—they are hardly houses—comprises the village. Picturesque old women sit in doorways toward nightfall, giving the stranger a smiling "*Buona sera*," and the inevitable infant topples around in the gutter, regarding him with a shy glimpse of baby teeth, broadening into a full smile at last if their owner decides he is a



good sort of fellow and can be trusted.

The peasant women in Belluno are most picturesque. Much of the money they earn they spend on gold and silver ornaments, which are often very beautiful, and are manufactured in the village. These trinkets give rather an overdressed appearance, when worn by women drawing carts, their feet cased in wooden shoes, their hair stuck full of upright, delicately wrought pins, while from their ears hang pendants, often of the very same design as the earrings which figure in Titian's paintings.

Sometimes through the quiet streets, far away, one hears a solemn chanting and a sound of marching feet, and it comes nearer and nearer, until the splendid deep-toned voices are right below the window; it is a little funeral procession pass-

ing by. The strong-faced priests bear banners aloft, singing as they go; then comes the peasant's bare coffin, and then the mourners, each with a candle; the women, even the little girls, wearing black kerchiefs over their bent heads. The children's heads are not always bent though; they may be looking about cheerily and unconcernedly, as if it were a common occurrence and had no manner of significance.

There are some remarkable baths near Belluno. We drove there one day to inspect them, and had tea outside in a pine grove, with merry children and excited dogs racing about. The proprietor came out, a little white-haired old man, lame, with a stick, and very much cross-eyed, but polite and courteous to the last degree. He told us all about the establishment, how he had been thirty years making it, and how





ANTALAO, THE HIGHEST OF THE DOLOMITES

now he was quite contented, quite contented. His four sons carried it on, and— Did many *forestieri* come there? No, not many, but a great many Italians. Then the old man, in the pride and excitement of his possessions, must have us drive through the pergola and to the milk cure at the other end of the grounds. He began hobbling along at our side, but we dragged him into the carriage, amidst his fluttering protestations and "*molte grazie.*" All the time he chattered away, showing us this thing and that, and once in a while his face would light up and he would point up to the top of a hill or down into a valley, and tell us that it was "all his, all, all," and his old eyes would beam with delight.

The road that leads away from Belluno and goes on among the

higher mountains is worthy of Switzerland. Most of the way sheer wooded cliffs tower up one side of the road, and on the other there is a plunge down into the green valley below, where once the Austrians and Italians fought so bitterly. Here the little yellow river, the Pieve, rushes along, and behind it the land ascends to the over-shadowing mountains, with trees in single file standing, like sentinels, at the top of those that are not high enough to deserve snow. After five hours behind the plodding horses this road leads to Tai-di-Cadore, a tiny town set in the midst of snowy mountains, with Antalao, the highest of all the Dolomites, just poking its nose up from behind.

There is almost an excitement about this quiet region, for at Pieve-di-Cadore, less than a mile from



TITIAN'S BIRTHPLACE, PIEVE-DI-CADORE

Tai, Titian was born. The whole place is redolent of him. Everybody is still a "Vicellio," the grocer, the baker and the candlestick maker, and "Albergo Tiziano" and "Piazza Tiziano" flaunt their signs on high. There is a large statue of the painter in the middle of the Piazza, and just around the corner is the house where he was born. It is a diminutive place, old and ramshackle as possible, and leaning up against its neighbors for support. A blooming young woman, carrying a marvelous-eyed child, came to the door to admit us, and showed us first the big smoky kitchen, with the queer old fireplace in the middle of the floor, and shining pots and kettles hanging on the walls; and then two tiny low-ceiled rooms upstairs, which were successively the birth-room and studio of the painter. Neither of these had any personal interest, being whitewashed over and converted into the modern bedrooms of the two humble families who now live there.

The large house next door, which had belonged to Titian's uncle, is still partly covered with frescoes, though they are fading and crumbling pathetically. The only one of real value was taken down and put

inside the house. This is very crude, being done when the artist was only ten years old, but charming. It is supposed to be Titian himself, asking the blessing of the Virgin before he begins his life work, and it is said that Ruskin thought it the only one of Titian's pictures that was painted in a really religious spirit. It is supposed to have been done with the juice of flowers, before the boy learned the use of paints.

In the queer old museum we saw the first thing that Titian ever did, an angel—very exquisite she was, too—painted on a bit of board. In the church where the Vicellio family are buried there are two Madonnas, one his own family grouped, his daughter the Virgin, himself a strong black figure in the background; the other, the Mother and Child, with San Rocco and the inevitable St. Sebastian, pinned with arrows to a tree, as usual. This latter was done, it is believed, in the time of the plague; the two central figures are much like the "Marriage of St. Catherine." Most of the other pictures in the church are by other Vicellios (there were five artists in the family), and behind the altar is a little figure of Christ by Palma Vecchio.

But go into the dim refectory, and there are quaint panels, almost black with age, for they were done by unknown artists long before Titian's day, but with the earnestness and the big faith which inspired them still shining out from the crude, faded faces. There is one Madonna which in the stiffness of its lines is more remarkable than anything I



FRESCOED HOUSE IN CORTINA

THE PAINTINGS SYMBOLIZE MAN'S LIFE FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

ever hope to see. I gazed upon it with wonder; crazy looking angels had scattered themselves about in mid-air in the foreground, and two oxen were making a violent attempt to squeeze both their heads out of one very small window. We tried to get a photograph of this and of some of the others, especially one of a saint leading a child by the hand—such a depth of earnestness there was in his face and such a lightness in his feet—but not one was to be had in the town. It apparently has never entered the people's heads to photograph the pictures; their native hills and mountains they show with pride, but that is all.

The woman who exhibited the church was an utterly wizened old crone, with a face so shrunken and

furrowed that there was hardly any of it left. But she was cheerily garrulous, and overcome with gratitude at the twenty centimes we put into her bony old hand at parting, went courtesying and smiling down the street. The woman who showed us the museum was even more remarkable, for not having once condescended to open her lips all the time we were in the building, the minute we had finished she dashed madly down the street to her house and disappeared therein. Whether she had wild ideas that her dinner was burning up, or whether it was to indicate in a delicate manner that she was above such things as fees, we could not imagine.

Within an hour's drive from Tai, up among the mountains, there is a place called Treponce, where three



UP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

bridges meet over a roaring, tumbling little mountain river, and Antalao looks down big and shining from above. Here it is very wild and lonely, with a stillness that speaks. Big sunburnt peasant women, always smiling and cheery, are working in the fields, brilliant spots of color against the green of the grass, or the rich brown of the freshly upturned earth; sometimes they stagger along under huge bundles of straw, so little of the bearers showing underneath that it almost seems as if the haystacks were mysteriously animated with life. Why is it that the Tyrolese peasants always smile? Is it like Stevenson's small boy in the "Apology for Idlers," through the mere joy of being alive, or is it an innate cheeriness which endures in even the hardest life? Perhaps it is only that

they live all their lives out of doors. If we could all do this, I sometimes think there would be lighter hearts among us. All through the Dolomites women do the outdoor work; the men are either serving out their period of conscription in the army or are at work by the river in the lumber mills, shipping huge logs to float off by themselves to Venice. As we drove home from Treponze the sun was setting, and it was very dear and peaceful everywhere. The peasants were coming home from their work, walking with their day's labor on their backs, or riding in cheerful groups on lumber wagons drawn by lazy oxen. Little boys were driving gentle-faced white cattle, with lambs and goats trotting along behind. And above all this peacefulness the still more peaceful mountains loomed up into the sky,



CORTINA

their white peaks just touched by the lingering sun.

Cortina d'Ampezzo is a veritable garden of the gods. Of all the places I have ever seen, with the possible exception of Venice, my heart is most closely drawn to this one, and when I die I would far rather go there than Paris! The atmosphere of the place seems almost Swiss, for the Austrian frontier is past, and the town is full of travelers with alpen-stocks, and little booths with jumbles of small souvenirs are on every side. Italian is still spoken a good deal—many of the peasants know both languages, as both are taught in the schools—but the sounding German gutturals are most to the fore, and this is the last town where there is any trace of Italy. Even the change in the dress of the peasants is noticeable,

for immediately after the boundary is past the women begin to disport themselves in queer squat Derbys, with huge ribbon streamers hanging down behind; and the children are the same in miniature, looking very funny staggering along under this extraordinary headgear. What a sad change from the picturesque kerchiefs of Italy! The fair German lassies, with their neat braids twined about their unbeautiful little heads, are also, though worthy, a grievous comedown after that delicious Italian infant world.

Cortina is placed, a rare gem in a marvellous setting, in a valley, with great green smooth meadows sweeping up to the wooded feet of the mountains. And above the larch woods the bold red of the shaggy peaks towers onward up into the sky. There is no other color in the

world like the red of those mountains, unless it be the wonder of the lingering sunset gold turning them to flame, with the shadows and the damp darkness gathering below.

The town itself is white and peaceful, with that air of brooding calm which is vouchsafed to little towns living under the shadows of great mountains. The sun beats down heavily at noonday, but the peasants are out in their clattering wooden shoes; later, we too start out, cross the river, strike into the woods, and lose ourselves in the stillness and the flowers. Did one ever imagine so many flowers, stretching away as far as the eye can see? There are whole fields of palest blue, and these are forget-me-nots; there are whole fields of palest yellow, and these are "johnny-jump-ups," laden with fragrance; then come pink fields, and white fields, and fields with all the colors together, like huge daubs of paint upon the mountain side. There are

primroses and English cowslips, white, purple and yellow violets, marsh marigolds overflowing all the little brooks; anemones, wild hyacinths, big double buttercups, columbine and ladies' slippers; lilies of the valley, red, pink and white field lilies; orchids of all kinds, too, fragrant as can be, and all sorts of little running vines, flowering timidly and modestly, but scenting the whole wood with their perfume. Up in the fields behind, the grass is full of wee pinklets (I have no idea of their real name), with tiny marvellously blue gentians of different varieties dotted around among them. Then directly under the cool shadow of the mountain tops the edelweiss grows.

Now shall we drive to Tre Croce? The road is narrow, steep and rough, so that the driver will walk most of the way and urge on the panting horses. By and by big patches of snow begin to lie along the road, vying with the timid clusters of mountain crocuses just ven-



turing to peep up into what they thought was going to be summer. Black shady pools are dumped in amid the deep woods, and here groups of chattering peasant women will be squatted, minding the goats who stray about nibbling at the rocky soil. Finally we arrive where it is bleak and cold, and even a bit uncanny and grotesque, where the three crosses are planted side by side, at the top of a hill. We do not care to stay there very long, but hasten back to the warm living nature below. Let us walk down, through the gorgeous fields or the cool little paths that run through the woods, with tiny cascades leaping and tumbling from the shaggy peaks above, and we shall reach Cortina again just as the sun is setting, and the red peaks glow above, and the flowers are shutting up their eyes for the night.

A Christmas Tangle

By Harriet A. Nash

A WAVE of warm air, odorous with fir and cedar, greeted Mrs. Parker as she pushed open the church door. It was past sunset, and the six kerosene lamps made six circles of light, fading into gloom on the edges where they met and intersected, bringing out in spots the mottoes and rope trimming on the walls, draping in a pleasing obscurity the discolored ceiling, and lending an air of mystery even to the dim outlines of the long stove funnel, now twined with evergreen. The very air was full of mystery and delight. The front pews were piled with packages which busy hands were transferring to two tall fir trees, standing in time honored position each side the pulpit. A select committee of church sisters hovered about the trees bestowing

candy-bags, popcorn balls and strings of cranberries in every vacant space.

The newcomer gave an admiring exclamation, quite oblivious of the fact that she had not been invited to assist in the decoration. It was something of a slight, according to the social code which governed the popular opinions of the brick meeting-house, but Mrs. Parker, being the fortunate possessor of a nature far removed from petty considerations, had determined to harbor no hard feeling therefor.

"I've brought in a few little things," she explained, drawing from her reticule a variety of packages. There were bookmarks of perforated cardboard for her Sunday-school class, mittens for various small relatives, and gayly colored knit reins for the parsonage baby.

"How well the presents have come in," Mrs. Parker said, encouragingly. Mrs. Deacon Chester, with an obstinacy born of weariness, declared that she couldn't agree. "Though it's all the thanks we can expect," she said. "Coming here and slaving all day for people who won't even take the trouble to bring things here. To my certain knowledge three well-to-do families in this church are keepin' back their presents for a family tree. I call it downright rivalry of the church."

Mrs. Parker wisely refrained from argument. "It's a nice night for Christmas," she said.

"But terrible cold," returned Mrs. Chester, adding presently in a more animated tone, "I've told the stage driver to come right here with whatever he brought for any of our church people. If Henry sends you a box this year you'll find it on the tree."

Mrs. Parker hesitated. The chief delight of her lonely Christmas was the box from her nephew; its arrival an event to be attended with all due ceremony, and its opening a matter of much moment, only to be satisfactorily accomplished in the solitude of her own parlor with the picture of Henry's mother smiling down upon her from the wall. "Well," she said presently, reflecting that the box need not be opened until she reached home, and inwardly hoping it would not be too heavy to carry.

Half an hour after the noiseless closing of the church door marked Mrs. Parker's departure, there was a sound of sleigh bells, and Eben Friend, the stage driver, looking a

veritable Santa Claus in his fur coat and cap, staggered in, laden with a score of packages, large and small. "I met Kriss over beyant," he explained noisily "and he asked me to help him out, bein's he was overloaded. I'm in a terrible hurry myself. So if somebody'll just sign for these quick, I'll leave 'em in your care, Miss Chester."

The committee of ladies gathered around the pile of packages. Several of the smaller ones were hung upon the tree, but over others they hesitated, until Mrs. Chester made a suggestion.

"We'll just have to open these," she said with decision. "They're much too large to hang and things make much better show on the tree when you can see what they are."

There was a reckless snapping of strings and tearing of wrappers, and the Christmas trees blossomed with sofa pillows, aprons, pictures and books. There were many exclamations and some passing from hand to hand of much admired objects. If also there was some speculation and comment as to origin and quality, it was hardly surprising in a village where each family took a vivid interest in its neighbors' affairs.

The church was crowded; the infant class recited its verses with the nonchalance of babyhood; two bashful little girls warbled of the "Christmas Star" in tones which failed to reach the sixth pew from the front, and the minister's son and heir recited "The Night Before Christmas" in a manner creditable to the entire church. Then, after

remarks by the pastor, the superintendent and three of the deacons—the fourth being unavoidably absent—the real event of the evening commenced.

Mrs. Parker found herself the pleased recipient of three handkerchiefs, two white aprons, a glass plate from her class of little girls and a china vase. Her nephew's present came last. And Mrs. Parker could have wept tears of disappointment when, instead of the securely knotted package, bearing her address in Henry's well-known writing and decorated with the fascinating red label of the express company, she received a soft, heavy shawl, with a card, "Mrs. Parker, from Henry," in Mrs. Chester's cramped hand.

Mrs. Parker assured herself that it didn't matter. But a hurt feeling lingered even while friends and neighbors cast admiring glances towards the gift, and whispered one to another that Henry must be getting forehanded. An uncomfortable feeling that the gift was of Mrs. Chester's bestowing rather than Henry's possessed its recipient, though she chided herself for being so unreasonable. "You that always prided yourself on not noticing slights and snubs, Elvira Parker," she thought scornfully.

After the services she made her way unobserved to the wing pews, and in a pile of rubbish found the box in which the shawl had been packed. There could be no mistake, for a bit of the fringe had caught in the cover, in its hasty opening.

Mrs. Parker spread out her gifts on the old-fashioned card table be-

neath Alvesta's picture. But Alvesta's blue eyes looked coldly down upon them and her expression indicated disapproval. She was accustomed to seeing the packages opened. Mrs. Parker remembered, as she sat before the fire, that she didn't really need a new shawl. Perhaps that was the reason she felt so little pleasure in it. Then she pictured Henry's care in selecting it. Doubtless he and Mina had gone out together to look for it. Dear boy, how thoughtful of him to remember her preference for gray! She rose and stood before the oval mirror draping the shawl about her shoulders. All at once the coldness vanished and its warm folds seemed to stand to her for home and family ties. Henry was all she had. The pictured face upon the wall lighted with pleasure. "Dear boy!" Mrs. Parker said fondly as she folded the shawl away.

She went cheerfully to bed, remembering that Sophy Briggs was coming to dine with her to-morrow,—poor Sophy, who had been the village beauty in her day and had lived to see beauty, wealth, friends and kindred drop away from her one by one. She was a little tiresome now; not poor or forlorn enough to make her really interesting—only a dull little body with a keen remembrance of better days and a fierce resentment of anything like patronage. Mrs. Parker's last thought before she dropped asleep was, "I wish I dared offer Sophy my last winter's shawl. I don't need two."

She wished it more than ever when she took her visitor's wraps

in the sunny parlor next day, and noticed how thin Sophy's short cape was. She thought about it while she basted the turkey—Mrs. Parker knew turkey for two was an unnecessary extravagance, but Sophy's pride would suffer were she offered a mere chicken on Christmas day—and meditated upon it as she listened to the well-known story of Sophy's "coming out" party. By and by she brought out the shawl for her guest's inspection. "Isn't it handsome?" exclaimed Sophy. A sudden thought came to Mrs. Parker. "I didn't need it," she said indifferently. "I had a nice one. I wish I could dispose of my other some way."

"You've worn it a year," remarked Sophy with the air of one who in her day has been authority upon the etiquette of shawls.

Clearly it was no use. Mrs. Parker folded the shawl fondly; how little and pinched Sophy looked! Her hostess wondered if she were suitably clothed for winter. She smoothed the shawl, laying her cheek caressingly against its soft folds. "I wish I could swap it for something I need more," she said at last.

Sophy looked mildly interested. "I should think you could easy enough," she said. "What would you want to get instead?"

Mrs. Parker hesitated. After all what had Sophy to spare? "I'd like a cameo breastpin," she said with sudden relief.

Sophy laughed. "If that's all," she said with a burst of generous feeling. "I'll give you one and welcome. Ma's and grandma's and Aunt Emily's all fell to me."

Mrs. Parker drew herself up with an air of offended pride. "I couldn't accept anything so valuable," she said. "If you'd be willing to exchange it for the shawl though—"

Sophy demurred. She didn't know as she cared for a shawl herself. Capes were more stylish and better suited to a young person. And gray wasn't her color—she much preferred brown. But after long consideration during which Mrs. Parker made many tactful manœuvres, the exchange was effected, and Sophy went down the front steps in the wintry twilight wrapped in Mrs. Parker's Christmas gift.

Mrs. Parker surveyed with amusement the cameo breastpin for which she could conceive no possible use. For fifteen years she had worn no jewelry save the mourning pin which held her husband's hair. "This one'll do for Mina some day," she decided at last.

The evening seemed lonely some way. She almost wished she had kept the shawl one more night until Christmas was really gone. Presently she brought out the box in which perhaps Henry's own hands had packed the gift, wondering if she couldn't make a workbox of it. "I'd kind of like to have it round," she said, gently removing the tissue paper lining. Then she gave a little delighted laugh. For on the bottom of the box lay a folded note. Henry had written her a few lines.

There was a little search for her glasses and a longer delay in lighting a lamp before she settled down contentedly to read the note. It was only a line after all, and the smile

died from Mrs. Parker's face as she read it. "A shawl for my dear mother from her loving son, Willie." Mrs. Parker sat feebly up in her chair. "It's all at the door of that meddling committee," she said. Not spitefully or in anger but as if some vent to her overwrought feelings were necessary. It was so easy now to see how it had happened in the dimly lighted church, and amid the confusion of opening many packages at once. They had all known of Henry's custom, and "Mrs. Eliza Porter" might easily be mistaken for "Mrs. Elvira Parker."

Mrs. Parker laughed even in the midst of her perplexity, and a glow of pleasure warmed her heart as she thought of Mrs. Porter. Poor, rich Mrs. Porter whose money had purchased her everything but happiness and whose only son had drifted so far away from her that it was no secret in Oak Hill that his city address was unknown to her. Mrs. Parker had heard from Henry that no man was more successful in business than William Porter. His name was in the front ranks of philanthropic work and always to be found upon subscription lists to charitable institutions. But an old trouble in the settlement of his father's estate had grown into a barrier between his mother and himself. Now, Mrs. Parker could hardly wait until morning to carry the peace offering to her lonely neighbor. But a thrill of dismay overcame her as she remembered how her trade with Sophy had complicated the matter. She could not go to Sophy and demand the shawl.

What should she do? She brought out her purse and with serious face counted its contents. There were twenty dollars—and the shawl could not have cost less than fifteen. But Mrs. Parker could see no other way.

Early next morning Mrs. Parker's neighbors were surprised to see her take the stage for Oakdale, the flourishing village from whence most of Oak Hill's supplies were brought. At six in the evening a light streaming from her sitting-room windows announced her return. And a little later, under cover of the friendly darkness, she made her way to the little house where Sophy Briggs lived alone.

"I don't want anything said about it," Mrs. Parker explained in a most confidential tone. "For like as not 'twould make hard feelings, among the committee. But they mixed the things up in opening and this is the shawl that was meant for me. The other is Mis' Porter's. As like as two peas you see, only mine is brown. And would you mind changing?"

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Sophy. She brought out the gray shawl a little reluctantly. An article designed for the rich Mrs. Porter's wear became somewhat enhanced in value. "I read to-day that gray was coming in and brown going out," she said as she laid the two side by side and critically compared the fringes. "And it seems to me the gray's thicker and softer. But of course it's just as you say."

Mrs. Parker refrained from explaining that Sophy's declared preference had determined the color of her shawl. "If you think it isn't

worth the value of the pin," she suggested at last. "I wouldn't mind throwing in something—say a pound of butter a week through the cold weather."

Sophy thought that might do, though she preferred creamery butter, and had already trimmed up a gray bonnet to match the shawl. Time was when she didn't have to scheme and bargain for a new garment but had anything she wanted. There was a velvet pelisse—but Mrs. Parker, packing the gray shawl hastily into its box, took her departure.

She toiled a little wearily up the long hill to the Porter mansion, the box hidden beneath her last year's shawl. Mrs. Porter was at home—sitting with folded hands in her elegant parlor—but alone. She heard the story with composure, and took the box with the utmost nonchalance, the only emotion exhibited being a cold indignation at the manner in which the error had occurred. "The action of the committee was most impertinent," she declared, opening the box as if a Christmas gift from her son were a thing to be expected. But Mrs. Parker remarked how the thin hands trembled as they lifted the shawl and noticed a tear that fell upon the note blurring the signature. "I mustn't stop a minute," she declared, and slipped from the room before Mrs. Porter could urge her to remain, had she been so minded.

Tired with her day's journey she sank into a rocking chair in her own sitting-room wondering if it all had paid. Mrs. Porter had one shawl,

Sophy the other. She had not even the satisfaction of their pleasure. And for the first time in many years Henry had sent her no Christmas gift. Of course it was only natural. Henry was a busy man and his growing family were more expensive every year. He could not be expected to spend thought and money upon a country relative. She hoped she wasn't growing silly and sensitive like Sophy Briggs.

The Oak Hill Sewing Circle held its annual meeting promptly on the first day of the year. To delay longer would have seemed to the ladies of Oak Hill like burdening the new year with the responsibilities of the old. This time the meeting was with Mrs. Deacon Gould, and a request for full attendance given from the pulpit, in an auspicious moment between the sermon and the prayer, had been fully complied with. After the business of the day was concluded and plans for next year thoroughly discussed, the members lingered for a social hour, and Mrs. Gould with some pride brought out her Christmas gifts for their inspection. There was a china dinner set, a new silk dress, books, pictures and bric-a-brac in plenty. Last of all Mrs. Gould lifted from the centre table a photograph album, bound in morocco with heavy silver clasps.

"This was my son's present," she said proudly. "He knew I'd been wanting one and sent this from way out West. I knew in a minute 'twas from him, though you folks that hung the presents didn't leave a scrap to identify it with."

The album passed from hand to hand amid subdued murmurs of admiration. Last of all it came to Mrs. Parker, sitting back from the rest in the bay window. She opened it a little apathetically. Christmas gifts failed to interest her this year. "The pictures came with it," explained Mrs. Gould for the twentieth time. "Some of Willie's friends of course. His minister's family I presume."

Mrs. Parker drew nearer to the window in the gathering dusk. She felt a little dizzy and a mist blurred before her eyes. When it cleared she bent eagerly above the album. Yes, it was Henry's face smiling up at her—a little older and graver than when she saw it last, but still her boy with all the promise of boyhood fulfilled in the manly face. The soft-eyed little woman on the next page could be none other than Mina. "I could picked her out among a thousand for all I've never seen her," Mrs. Parker said gleefully to herself. There were two chubby boys—exact reproductions of the youthful Henry—and a baby girl with Alvesta's eyes.

The circle had dispersed and only

a few with wraps already donned lingered about the lighted centre table. Mrs. Porter, present for the first time in many years at an Oak Hill social function, fastened her gray shawl across her breast with a jewelled pin. "A present from my son," she said smoothing the fringe fondly.

Mrs. Parker gave a last loving look at the pictured faces and closed the album. "I sh'll never claim it," she assured herself as she laid it fondly down upon the centre table. "I ought to thought there was other women in Oak Hill had Wil-lies besides Mis' Porter. It serves me right, but I don't know as I'd change things if I could. Mis' Gould's pleased, Sophy's comfortable, and I haven't seen that look on Mis' Porter's face since we was girls together. As for me," she thought with growing enthusiasm, draping her last year's shawl cheerfully about her, "I haven't got a regret. I know now just how Mina 'n' the children look, and Henry certainly did well by me. That album couldn't cost less than ten dollars—not to mention the pictures. Dear boy!"



The Art of Letter Writing

By Zitella Cocke

IN the rapid progress of utilitarianism and expediency, so characteristic of the present age, is not letter writing, in its highest sense, as rapidly becoming a lost art? Do not postal cards and telegrams, telephones and typewriters, threaten extinction to the white-winged messengers of love that fly into our homes and cheer our hearts? Can words glowing with filial love, or burning with the fire of the grand passion, endure the incisions of telegraphy, or be bound to annotations in shorthand? Does cheap postage depreciate the quality of thought or felicity of expression? Or has letter writing ceased to be an accomplishment, and hence is relegated to its place among the lost arts? Have the gossip and chit-chat of the daily papers supplanted the "billets" which used to come fresh from the agitated and emotional pen of a sympathizing, congenial friend?

A learned Frenchman once remarked to the writer of this article that, in America, persons were rarely taught chirography,—they took it up in some fashion and did as well as they could with it,—while Europeans, particularly on the Continent, studied it as an art. One who is familiar with the handwriting of the French and Germans, and even Italians and Spanish, will admit the

truth of this statement. Ordinarily, their chirography is as clear and precise as copperplate, and the whole mechanical execution neat and often elegant. Englishmen not unfrequently rival their American cousins in hieroglyphical and undecipherable communications. It can be safely said that the monstrous, unsightly, Virginia fence sort of handwriting so fashionable among newly fledged lady graduates a few years ago could never have passed muster in France or Germany.

If the famous cookery book recipes make the catching of the hare so essential in its specific detail, we may argue, with as much reason, that a handwriting which can be read with comparative comfort is of prime importance in the writing of letters, nor is legibility incompatible with grace and beauty of penmanship.

A man's letters form a part of himself, and this is especially true of literary men and women,—so true that a curious public has learned to demand this revelation of a man's inner life, and biographers lose no time in gratifying this desire, and men and women, who have done anything for which the world would not willingly forget them, have in their turn learned what painful exposures and misconstructions of their private letters are

likely to ensue after they have passed away from earth. Carlyle and George Eliot dreaded this unscrupulous ransacking of private desks for the gratification of the public's morbid taste. How Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle's letters *have been read between the lines*, as Mr. Froude suggested they should be, is too well known to need criticism. It may, however, be only just to those worthy persons to say here that there was nothing in the letters to convince the public of the couple's unhappiness,—it was the close adherence to Mr. Froude's advice,—*the reading between the lines*,—the exercise of a pre-judgment which had already rendered its verdict against them, which induced the credulous public to accept Mr. Froude's decision. A mob is easily led by one dominant spirit, and Mr. Froude has much to answer for in thus creating an opinion which has no real right to existence. It was said that Byron, on the other shore, was gnashing his teeth in anticipation of Mrs. Stowe's arrival because of her unwarrantable attack upon him, and the Carlyles probably gave Mr. Froude a reception equally enthusiastic.

With how much of weal and woe are letters associated, these chroniclers of the past and present, from the letter which the stricken King of Judea spread before the Altar of the Temple; the letters in which the great apostle to the Gentiles expounded the doctrines of the Christian religion; the Isidorian Decretals, which to this day are enveloped in a veil of mystery; the "Lettres de Cachet," which made

human life and happiness a mere plaything of caprice and tyranny; the letters of Junius, whose iron mask still defies the world's penetration, down to the worldly-wise, brilliant epistles of the Earl of Chesterfield, or the natural, glowing pictures of social life, and spontaneous outbursts of maternal love which flow so gracefully from the pen of Madame de Sévigné. Lord Bacon says: "Letters, such as are written from wise men, are of all the words of men the best"; while Lord Chesterfield insists that the purpose of letters should be familiar conversations between absent friends. What a contribution to literature, then, do letters become when they faithfully reflect the manners, customs and sentiments of the age! Biography and history have new light thrown upon their obscure pages, and characters whose public acts have exhibited them to posterity as severe and unpromising, undergo wonderful transmutation when seen in the mirror of private correspondence. Calvin, whose intemperate zeal rendered him a monster in the eyes of those who knew his intolerance only, is far less formidable when seen in his private letters, which often explain away, so to speak, the hard and inconsistent theories which he upheld with such tenacity. Erasmus, the erudite scholar, whose want of action invited criticisms and even censure, during his life, so graphically paints in his letters the extremes and follies of his time, that a large proportion of mankind, at the present day, is willing to accept him as a wiser reformer than Luther.

Much of the warm appreciation of Luther's genuineness and earnestness is due as well to his letters as to his public acts. Scholars could ill afford to do without the letters of Joseph Scaliger and Casaubon; and Anselm's three books of letters, if destroyed, would leave much of the history of England in the time of William the Conqueror and William Rufus unrevealed. The two Bishops of Chartres illustrated the eleventh century by their letters and the private correspondence of Gerbert is the key which opens many of the secrets of Italian history. John of Salisbury and Peter of Blois give us, in their letters, an accurate account of the reign of Henry II, and how many readers have enjoyed the beautiful pictures of the reigns of George II and George III, so carefully and gracefully portrayed by the pens of the Grenville family! But of all letters which have aided the search for knowledge, none hold so conspicuous a place as the famous Paston Letters. "These letters," says Hallam, "are a weighty testament to the progressive conditions of society, and come in as a precious link in the chain of the moral history of England, which they alone supply in this period." Without them we know that many incidents of the eventful period of the Wars of the Roses, and the reigns of Henry VI and Edward IV, as well as the time of Richard III, would have remained far outside the reach of human discovery.

Previous to the thirteenth century, letters were written in Latin. Upon the advent of William the

Conqueror, the French language became the fashionable medium of communication, and held undiminished and undisputed sway until the reign of Edward III.

One of the earliest epistolary efforts on the part of a woman is found in a letter written by Lady Pelham to her husband in 1399. It is in English and its quaintness, as well as its womanly sentiment and wifely deference, makes it a fair exponent of a period not wholly emancipated from the power of feudalism.

The immense variety of subjects offered to the letter writer makes the correspondence of any artist or any literary man or woman a sort of tributary stream to the broad river of literature,—indeed, they might be called pearls and diamonds from the great mine of thought. They are fragmentary, no doubt, but like the beautiful arabesques of Moorish architecture, they serve as indices to the progress and cult of the age in which they were written. Of what inestimable value now is the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller!—the philosophical views, the genuine love for truth and untiring search for it, the speculations, the true poetic enthusiasm—all enchain the attention of the student of poetry or philosophy, and yet these men were writing for their own amusement and edification, thoughts which have become the heritage of the world.

The correspondence of Pope and Swift will always possess a literary interest in spite of Pope's affectations, and Swift's unhappy temper. Even the rugged and hypercritical Carlyle found Horace Walpole very

far from being a dunce or a mere man of fashion, as he once believed him to be, after he had read that gentleman's famous letters; and so much has this brilliant narrator of incidents and events found favor with the general reader that few now remain unacquainted with Strawberry Hill, and history itself is compelled to acknowledge a large debt to the Walpole Letters.

Thomas Gray shows himself to be a poet quite as much in his letters as in his famous Elegy—so exquisite and true are his descriptions of nature; so full of genuine poetic feeling that we see in his epistles the *disjecta membra* of the poet, and realize that his letters well deserve the title of "*Georgics in Prose*."

The letters of Sir James McIntosh go far to prove the learning and lofty purpose, the breadth of character and high moral dignity of that noble man. Can we ever forget the letters of Sir Walter Raleigh? On the night before his execution he wrote to his wife a letter which must always remain an imperishable record of true knighthood.

Since the trial of Dreyfus, the world is not left uninformed as to the significance of handwriting, or the important part it plays in the destiny of men and nations; and if a man is to be judged, as some insist, by his handwriting, and with mitigating and varying circumstances, it may be an index to character, surely the letter itself ought to reveal something of his true nature. The individual letter might be compared to a shell of lustrous iridescence, singing the sweetest of songs to the ear which listens to it.

A Persian proverb says a letter is half a meeting. It is a greeting of the soul, a spiritual gift; we have not our friend's hand but we have his heart. Seneca was accustomed to thank his friend Lucilius for his letters and to say, "Thus you do all you can to be in my company: the moment I read your letters, I see Lucilius before me."

We are prone to regard authors as beings apart from other men, but when we read their letters human kinship asserts itself at once, for then is revealed the hidden inmost life of the man; in them we read not so much what is meant for the public eye, as what touches our hearts or our sympathies. We could hardly know so much of the real heart of Burns if we had not read his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, and how our hearts thrill with tender compassion for the suffering Cowper, when we read his letters to the Unwins! Petrarch's poetry possesses a new charm after we have read his delightful letters, and Charles Lamb's correspondence is company for the dreariest winter that ever separated friends or rendered pleasures inaccessible. Human frailties as well as human virtues reflect themselves in letters, and as men are very often anything but heroes to the valet who attends them, so, alas, letters not unfrequently remove our gods from their pedestals to the plane of ordinary and selfish men. Three of the most illustrious Roman writers, Cicero, Ovid and Seneca, exiled from the glory of a city which was the mistress of the world, displayed in their letters such querulousness,

impatience and want of fortitude as to make these productions contrast strangely with the wealth of thought and wisdom which their other writings have bequeathed to posterity. Shenstone's brilliant and epigrammatic sayings constituted the charm of the society in which he moved, but his letters betray a mind ill at ease, morose and exacting. Who does not feel an added respect for the noble Sir Thomas Wyatt, on reading his letters to his son, or who would not feel it an honor to be called the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, having once read the manly letters of this "warbler of poetic praise"?

Of historic letters, one of the most pathetic is that written by Anne Boleyn to her royal husband at the time of her imprisonment. It was found among the papers of Cromwell and is claimed to be indisputably authentic. The simple elegance and graceful diction carry such a ring of honesty and genuine merit, such a tone of sincerity, that our commiseration is excited more than ever for the unhappy woman, notwithstanding the thick and skilfully wrought whitewashing which Mr. Froude has given her Bluebeard of a husband.

Horace Walpole declared that women were universally better letter writers than men. This may be due to the fact that, as good Dean Hook says, women excel in the wisdom of the heart. The ancient Gauls attributed to woman an additional sense—the divine sense. It may be that the sensitivity of woman enables her to catch and portray those delicate shades of

emotion, those subtle influences and impalpable suggestions which pervade society and domestic life, the portrayal of which enters so largely into letter writing. Voltaire pronounced Madame de Sévigné unrivalled "*pour conter les bagatelles avec grâce.*" Hers was the genius not only of the woman, but of the French woman. It is possible that she could not have accomplished just what she did do in any other language than the French. Its wondrous flexibility as well as its accuracy makes it an unsurpassable vehicle for delicate *bons mots*, and half the attractiveness of her letters is lost when they are pressed through the less piquant and elastic English language. Yet her letters are history and biography. Les Rochers, a country house but a few hours' drive from Vitré, a town in Brittany, is still shown to travellers as the place whence the famous epistles emanated; her *escritoire* is still on exhibition, her bed with its white and red hangings, falling to pieces from age, is still looked upon with curious and almost reverential wonder, and officious guides show with pride the orange trees which they insist she planted.

It by no means follows that a good talker is a good letter writer. Dr. Johnson thought Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the most delightful and brilliant of talkers—comprehensive and full of thought—but her letters, interesting as they are from her various surroundings and associations, are far below the standard to be expected from such a woman.

The endearing elegance of wo-

man's friendship is conspicuous in the letters of Mrs. Thrale and Madame D'Arblay to Dr. Johnson, as well as in the beautiful letters of the Countess of Hertford; but for wonderful mastery of language, intellectual discernment, and exquisite poetic taste withal, let one read the letters of that writer whom Mrs. Browning addresses as "large-brained woman and large-hearted man"—George Sand. As Pepys's Diary has thrown light upon the history of the reign of Charles II, so George Sand's letters, written from the very heart of the country, show the true condition of France in her last struggle with Prussia.

Yet no letters have excited the world's curiosity or criticism more than love letters. How to write a proper love letter still remains an unanswered question, and some have chosen to end the controversy by wholesale denunciation of these solaces to loving hearts. Douglas Jerrold declares the author of any amatory epistle to be a fool who hangs himself on his own pothooks, but a lover who would accept such advice and prefer to remain on the line of "non-committal," deserves to reap the reward of his cowardice by gaining nothing. "To write a good love letter," says Rousseau, "you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say and finish without knowing what you have written." According to that formula, the mail must carry every day thousands of epistles which Jean Jacques would pronounce very good. It might, however, be suspected, with some justice, that he is as bad an authority on love letters

as upon some other subjects. Tony Weller certainly evinced much sagacity in discovering that the merit of a love letter lay in a brevity which induced the fair recipient to wish it had been longer. In other words, the risk of incurring "love's sad satiety," as Shelley expresses it, must be avoided; but if the success of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it, surely the success of a love letter lies in the heart of the one who receives it. The love letters of poor Keats—painful repinings of an unsatisfied heart and a body distressed by disease—prove, alas, that they who wear their sorrows too openly will find that daws are sure to peck at them. Perhaps no reader of these sad letters ever regarded them with less appreciation than did the heartless flirt to whom they were addressed. Like all true and noble souls, he loved an ideal and invested the shameless creature to whom he wrote such impassioned letters with all the excellences of his ideal; indeed, it is the good and noble who do that. Good and pure and lovely women too often invest a worthless profligate and fortune-hunter with the good which they love and long for, and when at last they are forced to learn the truth, has disappointment a keener or deeper anguish? Such sorrow befell this noble soul, and it does seem that this prying, prurient age has transcended every right and privilege in permitting the ghouls and vampires of the press to make merchandise of Keats's love letters. It is like trading in the heart's blood.

Can any one who has ever stood

by the graves of Abelard and Heloise forget the letters of these immortal lovers? Whoso knows Swift knows also the letters of Stella and Vanessa, and the love letters of the fair Queen of Scots afford a clearer insight into the motives and actions of this wonderful woman than the most elaborate arguments of the historian. In the Ambrosian Library of Milan are the love letters which passed between Lucretia Borgia and Concha di Bembo; side by side they lie with a lock of the famous lady's hair. Byron pored over these letters with peculiar interest, and perhaps drew from them an inspiration for the inditing of his own missives. If such anachronisms were possible it would seem a just retribution for his many iniquities if the fair Lucretia had gotten him in her toils, and employed some of her accomplishments upon him.

Sir Richard Steele put to shame all modern improvements in transit and delivery, for it is said that when absent from his lady love he wrote to her every hour. Could lovers of the twentieth century do more?

Our own colonial days furnish some interesting specimens of letter writing. Jefferson's and Madison's letters are deservedly celebrated. The letters of Madison belong to archives of state, and are the highest authority upon such points as pertain to the action of different states, as well as the Union, and indeed constitute a history of the in-

fant Republic. Mrs. Dolly Madison's letters, edited by her great-niece, are delightful reading, full of information concerning the important events of her time, and evincing good feeling and broad patriotism.

Among the elderly ladies of Virginia, as well as of New England and New York, letter writing was esteemed an accomplishment. These women were not mere gossips, and affairs of state and topics of national interest all find a place in these cherished epistles. A letter from a gentleman in Virginia to a friend in Baltimore, at whose house his daughter was visiting, redolent of the elegance and good breeding which belonged to the cavaliers of that time, requested his friend's guardianship for his "fair daughter," and especially desired him to see that she "*was introduced into good Federal society.*" A lady of eighty years, residing near Richmond, a lineal descendant of the Churchills of England, now writes a letter whose exquisite accuracy and finish of execution make it look like print, and whose style renders it a fair literary production. In letter writing as well as in manners, it might not be amiss to imitate our grandmothers. It has already been said that conversation is becoming a lost art. People talk nowadays as much as ever, but will not take time to converse, and the question with which we started out repeats itself. In this day of bustle and hurry and nervous attrition, are we not forgetting the elegant art of letter writing?

How John Eastlake was Cured

By A. L. Sykes

THE Eastlakes were as plentiful as the hills in the old New Hampshire town of Millville, and Mrs. John Eastlake, who was commonly called "Mrs. John," to distinguish her from "Mrs. William" and "Mrs. Jeremiah," was acknowledged by all to be a failure.

"She ain't got no grit," her neighbors declared, although she toiled from early morn to dewy eve, and often through the long evenings, cheerful and uncomplaining. Her most venial sin in the eyes of curious Millvillians was that she was somewhat reticent, or as they termed it, "offish."

John Eastlake was a little lean man with shallow eyes, a sparse stubble of sandy hair on his head, and a corresponding stubble depending from that which for sweet charity's sake must be called a chin. The youngest of a family of sturdy boys, he had always been "picked on" at home, and folks said when he married a stout rosy woman from a neighboring town, who was three times his size and weight, that "she'd jest stomp him down," and the more sympathetic townspeople shook their heads sadly and sighed: "Well, poor John ain't never had no show, and I d'no' as he ever will."

But John, contrary to all predic-

tions, proved the old adage to be true; the worm turned, and so violently, that the one-time meek little man became as choleric and domineering as a three-tailed Bashaw, and ruled as with a rod of iron his patient Grizel of a wife. Every spare penny went into the bank, but as the bank book grew fat there were no more comforts and no more hours of rest in the bare yellow house that the Eastlakes called "home."

Haying season was at hand; the great meadows stretched out toward the blue distant hills, ready for the scythe, and the soft airs blowing across their fragrant burdens could not have been sweeter if they had come from Paradise. Mrs. John sat on the step at the back door paring great rosy apples from the bright tin in her lap, the very picture of peace and content, but little waves of anxiety and perplexity crossed her face from time to time, and her hands trembled as she let the bright ribbons of apple skin fall into the pan. The click of the front gate came to her ear, and the airy rustle of skirts told who the visitor was before she made her appearance round the corner of the house. Miss Wetherburn, nearing sixty, but spry as a kitten, came on like a schooner with all sail set, her ruffled lavender

gown bristling with starch, and a pink ribbon at the throat, forming a study in color altogether startling.

"I thought I'd find you here," she said, seating herself daintily on a lower step; "always a peelin' or a parin' or a cookin' for that dreadful man."

The sound from within of a rocking chair violently pursuing its vocation hereupon assailed their ears.

"Company?" queried Miss Wetherburn eagerly.

"It's John," said Mrs. John in a low and tragic whisper. Then nature would have its way, the tale must be told, and she beckoned the visitor with enticing forefinger. Together they walked down the little dahlia-bordered path and sat in the shade of the hay barn, whose cavernous darkness yawned for the fragrant loads. "Yes," Mrs. John continued, "he's been so ever sence the last cow died. There he sot and nursed the poor critter like it was his daughter, and give it ginger tea and boneset and peppermint and every other kind of mint, and turned it every hour; but for all his laborin' it died jest like the rest, and now he won't even eat with me, but sets in the room and rocks and rocks, and when he ain't a-rockin' he's a gazin' out of the window."

"Don't he eat nothin'?" asked Miss Wetherburn, her contempt for men visibly lessened for the moment.

"Yes, he eats when I don't ask him. I jest fix him up somethin' nice on the tray and put it on the table by him, and ef I go out real quick and shut the door, when I come back it's gone; but ef I ask

him what he wants, he jest groans and rocks and says nothin'."

"Humph! I guess there ain't much ailin' him ef he can eat," said the visitor, contempt returning; "all men folks think of is their stomachs, anyway. I jest wish some of them hed hed me. I'd learn 'em."

"All the hay's to be got in," pursued Mrs. John, her speech flowing like a river; "the hands don't do nothin' as they ought to when he ain't there, and I can't do much myself. I get so nervous seems 's if I'd fly hearing him rock and rock. He rocks or sets and stares and never says a word all the evenin', and when he thinks I'm asleep he crawls into bed and lays and groans half the night. Ef he would only say what ailed him I could stand it, but I can't bear this much longer."

"It's them cows," said Miss Wetherburn with conviction; "cows and bank books. I jest wouldn't stand it. He ought to hev hed me." And then like a bee that had sucked all the honey from a flower, she shook out her rattling skirts and prepared to flit away to the next of her morning calls.

She came rushing back after she had reached the gate, and meeting Mrs. John by the back door whispered in such sibilant accents that the words buzzed like a nest of angry hornets: "I tell you what to do; you must equalize his circulation. He's got too much blood in his head or else he ain't got enough. I'll send my Mammoth Perfected Bath Cabinet in the mornin'; jest get him into that onct and sweat him out well, and you'll never have no more trouble. Finest thing in

the world to equalize the circulation, the circular says, and cures everything."

Mrs. John scanned her visitor's face with anxious doubting eyes. "I d'no' as I could get him—" she began, but a particularly loud groan from within made her almost drop her pan of apples.

"Land sakes!" twittered Miss Wetherburn, and fluttered down the walk, pausing behind the lilac bush to shake a vindictive fist at the window and mutter, "He ought to hev hed me."

Next morning the Mammoth Perfected Steam Bath Cabinet was trundled up to the door by a boy with a wheelbarrow, who, after many explorations in mysterious pockets, produced a violet scented pink note.

"Don't ask him to use it," it read, "or he won't never do it. Just let it set and set, and by and by he'll want to get in, and when he's once in he's cured. I know the critters; they're just like balky horses, the more you drive them the less they'll go."

John Eastlake sat in the room, unshorn and dishevelled, gazing hour after hour into the fields where his fine herd of cows was wont to graze. He knew that the hay needed him, and called himself a fool a score of times a day, but utter paralysis of the will was his; that which had been *would* not had come to be *could* not.

The cabinet was brought in and put in a conspicuous place, and to an unaccustomed eye its polished cover might have concealed the works of a sewing machine or even a music box. John Eastlake stared

at it in amazement and wrath for a moment, then pulled his chair about and rocked and groaned all day without deigning another glance.

Miss Wetherburn fluttered in toward evening.

"How is he?" she hissed.

"Jest the same," said Mrs. John; "rockin' and groanin', and groanin' and rockin', and won't even look at the concern."

"Give him rope enough and he'll hang himself," said Miss Wetherburn, inappropriately, considering the vaunted merits of her loan.

Mr. Eastlake on the next day turned his chair and rocked and groaned afresh, pausing at times to survey the wooden case with an aggressive eye.

On the third day Mrs. John, at her ironing in the kitchen, heard in an interval between rocking and groaning an unaccustomed sound, hastened to the door of the sitting-room and beheld her spouse standing in guilty proximity to the box, which had disclosed none of its mysteries, surveying the portrait of his deceased grandfather, which frowned dismally from the wall above. She retreated hastily and immediately heard him rocking with renewed vigor.

That evening as he rocked and she mended, he asked abruptly, "What is that gol-darned thing anyway?"

"That, John," she answered with dignity, "is a bath cabinet. It makes sick people well, and—and—equalizes the circulation."

"Humph!" he retorted, and proceeded to his bed.

Next day he asked gruffly, "How do you do it?"

"Do what, John?" she asked, hoping and fearing.

"Use that thing?"

"Oh," she said eagerly, "you have a nice little lamp burnin' alcohol under a chair, and you wrap in a blanket and set in there—that little round hole is for your head to come through—and you stay there until—until your circulation is equalized."

"Think p'r'aps I'll take one," he growled.

And when she said tremblingly, "Oh, John, do you think you'd better?" he vouchsafed her no reply, but stalked solemnly from the room.

Mrs. John hurried into the kitchen and with hands that shook threw open the lids of the red-hot stove, and set back the irons, for ironing day was as nothing in the scale when a circulation might perchance be equalized. When she had lighted the little lamp and placed it under a chair within the cabinet after many trials at unlatching the door that permitted the patient to enter, Mr. Eastlake emerged draped in a scarlet blanket that almost extinguished him and trailed behind him on the floor.

Mrs. John felt like an executioner as she ushered him in and seated him on the chair, but when so placed it was found that the top of the cabinet came almost to his eyes, and he was obliged to accept from the hands of his wife a fat "Family Physician" to bring him to the proper level.

Mrs. John, now that he was really in, fastened the hasp with unnecessary vigor, and awaited develop-

ments. As the gentle heat filled the cabinet John Eastlake's lean little soul and body warmed to it; his face relaxed and he almost smiled, and as the moments passed he grew more and more scarlet until one could not distinguish where scrawny neck ended and scarlet blanket began.

At length great drops of perspiration fell, and a look of anxiety overspread his face.

"Whew!" he said, though still loath to address his wife, "whew, whew, whew!"

Mrs. John had draped her best log-cabin bedquilt about the cabinet to prevent any stray zephyr from entering, and was engaged in pinning the long ends together with a large pin.

"I've got to get out of here pretty quick," he gasped, "or I'll be melted away. I can jest feel myself a goin'."

"Oh, no," she rejoined, "not yet. You must stay at least half an hour. 'Melia Wetherburn said half an hour was none too long."

"'Melia Wetherburn!" he roared, "did she send this infernal thing? No wonder I'm bein' tortured to death. Lemme out! Take that quilt off!"

Mrs. John, frightened into submission, sought in vain for the head of the pin, or helplessly tried to unfasten the hasp through the folds of the quilt.

"Thunder and lightning, woman, do you want to murder me?" shouted he. "Get that door open, or I'll have to kick the whole thing over."

"No, no, John, remember the

lamp," quavered she, and sought with trembling fingers to subdue the obstreperous fastening.

He was purple now; his wet hair looked like the quills of an exceedingly fretful porcupine, and water rained from his face.

"Let me try," he cried shrilly; but there was no opening save the one already occupied by his head, and as he battered at the door from within, the "Family Physician" slipped from the chair and John Eastlake disappeared from view, to reappear instantly, panting and purple, wearing the expression of one who had been snatched from the jaws of death.

In his sudden descent and ascent the alcohol lamp had tipped and was blazing on the floor. "Jumping Jehosophat!" he howled as the little flame licked his foot, and thereupon rose and rushed madly about the room wearing a bath-cabinet ulster and a trailing skirt of red. Meanwhile the alcohol lamp had wrought its worst upon a wonderful rag rug which represented countless hours of work on the part of Mrs. John, and had burned a goodly piece from the log-cabin bedquilt.

Mr. Eastlake, by means of a series of contortions which might have succeeded in equalizing the circulation of an ossified man, had disarrayed himself of his wooden upper garment, and stood wrathful and awful in his red blanket.

"Confound you, and confound

that Wetherburn woman, and confound that infernal box!" he said with deliberation and cold emphasis worthy of the most horrible of curses.

Again the old adage of the worm proved itself true.

"Don't you confound another thing, John Eastlake," she said, "or I'll go, bag and baggage, out of this house. See what you've done! You've burned up my rag rug that took me all winter to make; you've spoiled the only carpet I've got in the world, and you've burnt my best log-cabin quilt that was made out of the pieces of all my dresses and all my sister's dresses and can't never be replaced. You done enough that time without confoundin' anybody, and now I should advise you to get your clothes on and not stand there ravin' like a red Injun."

He turned without a word and shut the door upon her, and came forth in half an hour washed and shaven and dressed in his haying clothes. She watched him pass out of the house, through the barnyard, and on toward the field where the men were cutting the long grass. Then she bustled about and prepared his favorite dish, and as it began to steam over the fire she sank half laughing, half crying into the long-suffering rocking chair and said to herself:—"Well, 'Melia Wetherburn was right, after all. It's equalized his circulation, and I guess mine's just begun."



APRIL CLOUDS BY CHARLES H. DAVIS.



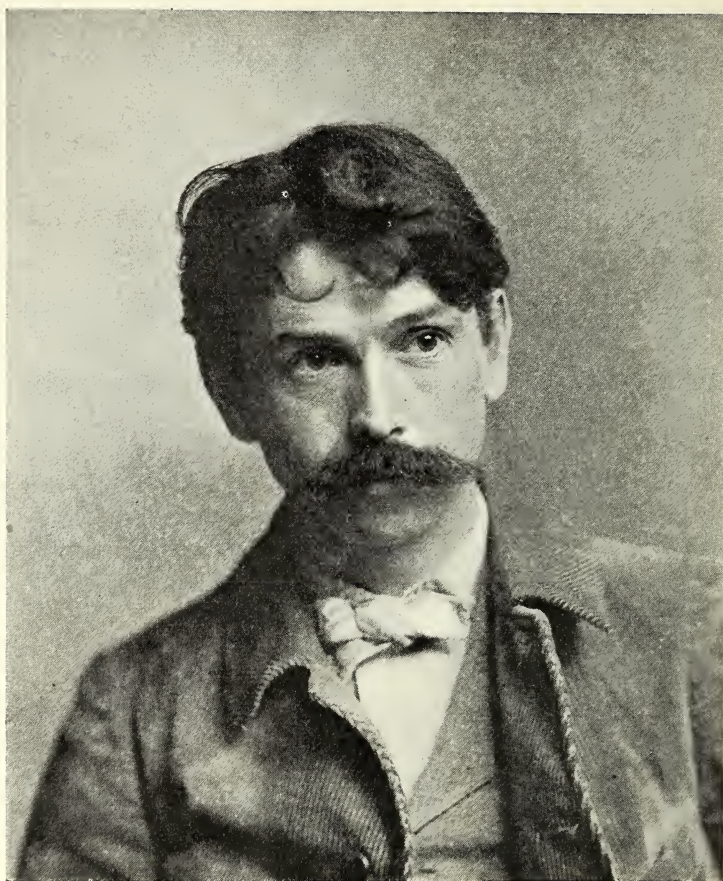
CLOUDS FROM THE WEST

Charles H. Davis's Landscapes

By William Howe Downes

THERE are certain characteristics which, with rare exceptions, are common to all landscape painters worthy of the name, and Charles H. Davis is a typical example of the class. They are men for whom the allurements of society have little or no charm; they are emphatically not gregarious; and, though often endowed with social gifts of the most brilliant nature, they know themselves too well to be willing to waste their energies on side issues. It is a truism to say that art is a jealous mistress. To give up many things for her sake, things that seem desir-

able and important to the majority of men, is no real sacrifice, however, to the artist, but the only way. He must, at all costs, live his own life—free, unhampered, and, for a good part of the time, solitary. It is easy to fancy how well peopled, how busy, how gay is this solitude. For of all the joys that leave no sting, what can be compared with the joy of artistic creative activity? This is the "labor we delight in," which "physics pain." So far from being related to dull and grinding toil, the keen zest with which it is done is one of the most vital conditions of its success. We do not need to know



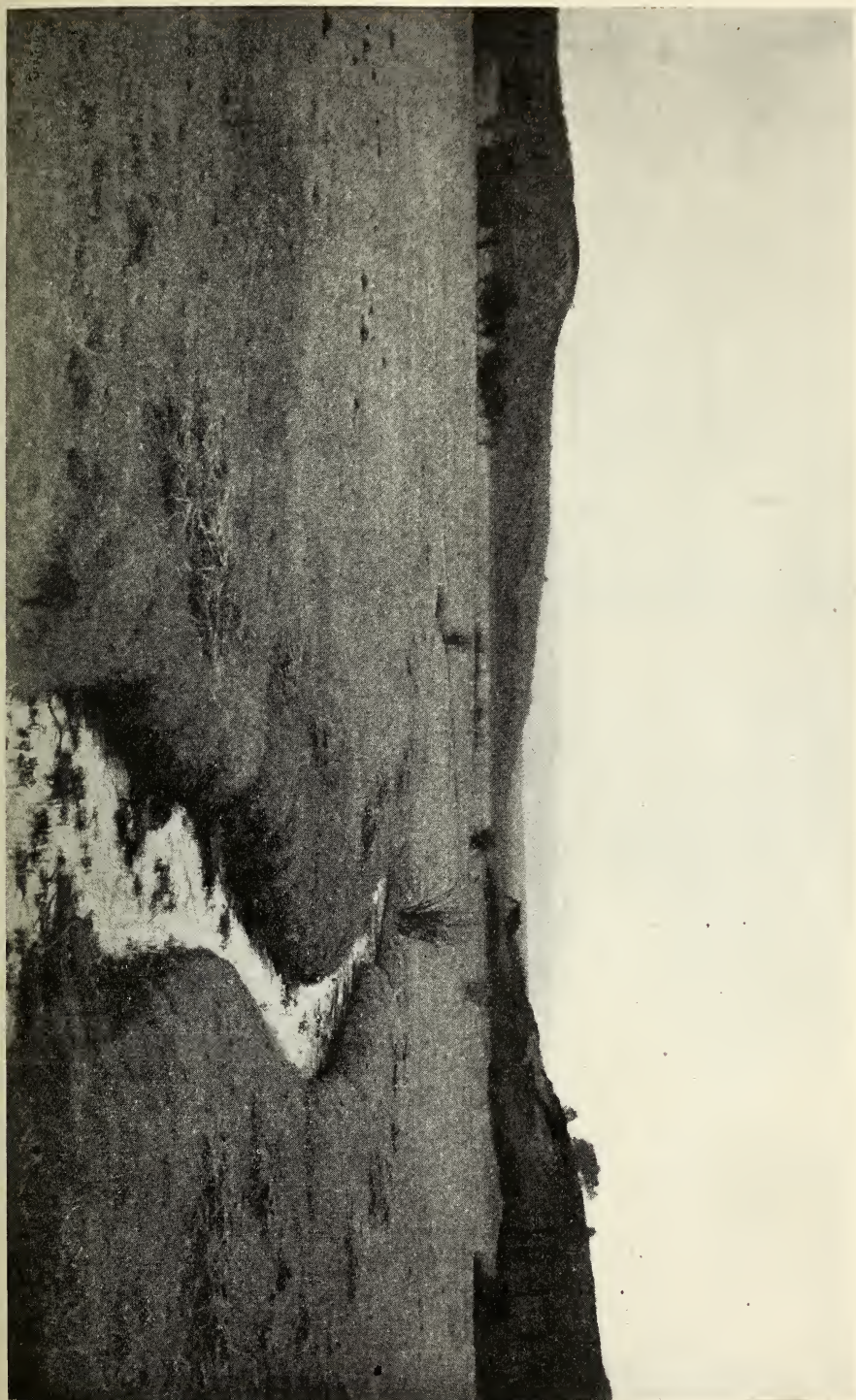
Photograph by George E. Tingley

CHARLES H. DAVIS

an artist personally; he lives in his works; what manner of man he is may be understood sufficiently by and through them. So, in whatever form art comes to us, its central interest and significance are autobiographical and subjective. Each sincere and loving effort is but a revelation of the man behind the work. It is thus that we come to read and construe the evidence, which may always be relied on. The points it tells us are all the more interesting in proportion to the unconsciousness

with which the witness reveals his spiritual nature.

I remember vividly the first exhibition of landscapes by Charles H. Davis, at the Doll & Richards gallery in Boston, in the spring of 1883. He was then studying in France, and his pictures were of the woods and plains in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. They were simple in composition, well constructed and solidly drawn, with transparent atmosphere, and the method was direct and frank. There were two



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THE BROOK AT EVENING

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WOODLAND BROOK

canvases which had been in the Salons of 1881 and 1882 respectively, "La Plaine" and "Early Autumn." The trees, rocks, fallen leaves, moss and other objects in the foreground were skilfully painted; the planes were well related; and all the pictures had the negative merit of modesty, conscientious naturalness, an absence of straining for effect. The artist was struggling with facts and construction, as the basis of good work, though his purpose then—and increasingly since then—was an expression not bounded by realism. He was at that time twenty-seven years old, and was just beginning to discover himself. The development of his art since 1883 has been steady and uninterrupted. To-day he is one of the most eminent of living American landscape painters.

The gradual growth of an artist's

individuality is a most interesting study, and the opportunity offered by a series of nearly a score of exhibitions of Davis's works has been a distinct privilege. In 1884 he sent from France a collection of no less than seventy-three paintings, many of which were little more than studies, made with the same earnest and sober spirit of naturalism, though "The Edge of the Village," from the Salon of 1883,—a grove of trees, with a deep carpet of dried and withered grass covering the ground, beyond which were seen the roofs of several cottages, and a sky of pale blue and gray, faintly tinged with rose-color near the horizon,—possessed pictorial qualities of a more positive order. There was a foreshadowing here of the delicacy, unity, and meditative sobriety of feeling, which were, in



THE GOLDEN OAK

later fulfilment, to blend into that choice and original vein of rural poetry which has become the dominating quality of the mature man's art.

During the remaining six years of his sojourn in France, he continued to send home annually many landscapes which illustrated satisfactorily the continuous development of his æsthetic aims and tendencies. In the exhibitions of 1885, 1887, 1888 and 1890, both in New York and Boston, his motives were still for the most part very simple, almost severe, and a strain of extremely sober sentiment permeated many of them. "The Deepening Shadows," now in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; "Village in the East"; "The Village on the Plain"; "Evening," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York;

"Abandoned," with many less important but not less interesting canvases, belong to this period. These works served, by their intrinsic merits, to bring the artist into favorable attention; his success and reputation were firmly established by them on a substantial basis, so that when he came to the United States in 1890 it was with a certain degree of prestige which had been honestly won and which has not proved by any means ephemeral. On the contrary, the artist, instead of resting on his laurels, threw himself with renewed zeal into the all-absorbing labors of his vocation, ever modest, studious, single-minded and loyal to his ideals.

It is, I think, a not uncommon trait of artists of mark to develop their finest qualities comparatively late. Their early work, however in-

teresting, however complete, cannot be expected to show forth freely the whole intent and purport of their minds. It is, in a sense, preparatory, not final. A too easy success early in life is perilous; one looks askance upon the youthful prodigy; and in art there are too many instances of the rocket and the stick. How many young artists, just out of school, soar with a soul-stirring sound and sudden blaze of light towards the zenith, terminate their dazzling flight with a burst of colored bombs, "flakes of crimson" or "emerald rain," and then go out in darkness, nevermore to be seen or heard of! I would not undervalue impulsiveness as a force in art. It

has its place and function. But your men of staying power, your serious men, with their unconquerable tenacity of purpose, their doggedness, are far more impressive; and it is to this class that Davis belongs. They do not wear out their force by rushing; they move with relative deliberation, but never stop; and as they move they seem to be accumulating strength from day to day, so that no obstacle can stay their progress. Few qualities impress me so much as this grim constancy. Combined with mother-wit, it carries men so far!

Davis's landscapes do not belong to the melodramatic order of pictures. He is no *Salvator Rosa*, no



THE SUNLIT OAK



THE SHORTEST DAY

Turner, no Delacroix. Very many of his paintings deal with the country in its soberest and severest mood, with its grays and browns of autumn and winter, its naked trees, its bleak uplands, its frost and wind, skies dull and sad. Subtle, reserved, almost melancholy, with a touch of homeliness, these canvases have no vivid contrasts of light and shadow, no sharp accents, no violence, no appeal to the liking for novelty. If they err at all, it is in the direction of an excessive reticence and sobriety. These remarks apply more especially to the pictures painted prior to 1892. They demanded for full appreciation a

taste on the part of the observer for the severe and serene phases of landscape art; and their appeal was to the imagination which found its stimulus in the dreamy and dull-hued aspects of the country under clouded skies, at twilight, or after dark, in seasons of gloom and chill, when nature is not in a smiling mood.

The beauty of these works, then, was not of a sort that would make its appeal to a large number of people. It had in it too much measure and moderation. It was, too, somewhat dull and sad. But, on the other hand, it aroused in the imagination of that multitudinous tribe

which is descended from Mark Tapley an unspeakably delectable impression of melancholy and lonesomeness. There was that painting of "Evening," with the silhouette of a half-ruined castle outlined against the bluish-green sky; the light seemed slowly to wane as one looked at it; it was not cheerful, but it was a work of distinct romantic power. "Abandoned" was of a like sentimental vein; it was dignified, impressive, and dreamy, full of a vague legendary suggestiveness; it made one remember one's first evening at boarding-school rather too well. But it is due to the artist to add that these works had in them the beauty of feeling which has ever been the mark of his art; their sentiment was genuine, not

factitious; and it was embodied in a virile and painter-like form.

The tendency towards a more luminous style became noticeable after 1894. Until that time the artist had adhered to the extreme moderation and sobriety of color which have been noted here. His work had been, indeed, far from dull in spirit, but its style had been, as we have seen, wanting in animation, sparkle and gayety. The matter was there, the sentiment for natural beauty, the artistic intuition, but its outer garments were of Quaker hue. The time-spirit had not been without its influence, however, and it is perfectly just to give due credit to the modern sun-worshippers, the outdoor painters, the luminarists, for the very evident in-



A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE STREET

crease of light and brilliancy in his work. That the love of light in landscape is the chief distinguishing characteristic of the art in our day is a familiar fact; and that the ability to suggest sunlight goes beyond that of the painters of past times is a claim which we hear often made. Without entering upon this vexed question, and without asking whether the typical modern landscape painter, in gaining ground in one direction, has not sacrificed some qualities at least as desirable and important as those he has obtained, it may be conceded that the brightness and cheerfulness of the open-air landscape are welcome and acceptable to all healthy tastes, and that they are not necessarily incom-

patible with a genuine poetical sentiment and a refined interpretation of natural phenomena. This brings us to the great point in favor of Davis's manner of using modern methods. It is that he uses these methods, and that he does not allow them to use him. He makes of them his means to an end, not an end in itself; his servants, not his masters. He has modified his style by the clarification of his palette, by the use of brilliant oppositions of tones, by an augmented boldness and breadth, but he has not imitated any one in touch, texture or brush work.

No school can claim him but the school of nature. He needed a little more audacity; he has gained it.



"EACH IN HIS NARROW CELL FOREVER LAID
THE RUDE FOREFATHERS OF THE HAMLET SLEEP."



A LONELY ROAD

His color needed a little additional liveliness and life; it has it. He has more decorative quality, more freedom; but he has not lost his old-time beauty of perception, his innate delicacy of feeling. All means are good that lead to the desired end. The painter who can be classified definitely is likely to be running in a groove; and Davis cannot be thus classified; he is his own man. He has not become the remarkable landscape painter that he is by travelling over any royal road. His art has had a steady, healthy, natural growth. It is by keeping himself so closely in contact with nature that he has been able to develop his talent and to build up the orderly and organic structure of his art, without mannerisms, retaining that freshness of vision, that candid ingenuousness of mind, which, in a

painter, mean so much that is delightful and spontaneous. He is on the most intimate and kindly relations with nature, and few modern painters have been permitted to penetrate further into its arcana.

From the first Davis has been a great student of the sky and of its inexhaustible pageantry. His drawing and modelling of the forms of clouds, his feeling for their textures and movements, his evident enjoyment of their vaporous gradations and subtleties of tone under shifting lights, are constantly manifested in his works. Nearly twenty years ago he exhibited a small upright landscape of a village in France, with low gray cottages and a quaint church tower rising over them; in the pale blue sky floated one great, lovely white cloud,—an object of almost perfect beauty,—



SUMMER · MOONLIGHT

which seemed likely to dissolve, scatter its vapors, and fade from view; it was an unforgettable vision of cool, delicate and ethereal loveliness, worthy of Corot in his best moments. In the sky of the large landscape entitled "Summer Clouds," which was at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, 1901, we find all the picturesque and mobile elements that are needed to give life and character to the scene. These clouds have the aspect of incessant changefulness and unhurrying action; they seem to detach themselves, to attach themselves again, now massing their vapors, now opening out; they build and unbuild their whimsical heaps of snowy and fragile textures, now hiding and now revealing the remoter deeps of blue.

* * * * *

Charles H. Davis was born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1856. His father, who was a native of that town, taught school there for more than thirty years. From early boyhood young Davis had been accustomed to drawing, and, though he never saw a painting worthy of the slightest consideration until he was eighteen years of age, he often expressed the wish to become a painter. His father, an excellent mathematician, had but a slight appreciation of art work, but his mother was exceedingly fond of all pertaining to it. She saw the Duke of Montpensier's collection when it was exhibited at the Boston Athenæum in 1874, and insisted on her son going to Boston to see it, too. The Spanish pictures made no great impression upon him, but some French landscapes of the Fontaine-



UPLANDS, EAST WIND

bleau school which were on exhibition in other rooms at the Athenæum at the same time appealed strongly to him, and a group of drawings by Millet, though they seemed queer, lingered long in his memory. At that time he was working in a carriage shop at Amesbury, where he went to serve an apprenticeship as a body-maker a short time before he was fifteen years old. This was much against the wishes of his parents, who, however, finally consented, thinking that he would soon get enough of it, and would be willing to return to his studies in the high school; but he stuck to it, and, after all, it was a valuable experience for him. At odd times he painted landscapes, making his first attempts with com-

mon house paints, but as soon as his first pay-day came he bought some tube paints. Presently, when he was nearly of age, during a period of dull times, when he was out of work, he devoted himself so assiduously to painting, that his father, who was not satisfied with the trade he had chosen, suggested that he should take up painting as a profession, and offered to defray his expenses for a course of study in Boston. This suggestion filled the boy with delight. He took some of his crude productions to Boston, and, in fear and trembling, knocked at the doors of some of the studios in the old Studio Building in Tremont Street, where he received scant encouragement. For a few days things looked dark to him, but



BY THE ROADSIDE

after a while he adopted the suggestion of one of the painters, and entered one of the free evening drawing schools. There he ventured to speak to his teacher, Leslie Miller, concerning his purposes and hopes, and Mr. Miller in a very kindly way told him of the art school just then beginning at the Museum of Fine Arts, and advised him to present himself there as a student. He did so the next day, and was at once enrolled as a pupil. Before this time Davis's mother had died, so that one of the greatest satisfactions she could have had was denied her. He remained in the Museum school three years, and then came the longing to study abroad. His father, with two other

sons to provide for, could not see his way to aid Charles to do this, but, most fortunately, from an absolutely unlooked-for source, the means were provided.

A retired carriage manufacturer of Amesbury, J. R. Huntington, who did not know the young man personally, but had heard of his efforts and ambition, met him in the street one day, and, speaking to him for the first time, then and there offered to defray his expenses in Paris for two years. Mr. Huntington was better than his word, for, with the utmost generosity, requesting no return other than an occasional picture whenever the young man might see fit to send one, he made the way clear for his *protégé* until

the returns from his work began to come in, years after, placing him upon an independent basis.

It was in 1880 that Davis went to France. He entered the Julian Academy in Paris, and was placed under the instruction of Lefévre and Boulanger. But his intention from the first had been to devote himself to landscape, and he naturally gravitated to Barbizon. Going there for a few days in January, 1881, his first glimpse of the haunts of Millet and Rousseau made the stuffy atelier in Paris seem very distasteful to him, and, after a half-hearted attempt to resume the work of the school, he was swept away by an irresistible impulse to return to that wonderful forest of Fontainebleau. There he painted in the open, and the first result was a little picture which was promptly accepted by the Salon jury of 1881.

To make a long story short, he exhibited in the Salon for ten consecutive years, the entire time of his sojourn in France. He brought his family to this country in 1890, and has been working here ever since then, living at Mystic, Conn. Perhaps it ought to be said, in connection with his school work in Paris, that he returned to the academy for short intervals of the two years following his first season there; but his heart was not in that work, but always in the country, the little gray villages, the noble forest and the vast plains which were the subjects of his paintings from 1880 to 1890.

He has never had any instruction in his landscape work, but simply took up his abode in the country and pegged away at his vocation throughout the four seasons of the year; and that has been his custom



AN OLD CORNER

ever since he began serious work. He has always avoided the localities frequented by painters, finding his own fields of congenial work, and enjoying the society of a few intimate friends, though often quite isolated. It has always been his habit to see more of nature than of art, a habit which has had much to do with the development of his individuality.

Honors have not been wanting. He received the Prize Fund gold medal of the American Art Association in 1886, and in the following year one of his pictures took the \$2,000 prize and became the property of the Union League Club of New York. Then came an honorable mention at the Salon of 1887 for a picture called "The Last Rays." Next came a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889, which made the artist *hors concours* at the Salon. In 1890 the \$500 Potter Palmer prize was awarded to him for the best landscape at the Chicago Institute exhibition; and at about the same time a gold medal was awarded to him at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston; from the same source he has had also a silver medal. A grand gold medal was awarded to him at Atlanta; medals from the World's Fair at Chicago, the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and the last Paris International Exposition were added to the list; and in 1901 he received the \$300 prize for the best landscape ("Summer Clouds") at the Penn-

sylvania Academy in Philadelphia. He is an associate of the National Academy, a member of the Society of American Artists, an artist member of the Lotos Club, New York, and vice-president of the Copley Society of Boston. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by a picture called "Evening"; in the permanent collection of the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, by "The Brook"; in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, by "The Deepening Shadows," a work which, on the occasion of its appearance at the National Academy exhibition in New York, was so much admired by Inness and Wyant, who were on the hanging committee, that they tried (in vain) to have it hung in the chief place of honor. This picture was bought by Thomas B. Clarke, with three others by Davis, and was purchased by the Corcoran Gallery at the Clarke sale. Davis is also represented in the Chicago Art Institute, and in public collections at Omaha and Hartford.

Much of his best work is owned in or near Boston. His first really ambitious effort and fairly large canvas, his second Salon picture, which he named "La Plaine," was bought by a Boston lady, in whose home it still hangs. One of his very best pictures, called "A Winter Evening," is owned by the well-known Washington collector, Thomas Waggaman, who recently loaned it to the Corcoran Gallery.



A Prayer

By Marco Fuller

Oh, God! Thou great far-seeing One,
Teach us to see
That worldly failure sometimes means success;
That pain is sent but to refine and bless;
That good can come of yesterday's distress;
Teach us to see.

Oh, God! Thou great All-wise and Good!
Teach us to know,
Not fame, the measure of divinest powers,
But life lived truly through unnumbered hours.
To-morrow may not come; to-day is ours.
Teach us to know.

Oh, God! Thou great Inspiring One!
Teach us to strive.
To persevere, though dark the path we tread,
Content to be by right and duty led,
With faith that we shall find the light ahead.
Teach us to strive.

Oh, God! Thou of Divinest Life!
Teach us to live.
What though our life-work great or small may be,
Grant us some spark of thy divinity,
That we may make a soul's sweet symphony.
Teach us to live.

The Ship that Saw a Ghost

By Frank Norris

VERY much of this story must remain untold, for the reason that if it were definitely known what business I had aboard the tramp steam-freighter *Glarus*, three hundred miles off the South American coast on a certain summer's day some few years ago, I would very likely be obliged to answer a great many personal and direct questions put by fussy and impertinent experts in maritime law, who are paid to be inquisitive. Also, I would get "Ally Bazan," Strokher and Hardenberg into trouble.

Suppose, on that certain summer's day, you had asked of Lloyd's agency where the *Glarus* was, and what was her destination and cargo. You would have been told that she was twenty days out from Callao, bound north to San Francisco in ballast; that she had been spoken by the bark *Medea* and the steamer *Benevento*; that she was reported to have blown out a cylinder head, but being manageable, was proceeding on her way under sail.

That is what Lloyd's would have answered.

If you know something of the ways of ships and what is expected of them, you will understand that the *Glarus* to be some half a dozen hundred miles south of where Lloyd's would have her, and to

be still going south, under full steam, was a scandal that would have made her brothers and sisters ostracize her finally and forever.

And that is curious, too. Humans may indulge in vagaries innumerable, and may go far afield in the way of lying; but a ship may not so much as quibble without suspicion. The least lapse of "regularity," the least difficulty in squaring performance with intuition, and behold she is on the black list and her captain, owners, officers, agents and consignors, and even supercar-goes are asked to explain.

And the *Glarus* was already on the black list. From the beginning her stars had been malign. As the *Breda*, she had first lost her reputation, seduced into filibustering escapade down the South American coasts, where in the end a plain-clothes United States detective—that is to say a revenue cutter—arrested her off Buenos Ayres and brought her home, a prodigal daughter, besmirched and disgraced.

After that she was in some dreadful blackbirding business in a far quarter of the South Pacific; and after that—her name changed finally to the *Glarus*—poached seals for a syndicate of Dutchmen who lived in Tacoma, and who after-

wards built a clubhouse out of what she earned.

And after that we got her.

We got her, I say, through Ryder's South Pacific Exploitation Company. The "president" had picked out a lovely, lively little deal for Hardenberg, Strokher and Ally Bazan (the Three Black Crows), which he swore would make them "independent rich" the rest of their respective lives. It is a promising deal (B. 300 it is on Ryder's map), and if you want to know more about it you may write to ask Ryder what B. 300 is. If he chooses to tell you that is his affair.

For B. 300—let us confess it—is, as Hardenberg puts it, as crooked as a dog's hind leg. It is as risky as barratry. If you pull it off you may—after paying Ryder his share—divide sixty-five, or possibly sixty-seven, thousand dollars betwixt you and your associates. If you fail, and you are perilously like to fail, you will be sure to have a man or two of your companions shot, maybe yourself obliged to pistol certain people, and in the end fetch up at Tahiti, prisoner in a French patrol boat.

Observe that B. 300 is spoken of as still open. It is so, for the reason that the Three Black Crows did not pull it off. It still stands marked up in red ink on the map that hangs over Ryder's desk in the San Francisco office; and any one can have a chance at it who will meet Cyrus Ryder's terms. Only he can't get the *Glarus* for the attempt.

For the trip to the island after B. 300 was the last occasion on which

the *Glarus* will smell blue water or taste the trades. She will never clear again. She is lumber.

And yet the *Glarus* on this very blessed day of 1902 is riding to her buoys off Sausalito in San Francisco bay, complete in every detail (bar a broken propeller shaft), not a rope missing, not a screw loose, not a plank started—a perfectly equipped steam-freighter.

But you may go along the Front in San Francisco from Fisherman's Wharf to the China steamships' docks and shake your dollars under the seamen's noses, and if you so much as whisper *Glarus* they will edge suddenly off and look at you with scared suspicion, and then, as like as not, walk away without another word. No pilot will take the *Glarus* out; no captain will navigate her; no stoker will feed her fires; no sailor will walk her decks. The *Glarus* is suspect. She has seen a ghost.

* * * * *

It happened on our voyage to the island after this same B. 300. We had stood well off from shore for day after day, and Hardenberg had shaped our course so far from the track of navigation that since the *Benevento* had hulled down and vanished over the horizon, no stitch of canvas nor smudge of smoke had we seen. We had passed the equator long since, and would fetch a long circuit to the southward, and bear up against the island by a circuitous route. This to avoid being spoken. It was tremendously essential that the *Glarus* should not be spoken. I suppose, no doubt, that it was the knowledge of our

isolation that impressed me with the dreadful remoteness of our position. Certainly the sea in itself looks no different at a thousand than at a hundred miles from shore. But as day after day I came out on deck, at noon, after ascertaining our position on the chart (a mere pin point in a reach of empty paper), the sight of the ocean weighed down upon me with an infinitely great awesomeness—and I was no new hand to the high seas even then.

But at such times the *Glarus* seemed to me to be threading a loneliness beyond all words and beyond all conception desolate. Even in more populous waters, when no sail notches the line of the horizon, the propinquity of one's kind is nevertheless a thing understood, and, to an unappreciated degree, comforting. Here, however, I knew we were out, far out in the desert. Never a keel for years upon years before us had parted these waters, never a sail had bellied to these winds. Perfunctorily, day in and day out we turned our eyes through long habit towards the horizons. But we knew, before the look, that the searching would be bootless. Forever and forever, under the pitiless sun and cold blue sky stretched the indigo of the ocean floor. The ether between the planets can be no less empty, no less void. I never, till that moment, could have so much as conceived the imagination of such loneliness, such utter stagnant abomination of desolation. In an open boat, bereft of comrades, I should have gone mad in thirty minutes.

I remember to have approximated

the impression of such empty immensity only once before, in my younger days, when I lay on my back on a treeless, bushless mountain side, and stared up into the sky for the better part of an hour. You probably know the trick. If you do not, you must understand that if you look up at the blue long enough, steadily enough, the flatness of the thing begins little by little to expand, to give here and there; and the eye travels on and on and up and up, till at length (well for you that it lasts but the fraction of a second), you all at once see space. You generally stop there and cry out, and—your hands over your eyes—are only too glad to grovel close to the good old solid earth again. Just as I, so often on that short voyage, was glad to wrench my eyes away from that horrid vacancy, to fasten them upon our sailless masts and stack, or to lay my grip upon the sooty smudged taffrail of the only thing that stood between me and the Outer Dark.

For we had come at last to that region of the Great Seas where no ship goes, the silent sea of Coleridge and the Ancient One, the unplumbed, untracked, uncharted Dreadfulness, primordial, hushed, and we were as much alone as a grain of star dust whirling in the empty space beyond Uranus and the ken of the greater telescopes.

So the *Glarus* plodded and churned her way onward. Every day and all day the same pale blue sky and unwinking sun bent over that moving speck. Every day and all day the same black-blue water-world, untouched by any known wind,

smooth as a slab of syenite, colorful as an opal, stretched out and around and beyond and before and behind us, forever, illimitable, empty. Every day the smoke of our fires veiled the streaked whiteness of our wake. Every day Hardenberg (our skipper) at noon pricked a pin hole in the chart that hung in the wheel house, and that showed we were so much farther into the wilderness. Every day the world of men, of civilization, of newspapers, policemen and street railways receded, and we steamed on alone, lost and forgotten in that silent sea.

"Jolly lot o' room to turn raound in," observed Ally Bazan, the colonial, "withaout steppin' on y'r neighbor's toes."

"We're clean, clean out o' the track of navigation," Hardenberg told him. "An' a blessed good thing for us, too. Nobody ever comes down into these waters. Ye couldn't pick no course here. Everything leads to nowhere."

"Might as well be in a bally balloon," said Strokher.

I shall not tell of the nature of the venture on which the *Glarus* was bound, further than to say it was not legitimate. It had to do with an ill thing done over two centuries ago. There was money in the venture, but it was to be gained by a violation of metes and bounds which are better left intact.

The island toward which we were heading is associated in the minds of men with a Horror. A ship had called there once, two hundred years in advance of the *Glarus*—a ship not much unlike the crank high-prowed caravel of Hudson, and her company

had landed, and having accomplished the evil they had set out to do, made shift to sail away. And then, just after the palms of the island had sunk from sight below the water's edge, the unspeakable had happened. The Death that was not Death had arisen from out the sea and stood before the ship and over it; and the blight of the thing lay along the decks like mould, and the ship sweated in the terror of that which is yet without a name. Twenty men died in the first week, all but six in the second. These six, with the shadow of 'insanity upon them, made out to launch a boat, returned to the island and died there, after leaving a record of what had happened.

The six left the ship exactly as she was, sails all set, lanterns all lit; left her in the shadow of the Death that was not Death. The wind made at the time, they said, and as they bent to their oars, she sailed after them, for all the world like a thing refusing to abandon them or be herself abandoned, till the wind died down. Then they left her behind, and she stood there, becalmed, and watched them go. She was never heard of again.

Or was she—well, that's as may be.

But the main point of the whole affair, to my notion, has always been this. The ship was the last friend of those six poor wretches who made back for the island with their poor chests of plunder. She was their guardian, as it were; would have defended and befriended them to the last; and also we, the Three Black Crows and myself, had

no right under heaven, nor before the law of men, to come prying and peeping into this business—into this affair of the dead and buried past. There was sacrilege in it. We were no better than body snatchers.

* * * * *

When I heard the others complaining of the loneliness of our surroundings, I said nothing at first. I was no sailor man and I was on board only by tolerance. But I looked again at the maddening sameness of the horizon—the same vacant, void horizon that we had seen now for sixteen days on end—and felt in my wits and in my nerves that same formless rebellion and protest such as comes when the same note is reiterated over and over again.

It may seem a little thing that the mere fact of meeting with no other ship should have ground down the edge of the spirit. But let the incredulous—bound upon such a hazard as ours—sail straight into nothingness for sixteen days on end, seeing nothing but the sun, hearing nothing but the thresh of his own screw, and then put the question.

And yet, of all things, we desired no company. Stealth was our one great aim. But I think there were moments—toward the last—when the Three Crows would have welcomed even a cruiser.

Besides, there was more cause for depression, after all, than mere isolation.

On the seventh day Hardenberg and I were forward by the cathead, adjusting the grain with some half-formed intent of spearing the porpoises that of late had begun to ap-

pear under our bows, and Hardenberg had been computing the number of days we were yet to run.

"We are some five hundred odd miles off that island by now," he said, "and she's doing her thirteen knots handsome. All's well so far—but do you know, I'd just as soon raise that point o' land as soon as convenient."

"How so?" said I, bending on the line. "Expect some weather?"

"Mr. Dixon," said he, giving me a curious glance, "the sea is a queer proposition, put it any ways. I've been a seafarin' man since I was as big as a minute, and I know the sea, and what's more, the Feel o' the Sea. Now, look out yonder. Nothin', hey? Nothin' but the same ol' sky line we've watched all the way out. The glass is as steady as a steeple, and this ol' hooker, I reckon, is as sound as the day she went off the ways. But just the same, if I were to home now, a-foolin' about Gloucester way in my little dough-dish—d'ye know what? I'd put into port. I sure would. Because why? Because I got the Feel o' the Sea, Mr. Dixon, I got the Feel o' the Sea."

I had heard old skippers say something of this before, and I cited to Hardenberg the experience of a skipper captain I once knew who had turned turtle in a calm Sea off Trincomalee. I asked him what this Feel of the Sea was warning him against just now (for on the high sea any premonition is a premonition of evil, not of good). But he was not explicit.

"I don't know," he answered moodily, and as if in great perplexi-

ty, coiling the rope as he spoke,—“I don’t know. There’s some blame thing or other close to us, I’ll bet a hat. I don’t know the name of it, Mr. Dixon, and I don’t know the game of it, but there’s a big Bird in the air, just out of sight som’eres, and,” he suddenly exclaimed, smacking his knee and leaning forward, “I—don’t—like—it—one—dam’—bit.”

The same thing came up in our talk in the cabin that night, after the dinner was taken off, and we settled down to tobacco. Only, at this time, Hardenberg was on duty on the bridge. It was Ally Bazan who spoke instead.

“Seems to me,” he hazarded, “as haow they’s somethin’ or other a-goin’ to bump up, pretty blyme soon. I shouldn’t be surprised, naow, y’know, if we piled her up on some bally uncharted reef along o’ to-night and went strite daown afore we’d had a bloomin’ charnce to s’y ‘So long, gen’lemen all.’”

He laughed as he spoke, but when just at that moment a pan clattered in the galley, he jumped suddenly with an oath, and looked hard about the cabin.

Then Strokher confessed to a sense of distress also. He’d been having it since day before yesterday, it seemed.

“And I put it to you the glass is lovely,” he said, “so it’s no blow. I guess,” he continued, “we’re all a bit seedy and ship sore.”

And whether or not this talk worked upon my own nerves, or whether in very truth the Feel of the Sea had found me also, I do not know; but I do know that after din-

ner that night, just before going to bed, a queer sense of apprehension came upon me, and that when I had come to my stateroom, after my turn upon deck, I became furiously angry with nobody in particular, because I could not at once find the matches. But here was a difference. The other men had been merely vaguely uncomfortable.

I could put a name to my uneasiness. I felt that we were being watched.

* * * * *

It was a strange ship’s company we made after that. I speak only of the Crows and myself. We carried a scant crew of stokers, and there was also a chief engineer. But we saw so little of him that he did not count. The Crows and I gloomed on the quarter-deck from dawn to dark, silent, irritable, working upon each other’s nerves till the creak of a block would make a man jump like cold steel laid to his flesh. We quarrelled over absolute nothings, glowered at each other for half a word, and each one of us, at different times, was at some pains to declare that never in the course of his career had he been associated with such a disagreeable trio of brutes. Yet we were always together, and sought each other’s company with painful insistence.

Only once were we all agreed, and that was when the cook, a Chinaman, spoiled a certain batch of biscuits. Unanimously we fell foul of the creature with as much vociferation as fishwives till he fled the cabin in actual fear of mishandling, leaving us suddenly seized with noisy hilarity—for the first time in

a week. Hardenberg proposed a round of drinks from our single remaining case of beer. We stood up and formed an elk's chain and then drained our glasses to each other's health with profound seriousness.

That same evening, I remember, we all sat on the quarter-deck till late and—oddly enough—related each one his life's history up to date; and then went down to the cabin for a game of euchre before turning in.

We had left Strokher on the bridge—it was his watch—and had forgotten all about him in the interest of the game, when—I suppose it was about one in the morning—I heard him whistle long and shrill. I laid down my cards and said: "Hark!"

In the silence that followed we heard at first only the muffled lode of our engines, the cadenced snorting of the exhaust, and the ticking of Hardenberg's big watch in his waistcoat that he had hung by the armhole to the back of his chair. Then from the bridge, above our deck, prolonged, intoned—a wailing cry in the night—came Strokher's voice: "Sail oh-h-h."

And the cards fell from our hands, and, like men turned to stone, we sat looking at each other across the soiled red cloth for what seemed an immeasurably long minute.

Then stumbling and swearing, in a hysteria of hurry, we gained the deck.

There was a moon, very low and reddish, but no wind. The sea beyond the taffrail was as smooth as lava, and so still that the swells from the cutwater of the *Glarus* did

not break as they rolled away from the bows.

I remember that I stood staring and blinking at the empty ocean—where the moonlight lay like a painted stripe reaching to the horizon—stupid and frowning, till Hardenberg, who had gone on ahead, cried:

"Not here—on the bridge!"

We joined Strokher, and as I came up the others were asking:

"Where? Where?"

And there, before he had pointed, I saw—we all of us saw. And I heard Hardenberg's teeth come together like a spring trap, while Ally Bazan ducked as though to a blow, muttering:

"Gord'a mercy, what nyme do ye put to a ship like that?"

And after that no one spoke for a long minute, and we stood there, moveless black shadows, huddled together for the sake of the blessed elbow touch that means so incalculably much, looking off over our port quarter.

For the ship that we saw there—oh, she was not a half mile distant—was unlike any ship known to present day construction.

She was short and high-pooed, and her stern, which was turned a little towards us, we could see, was set with curious windows, not unlike a house. And on either side of this stern were two great iron crescents, such as once were used to burn signal flares in. She had three masts, with mighty yards swung 'thwart ship, but bare of all sails save a few rotting streamers. Here and there about her a tangled mass of rigging drooped and sagged.

And there she lay, in the red eye of the setting moon, in that solitary ocean, shadowy, antique, forlorn, a thing the most abandoned, the most sinister I ever remember to have seen.

Then Strokher began to explain volubly and with many repetitions:

"A derelict, of course. I was asleep; yes, I was asleep. Gross neglect of duty. I say I was asleep—on watch. And we worked up to her. When I woke, why—you see, when I woke, there she was," he gave a weak little laugh, "and—and now, why, there she is, you see. I turned around and saw her sudden like—when I woke up, that is."

He laughed again, and as he laughed, the engines far below our feet gave a sudden hiccough. Something crashed and struck the ship's sides till we lurched as we stood. There was a shriek of steam, a shout—and then silence.

The noise of the machinery ceased; the *Glarus* slid through the still water, moving only by her own decreasing momentum.

Hardenberg sang, "Stand by!" and called down the tube to the engine room.

"What's up?"

I was standing close enough to him to hear the answer in a small faint voice:

"Shaft gone, sir."

"Broke?"

"Yes, sir."

Hardenberg faced about.

"Come below. We must talk."

I do not think any of us cast a glance at the Other Ship again. Certainly I kept my eyes away from her. But as we started down the

companionway I laid my hand on Strokher's shoulder. The rest were ahead. I looked him straight between the eyes as I asked:

"Were you asleep? Is that why you saw her so suddenly?"

It is now five years since I asked the question. I am still waiting for Strokher's answer.

Well, our shaft was broken. That was flat. We went down into the engine room and saw the jagged fracture that was the symbol of our broken hopes. And in the course of the next five minutes' conversation with the chief, we found that, as we had not provided against such a contingency, there was to be no mending of it. We said nothing about the mishap coinciding with the appearance of the Other Ship. But I know we did not consider the break with any degree of surprise after a few moments.

We came up from the engine room and sat down to the cabin table.

"Now what?" said Hardenberg, by way of beginning.

Nobody answered at first.

It was by now three in the morning. I recall it all perfectly. The ports opposite where I sat were open and I could see. The moon was all but full set. The dawn was coming up with a copper murkiness over the edge of the world. All the stars were yet out. The sea, for all the red moon and copper dawn, was gray, and there, less than half a mile away, still lay our consort. I could see her through the portholes with each slow careening of the *Glarus*.

"I vote for the island," cried Ally Bazan, "shaft or no shaft. We rigs

a bit o' syle, y'know—" and there-at the discussion began.

For upwards of two hours it raged, with loud words and shaken forefingers, and great noisy bangings of the table, and how it would have ended I do not know, but at last—it was then maybe five in the morning—the lookout passed word down to the cabin:

"Will you come on deck, gentlemen?" It was the mate who spoke, and the man was shaken—I could see that—to the very vitals of him. We started and stared at one another, and I watched little Ally Bazan go slowly white to the lips. And even then no word of the Ship, except as it might be this from Hardenberg:

"What is it? Good God Almighty, I'm no coward, but this thing is getting one too many for me."

Then without further speech he went on deck.

The air was cool. The sun was not yet up. It was that strange, queer mid-period between dark and dawn, when the night is over and the day not yet come, just the gray that is neither light nor dark. The dim dead blink as of the refracted light from extinct worlds.

We stood at the rail. We did not speak. We stood watching. It was so still that the drip of steam from some loosened pipe far below was plainly audible, and it sounded in that lifeless, silent grayness, like—God knows what—a death tick.

"You see," said the mate, speaking just above a whisper, "there's no mistake about it. She is moving—this way."

"Oh, a current, of course," Strok-

her tried to say cheerfully, "sets her toward us."

Would the morning never come?

Ally Bazan—his parents were Catholic—began to mutter to himself.

Then Hardenberg spoke aloud:

"I particularly don't want—that—out—there—to cross our bows. I don't want it to come to that. We must get some sails on her."

"And I put it to you as man to man," said Strokher, "where might be your wind?"

He was right. The *Glarus* floated in absolute calm. On all that slab of ocean nothing moved but the Dead Ship.

She came on slowly; her bows, the high clumsy bows pointed toward us, the water turning from her forefoot. She came on; she was near at hand. We saw her plainly—saw the rotted planks, the crumbling rigging, the rust corroded metal work, the broken rail, the gaping deck, and I could imagine that the clean water broke away from her sides in reflux wavelets as though in recoil from a thing unclean. She made no sound. No single thing stirred aboard the hulk of her—but she moved.

We were helpless. The *Glarus* could stir no boat in any direction; we were chained to the spot. Nobody had thought to put out our lights, and they still burned on through the dawn, strangely out of place in their red and green garishness, like masquers surprised by daylight.

And in the silence of that empty ocean, in that queer half light between dawn and day, at six o'clock,

silent as the settling of the dead to the bottomless bottom of the ocean, gray as fog, lonely, blind, soulless, voiceless, the Dead Ship crossed our bows.

I do not know how long after this the Ship disappeared, or what was the time of day when we at last pulled ourselves together. But we came to some sort of decision at last. This was to go on—under sail. We were too close to the island now to turn back for—for a broken shaft.

The afternoon was spent fitting on the sails to her, and when after nightfall the wind at length came up fresh and favorable, I believe we all felt heartened and a deal more hardy, until the last canvas went aloft, and Hardenberg took the wheel.

We had drifted a good deal since the morning, and the bows of the *Glarus* were pointed homeward, but as soon as the breeze blew strong enough to get steerage way, Hardenberg put the wheel over, and as the booms swung across the deck headed for the island again.

We had not gone on this course half an hour—no, not twenty minutes—before the wind shifted a whole quarter of the compass and took the *Glarus* square in the teeth, so that there was nothing for it but to tack. And then the Strangest Thing befell.

I will make allowance for the fact that there was no centreboard nor keel to speak of to the *Glarus*. I will admit that the sails upon a nine hundred ton freighter are not calculated to speed her, nor steady her. I will even admit the possibility of a current that set from the island to-

ward us. All this may be true, yet the *Glarus* should have advanced. We should have made a wake.

And instead of this, our stolid, steady, trusty old boat was—what shall I say?

I will say that no man may thoroughly understand a ship, after all. I will say that new ships are cranky and unsteady, that old and seasoned ships have their little crotchets, their little fussinesses that their skippers must learn and humor if they are to get anything out of them, that even the best ships may sulk at times, shirk their work, grow unstable, perverse, and refuse to answer helm and handling. And I will say that some ships that for years have sailed blue water as soberly and as docilely as a street-car horse has plodded the treadmill of the 'tween-tracks, have been known to balk as stubbornly and as conclusively as any old Bay Billy that ever wore a bell. I know this has happened, because I have seen it. I saw, for instance, the *Glarus* do it.

Quite literally and truly we could do nothing with her. We will say, if you like, that that great jar and wrench when the shaft gave way shook her and crippled her. It is true, however, that whatever the cause may have been, we could not force her toward the island. Of course we all said, "Current;" but why didn't the log-line trail?

For three days and three nights we tried it. And the *Glarus* heaved and plunged and shook herself just as you have seen a horse plunge and rear when his rider tries to force him at the steam roller.

I tell you I could feel the fabric of her tremble and shudder from bow to stern post, as though she were in a storm; I tell you she fell off from the wind, and broad-on drifted back from her course till the sensation of her shrinking was as plain as her own staring lights and a thing pitiful to see.

We rowelled her and we crowded sail upon her, and we coaxed and bullied and humored her, till the Three Crows, their fortune only a plain sail two days ahead, raved and swore like insensate brutes, or shall we say like mahouts, trying to drive their stricken elephant upon the tiger, and all to no purpose. "Damn the damned current and the damned luck and the damned shaft and all," Hardenberg would exclaim, as from the wheel he would watch the *Glarus* falling off. "Go on, you old hooker—you tub of junk! My God, you'd think she was scared!"

Perhaps the *Glarus* was scared, perhaps not; that point is debatable. But it was beyond doubt or debate that Hardenberg was scared.

A ship that will not obey is only one degree less terrible than a mutinous crew. And we were in a fair way to have both. The stokers whom we had impressed into duty as A. B.'s, were of course superstitious. They had seen—what we had seen; and they knew how the *Glarus* was acting, and it was only a question of time before they got out of hand.

That was the end. We held a final conference in the cabin and decided that there was no help for it—we must turn back.

And back we accordingly turned,

and at once the wind followed us, and the "current" helped us, and the water churned under the forefoot of the *Glarus*, and the wake whitened under her stern, and the log line ran out from the rail and strained back as the ship worked homeward.

We had never a mishap from the time we finally swung her about; and, considering the circumstances, the voyage back to San Francisco was propitious.

But an incident happened just after we had started back. We were perhaps some five miles on the homeward track. It was early evening and Strokher had the watch. At about seven o'clock he called me up on the bridge.

"See her?" he said.

And there, far behind us in the shadow of the twilight, loomed the Other Ship again, desolate, lonely beyond words. We were leaving her rapidly astern. Strokher and I stood looking at her till she dwindled to a dot. Then Strokher said:

"She's on post again."

And when months afterward we limped into the Golden Gate and cast anchor off the Front, our crew went ashore as soon as discharged, and in half a dozen hours the legend was in every sailors' boarding house and in every seaman's dive, from the Barbary Coast to Black Tom's.

It is still there, and that is why no pilot will take the *Glarus* out, no captain will navigate her, no stoker feed her fires, no sailor walk her decks. The *Glarus* is suspect. She will never smell blue water again, nor taste the trades. She has seen a Ghost.

With a Boston Market Man

By Joseph Nelson Pardee

“**W**HY not? Jump on and take a trip to market with me.”

It was a hot night in August. We had been sitting on the piazza smoking our after dinner cigars. Electric cars were whizzing by, loaded to the running boards with coatless men and hatless women, out for a cooling breeze. A string of market wagons, with their square built loads of produce, covered with the inevitable “sail cloth,” plodded by. The drivers, in shirt sleeves and overalls, bareheaded, were lounging on the seats, and now and then urging their hot horses to a little faster walk. Many a mile had they come in the most sultry part of the day, and several miles were still before them. The procession, broken at intervals, had been moving since noon, and would continue until morning.

From under the sunshade of one of the wagons we had recognized the familiar face of our friend John of Billford, and called on him to stop and give us the news from the country. The usual remarks about the weather had been passed, questions about the crops answered, the market prospects discussed, when John gave the invitation to accompany him to market.

With a curiosity to understand the process through which a part of our dinner had come to us from the farms, and after a hasty preparation, I was

soon perched upon the seat with John, and we were rumbling along toward Quincy Market. John, as he is familiarly called at home, is a typical farmer from the suburban district. His beard is not trimmed in the prevailing style, and underneath his overalls his trousers would not show the crease of the man of fashion. His dress is of inexpensive quality, but in his case, the “cheap coat” does not indicate the “cheap man,” by any means.

The city boys may call him a “hayseed,” but at home John is a man of substance and social standing. He has held various town offices, has served on the school committee, and is now one of the selectmen of Billford. In the city stores he is cordially greeted, and his credit is A No. 1. John is not a market gardener. His farm is a large one, and his main business is milk. With the shrewd calculation of his class he makes his fields do double duty. Not only two crops a year is his rule, but his principal crops are planted with one eye on the market and the other upon the crib.

He has acres of sweet corn. If the market price warrants, he can pick the ears and haul them in, while the stover goes into the silo. If the price is too low, the corn goes in with the stover. Of cabbage he has an acre or so, which may add a hundred dollars to

his bank account, or, if not worth marketing, it makes the best of cattle feed. Turnips, as a second crop, may prove very profitable, or may be fed to advantage. And John knows how to fed them without tainting his milk. Of other vegetables he is bound to have enough for home use whatever the season, and he plants so that he generally has a surplus to sell.

His orchard is extensive, and while the No. 1 fruit is put away for winter trade, his team makes many a trip to South Market Street with "wind-falls" and "seconds." Some of this we learn as we plod along through Cambridge at a steady gait, hurrying only as fast as the heat will permit. When the weather is cool and the roads good, he usually jogs his horses, for it is a matter of considerable importance to get a good stand.

Except in the case of the regular market men, the rule of the market is "first come, first served." The regular comers can get a ticket, which entitles them to a regular stand on Sunday nights for the season. This stand is reserved for them until ten o'clock on that night. Then, by keeping a wagon there constantly with something on it to sell, they can hold the stand all the week. On Saturday night every wagon is driven off and cannot return until six o'clock on Sunday evening.

In this way, John tells me, the best stands, at the lower end, are occupied by near-by gardeners, with every variety of garden stuff. They keep a regular salesman there, and fresh loads come in before the first wagon is unloaded. The salesman is in close touch with the garden, by telephone, and can hurry in loads, or keep them

back, according to the supply and demand of the market.

Thus, pleasantly chatting, we move along, past the great packing houses, with lights glimmering from the windows, and the squealing of hogs stealing out on the night air, telling of horrible doings by the night gang.

Not a human being is in sight, but as we pass under the structure of the Elevated Railroad John begins to carefully watch the shadows cast under his wagon by the electric lights. Recalling to mind that he has a companion, he hands over the reins, gets down, and taking to the sidewalk, loiters along behind with no apparent interest in the rumbling wagon.

As we go up the hill on Cambridge Street the scene changes. Even at this late hour groups are gathered here and there. Young men and maidens are strolling by, and boys are playing in the gutters. Interested in the scene, I have forgotten John's strange conduct, when suddenly I hear a scream, and John's excited voice, exclaiming, "I've got him;" and in an instant John appears with a struggling boy in his arms, asking half seriously what he shall do with him. I take in the situation, and reply: "Put him up here, and we will take him to the police station."

The boy is a well dressed little fellow of twelve years or so, apparently of respectable parentage, and probably a member of some Sunday school, who has evaded the curfew law, if there is no law at home for him to evade. He has now ceased struggling, and begun to plead: "Please, sir, let me go and I will never do it again." John has a kind heart. He gives the boy a moral lecture, lets him

go and resumes his seat on the wagon.

"This," he says, "is a troublesome part of the road. It is not adequately policed, and the temptation to steal fruit from the farmers' wagons is irresistible to the gamins that inhabit this part of Cambridge. When several teams go along together, one man can watch the team ahead of him. When we are alone we watch the shadows, but even then some of the thieves have a cunning that is too much for us. We usually brace in the boxes at the tail of the wagon, or put in empty boxes, but if we leave room for a hand, we may find when we uncover that we have lost half a bushel of fruit. Sometimes our ropes are cut, and we have had great slits cut in our canvas by the thieves. It is not always boys that do the mischief. It is as often grown men. One night I 'cut behind' with my whip and drew blood from the face of a rather pretty girl. Their skill and cunning are worthy of a better cause. We may watch for shadows, but they are keen enough to take us just when we are in the strong glare of the arc light in front, so that the shadow of their legs is thrown backward rather than under the wagon. Although the street may be full of people, they seem to consider it to be none of their business, or as perfectly legitimate to plunder a hayseed."

By this time we have reached the river. Before us and around us is a veritable "feast of lights."

Long stretches of lights glimmering along the banks, lights of the distant bridges, lights of the moving cars, lights rising above lights up Beacon Hill, crowned by the illumination of the State House dome, and all in-

versely repeated in the rippling water, make a picture worth jolting over pavements many a mile to see.

Now we are passing up Leverett Street, not yet gone to bed. We swing down into Wall Street to save pulling over the hill. A narrow street it is, with solid brick walls on either side, which hold the heat all night.

The heat has driven a suffering mass of human beings out of their stifling rooms into the open air, such as it is. Tired women sit in the doorways with sleeping infants in their arms. Tired children are sprawled upon the steps, and tired men lie along the sidewalks with hot bricks for a mattress, and weary arms for a pillow. All is still as death, except for the clink, clank, clink of the iron shoes of the horses on the stones, and the rumble, rattle and rumble of the iron tires over the rough, uneven pavement.

John is, withal, a philosopher. "We think we have a hard time in the country," he says, "with hard work, early and late, rigid economy and few luxuries, but thank Heaven! we can sleep. And our children! how little do we realize the paradise in which they live!

"These are mostly Jews. Though they may be poor, they live, on the whole, wholesomely and comfortably. What might we see to-night if we should go down into the Latin quarter among the poor Italians. 'Man made the town, God made the country.'"

We stop at the trough on Merrimac Street to give the tired horses the last drink on the road, and shortly pull up by Faneuil Hall.

We are in another country. The air as well as the scene is changed, and even the horses notice it and draw a full breath from the salt sea.



THE RUMBLING MARKET
WAGONS CROSSING
CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE



While up above, from Scoliy Square to Bowdoin, stores are open, playhouses in full blast, and crowds are moving either way, down here the street seems absolutely deserted. The buildings are unlighted. Not a sound is heard but that of our own team, and the striking of a clock. Only a solitary policeman saunters by, not even looking at us. A solid mass of canvas greets us as we move down the street.

Suddenly, from some hidden recess, half a dozen stable boys appear. They recognize the team and as suddenly disappear. John is Tommy's customer, and in an instant Tommy comes running up with a word of cheery greeting and a beckoning wave of the

hand. He has a stand selected and we follow him into Winn Ricker's row. "Each row," John says, "is known by the name of the stall nearest it under the Quincy Market."

The horses are quickly unhitched, feed bags are hung upon the hames, blankets thrown across their backs, and off they go to the stable.

The pole is removed from the wagon, Tommy takes hold of the crossbar, John and I each grasp a wheel, and the heavy wagon, with its two-ton load, is easily butted up against the head of a wagon in the adjoining row, and Tommy follows the horses to the stable.

It is midnight and John has had no supper. That is the next considera-



SUPERINTENDENT MCKAY

tion. First, however, as he is loaded largely with sweet corn, which heats easily, he thinks it best to uncover. Some of the loads are uncovered, and boxes of fruit, vegetables and corn are spread out on the pavement.

John removes his ropes, rolls up his canvas, puts his whip into the bottom of the wagon, for whips, he says, like watermelons in the garden, are legitimate plunder, tucks his oil skin under the seat, and says, "Come, let's go and feed."

We pass along the sidewalk around the market. Stacks of vegetables, choice fruit from all parts of the world are piled up in profusion, ready for the morning trade. Now and then men stroll along, evidently farmers like ourselves. Accustomed, on the avenue, to bolts and locks, it seems a little risky to leave so much tempting property unprotected on a public street and I ask, "Is it safe?"

"Safe," he replies. "There is no safer place in Boston. Do you see that man in citizen's dress tipped up in an armchair against the wall, half

asleep? That is Symmes the night watch. Asleep or awake he has eyes all over him, like a traditional schoolma'am. He knows by instinct who has business down here at night, and who has not. Woe to the fellow with light fingers who comes prowling around this place. Last week two farmers, with country freedom, took two pears from an open box. They settled with him for two dollars apiece rather than to face McKay in the morning. An 'explanation' then would have cost them twenty."

"Is he an officer?" I asked.

"Well, he gets his authority from the city, but draws his pay from the market men. The market men on the sidewalk each pay him two dollars a week, and the farmers give him a quarter every Friday. It is big pay, but if anything is stolen at night he is supposed to pay for it."

By this time we have reached the New England House. The waiters



SYMMES, THE NIGHT WATCH



SWEPT AND GARNISHED ON SUNDAY

nod familiarly, the cook greets us cordially, and after a welcome wash we are seated at a table that would do credit to any hotel in Boston. One side of the dining-room is occupied by a well stocked bar, which is closed at this hour, and in one corner is the range, from which come sounds and odors of cooking that would tempt appetites less keen than John's and mine, though I had dined six hours ago.

While waiting for our orders to be served I asked if John always got in as late as this.

"Oh, no," he says. "We like to start by noon or before so as to be sure of a good stand and a night's sleep. Sometimes we go to the theatre in the evening. But at this time of year, with perishable stuff that cannot be picked the day before, it takes us about all day to put up a load. Sometimes it is ten o'clock or after when we start, and we get in only in

time for the early market. Late in the fall, when there is danger of freezing our stuff, we do not start until midnight.

After a good supper, the next move is toward the stables. Those patronized by farmers are great brick buildings, story above story, and are among the best in the city. John shakes hands with the head hostler and is told where to find his horses. A thoroughgoing democracy is the rule in the market section. Your hired coachman may trust his horses to a stable boy, and make no further inquiry, but not so your farmer John. He looks to see that their mangers are filled with hay, and that they are bedded to their knees. If the hay Tommy gave them has been eaten, he is at liberty to give them more. From his own feed bag he gives them a liberal feed of oats, for marketing is hard on horses as well as on men.

It is now one o'clock, and a little



SLEEPING IN THE HAYLOFT

sleep is not to be despised. This is a free lodging house. John takes his blankets and we climb to the loft. The air has cooled a little, and windows and doors are open to admit the gentle breeze that is wafted from the harbor near by. John turns on the electric light, and the sight that greets us reminds us of a bivouac on the field. Fifty or a hundred men and boys are sprawled in all directions on the hay. Some, unable to sleep, are talking in low tones, but the great majority, old hands at the business, are sleeping as sweetly as in their beds at home.

John selects a spot as near the door as possible, cuts open a bale of hay, shakes it out, spreads his blankets over it, pulls off his boots, rolls up his coat

for a pillow, stretches himself at full length and invites me to do likewise, which I am not long in doing. In two minutes he is fast asleep. Since he got up at Billford, twenty-one hours ago, he has earned two hours' sleep.

At this "hotel equus" the rising hour is early. At three o'clock a hostler comes around and calls, "All up." Some are too sleepy and so he picks his way among them and shakes the sleepy ones until every man is awake. Some of them have no goods for the earliest market, and they go to sleep again.

John, however, is on the alert. He rises, rubs his eyes, draws on his boots, puts on his coat, and tells me that I can sleep as long as I wish. But I am here to see the whole show, so



IT IS THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

I follow suit. We roll up the blankets, take them down and hang them on the peg behind the horses, and start off to Cottrell's for an "eye opener." We are not yet hungry, but a cup of coffee that goes to the nerve centres, and a "single" (single biscuit) of generous proportions, hot from the oven,

put us in good temper for the morning trade.

Before we go to the wagon we take a look around the market. It is the height of the season, and South Market Street is full. Every stand on Commercial Street, where wagons may stand until nine o'clock, is occu-

pied, and the overflow has filled State Street, four wagons abreast, clear down to Atlantic Avenue.

John glances at them with the critical eye of previous experience. He says he is "gauging the market," and he remarks, "The market is full. Stuff goes low to-day. I shall sell at the first good offer."

The best customers are already going up and down the street, climbing on to wagons and lighting matches in some cases to sample the loads. They are mostly young men, with a quick business air and of few words. "How much?" "Fifty cents." "Make it forty-five and I will take twenty boxes."

They are buying for wholesale and jobbing houses. They have orders to fill for hotels in the White Mountains and down by the seashore, or for stores in northern cities, and for their own city trade. Time is money, and they have none to waste in banter.

They know their business and can quickly measure the demand and supply. They know most of the farmers, too, and how they put up their stuff. They want the best and are willing to pay a fair price for it. They are the best class of customers on the market, and the farmer who by bringing good stuff, honestly packed, has worked up a trade with them is a fortunate man.

John sells a part of his load. The buyer hands him a card, and in five minutes a team comes along, the driver calling out the buyer's name and the stuff is quickly loaded on the wagon. After John has sold out and is ready to go home, or during a lull he will go around and get his money and his empty boxes.

The bushel box is an eastern insti-

tution. Everything on the street is sold by the box or barrel, except cabbage and squash. Those are most generally sold by the piece. There is no retailing. "Peddling," in the market vernacular, means selling in small lots of one or more bushels. A box is synonymous with a legal bushel, and has certain reasons for being. It is made of light lumber, is eighteen inches square, and eight inches deep inside. Holes are cut in either end for handles.

The advantages of this box, over the Jersey basket, aside from convenience of handling, are that a heavy load can be put upon the deck boards of a wagon without being bulky, and can be bound solidly by a few turns of the binding rope so that it will ride safe on the roughest roads. The shape of the box is the invention of a genuine Yankee, for in packing empty boxes two boxes can be placed cornerwise into one, and a fourth box inverted on top, thus economizing space and preventing shifting.

The Boston wagon seems to have been made to fit the boxes. Not only the tread of the wheels, but the box itself is about a foot wider than the farm wagons in use north and west of the vicinity of the Hub. Thus two boxes or two barrels can be placed abreast in the wagon box, and the box of the regular market wagon is deep enough so that boxes can be packed two deep under the deck boards. A western man looking at a two-horse market load expressed grave doubt when told that it contained one hundred and four bushels of produce, weighing about 5,700 pounds. The wagon box, six boxes long, held twenty-four. Five deck

boards four boxes long carried sixteen each, and the load above the deck was only thirty-four inches high.

One inconvenience of the Boston market wagon is its height. High wheels are necessary on country roads, and in city streets the wagon must not require too much space in turning, therefore, to allow for room for the front wheels to turn well under, the body is so high that it requires high lifting to put the load on the wagon.

When a sale is made the box is not included in the price agreed upon. You must give a box in exchange or add ten cents to the price. Whether an old box or a new box, a box is a box and legal tender for a dime. The promise of a stranger to return the box is of no value on the market. "A box or a dime," is an invariable rule.

The wholesale buyers are soon gone and the sun begins to throw slanting rays over the tops of the tall buildings. Light teams with empty boxes drive up and stop on the opposite side of the street, and grocery men, provision men, hotel stewards and restaurant keepers pass up and down the rows, stopping at sight of what they want to bargain with the farmers. In an hour they are joined by hucksters, street peddlers, Italian fruit men with hand carts, women who keep boarding houses, and sometimes ladies in carriages who send their coachmen down the rows to examine the truck. Even John Chinaman is there, though mostly in evidence at the poultry wagons. Now teams begin to back down between the farmers' wagons to unload goods for stalls along the sidewalk.

John is a busy man just now. Two words with a grocery man who knows him, and two boxes must be taken to

a wagon across the street. Next comes an ill clad Israelite, whose chief object in life seems to be to buy at a heavy discount from the market price. In that respect he is equalled only by the Italian women. "How much for die sweet apples?" he asks. "Half a dollar," says John, "but the apples are sour." "I gif you fifteen cents." "Fifty cents, I say," John replies with emphasis. Solomon shrugs his shoulders, spreads his hands and whines, "I poor man. I gif you fifteen cents. I gif you moneys in your hant. No? I gif you twenty." But John has turned to other customers.

All about is bantering, bargaining, chaffing, each trader trying to get the better of the other. The buyers, made wise by experience, go to the bottom of the boxes to see that they are not being cheated by big on top and little underneath. It is expected that the top of the box will appear well, but many of the farmers are not above unscrupulous "deaconing."

"How much is it deaconed?" asks a peddler. "All it will bear," answers honest John. "If you are not satisfied dump it out into another box."

The street is now crowded with teams. Teams of all descriptions, from the "sheney's" hand cart and my lady's coupé to the big butcher's wagon and the heavy express. The noise rises to a roar, but there is no confusion.

All sorts and conditions of traffickers in produce are here, and you may study types from every nation on the globe. Old hands at the business stand behind some of the wagons, while next to them are beardless boys of fourteen years or under with their loads. The Irishman seems to pre-

dominate, but there are many Swedes and of late Polish Jews are driving in. All the farmers in a row may be strangers to each other but there is cordial fraternity among them, and confidence all around underlies seeming mistrust.

John is bantered by a peddler and accused of swindling, but the charge does not touch a sensitive spot. A bargain struck, and the stuff paid for, off goes the buyer without a word. It may be hours before he comes for his property. John has a chance to sell the stuff again, or carry it away, but the owner has no fear. A bargain is a bargain, and confidence is restored the instant it is struck.

"Don't you ever have disturbances on the market, John?" I innocently ask.

"Oh, yes. Sometimes. But law rules on the market as elsewhere. Up in the office of the superintendent is a man who sternly represents the law. A little angry talk in his jurisdiction will quickly bring an officer, with a quiet invitation to go up and see McKay, and the invitation means a fine, if nothing worse."

It is now nine o'clock and quiet begins to settle down. Few teams are passing, and buyers are not numerous. Farmers begin to visit with their neighbors, talk about the crops, the price of milk, methods of tillage, scientific feeding, and even politics are not eschewed. In fact, at times the market becomes a veritable "Farmers' Institute."

With the growing quiet we begin to feel the need of breakfast. John speaks to his next neighbor, a total stranger, asks him to look after his load, names the lowest price at which

he may sell, and we go to breakfast. The horses have been fed in the morning by the stable man. On a quick market John would have sold out long ago. Some have done so and pulled out for home. Other teams have come to take their places, and as this is the height of the season the going and coming will continue all day long.

Through the middle of the day customers are straggling. Farmers are tired of the business, and this is the opportunity for the hucksters. As a rule the farmers do not love them because they beat down so unmercifully, but John regards them as the salvation of the market. They are here now to buy at the lowest price, and they will buy anything if they can make anything out of it. Having bought they must sell, and if the market is glutted they must tempt customers by selling very low.

The storekeeper buys for his regular trade, and varies his retail price very little from day to day. After the regular trade is supplied the farmer may be left with half his perishable produce on his hands. Then comes the peddler who relieves him of his surplus at some price, and sells it at a price that brings it within the reach of the poor, to whom it may be something of a luxury. "No," says John. "We can't get along without the peddlers."

This is the time, while market men are idle, for another class of peddlers to get in their work. Here comes one with a new kind of wagon grease, offering it at your own price. Another with harness oil. One with overalls and jumpers. A white-whiskered, neatly dressed little Jew, his head about as high as John's stomach, offers sponges. A German comes along with



BARGAINING WITH THE FARMERS

a cushion under his arm, and John gives him an order for a new cushion for his wagon seat. A tall man, with a tongue well oiled, steps up briskly and tries to induce me to take out a life insurance policy. Last, not least, comes the portly watch chain man. "Now look out for fun," John whispers. "He is after greenies."

The old men know him and he knows them, and he passes them by

for a young fellow, apparently fresh from the country, who seems to promise easy game.

"Young man, you want a fine gold chain. Look at this. It's worth five dollars. It's the last I've got and I'll sell it for two and a half."

But the young man is on his guard, and says, "I have no use for it."

"But, if you don't want to wear it you can trade it off at home for five

dollars, any day. As it is the last I've got, and I want to close out, you can have it for two."

"I am not buying gold chains today. I have other use for money, with stuff selling at a quarter a box."

"Well then, make me an offer."

The young man turns on his heel and with a laugh says innocently, "I'll give you fifteen cents."

The old fellow puts on a dramatic air of disgust for a moment, and then in a tone of resignation, exclaims, "Well, it's the last I've got; take it."

The country lad is beaten, and amid the shouts of the bystanders he pays the bill, kicking himself meanwhile because he has offered more than ten. John says, "He would have got it if he had offered five."

At twelve o'clock an officer comes along and orders the outside wagons at the ends of the rows to be removed, in order to make more street room for the afternoon traffic, and about two o'clock the scenes of the morning begin again. Dealers from the suburbs pour in, and peddlers in greater numbers, and until about five o'clock the street becomes almost impassable. There would be jam after jam but for the skill of the police in keeping teams moving in the right direction. A single day on the market in July or August would convince the city fathers that Boston seriously needs improved market facilities.

John has sold out and sent Tommy after his horses, but it is an hour before we get out of the jam and join the solid procession of teams moving toward the bridge.

It will be midnight before John reaches home, tired and sleepy. I shall never again suspect a market

man of being drunk if I meet him on the avenue, asleep on his wagon, even though the saloons around the market are doing a thriving business. As we move out of the city, the horses seeming to sniff the air from the pastures at home, I ask John if it pays.

"Does it pay?" he repeats. "Figure it out for yourself. It took two men a day of hard work to put up the load. Their wages by the month and their board cost me two dollars. Two horses two days for the trip actually cost two dollars. My own time is worth, at least, as much as a common hand. That is two dollars more. Then I paid a dollar and a half at the stable, ten cents for coffee and a biscuit, twenty-five cents for breakfast, thirty for dinner, and thirty-five for supper last night. That amounts to \$8.50. It would have been eighty cents less if I had sold out in the morning. My load was of rather coarse stuff, such as only men engaged in dairying can afford to raise. I sold my load at an average of twenty-five cents a box, or \$20.00. That leaves me \$11.50.

"At the present price of grain it would have had a feeding value of twenty cents, or \$16.00 for the load. At this reckoning I have lost \$4.50 besides the wear and tear, which is something considerable."

"Why do you do it then?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he replied, "we do not always calculate so closely. In fact the most of us do not calculate at all. We have the stuff and we take it to market as a matter of course. Going to market makes a kind of excusable holiday for us. To young men there is a peculiar fascination about it. It is a change from the

monotony of farm work, and they see life in some of its real phases, and it brings them into contact with all kinds of men. But to us old fellows it is rather serious. It is a kind of gamble. On a good market we may get two or three times as much for our stuff as we have to-day. Sometimes we get less. One day the market is up, and another day it is down. We hear of high prices, and in we come. Everybody else has heard the same and everybody is here and down go the prices. Then too, for the most of us the bed rock comes pretty near the surface and our financial soil is not very deep. Although we may plough and plant in the spring with the full intention of not going to market unless the market demand is good, when crops are ready and marketable, bills are coming in, interest and taxes are falling due; we have the stuff and it is good for cash. Therefore, without stopping to figure out profit and loss, or what our time and produce would be worth at home, we load it

on to the wagon and to market we go.

"Some of us may console ourselves with the benevolent thought that if we had been sure of low prices, and had stopped to count the cost, many a workingman's wife in the city would have thought twice before she decided to add an ear of sweet corn to her Patrick's supper, or give him cabbage with his corned beef."

I wish John better luck next time and say, "Good night." He lights his pipe, chirps cheerily to his horses, and like the philosopher he and his kind are, drives home through the darkness to the midnight supper the faithful Mary has kept steaming hot for him.

I can see her now, as in a vision, sitting by the window, darning stockings to economize the time, while she is listening, listening, listening for the distant chuckle of his wheels.

To the cost of the food upon our table, how much shall we add for the wear and strain upon the farmer's wife?

In Extremis

By Charlotte Becker

THOUGH great his pain, who prays as sorrow bid,
 "Father, forgive, I know not what I did,"—
 Yet greater far his agony who cries,
 "Father, forgive, I sinned with open eyes!"



DEDICATION OF THE BOWLDER, AUGUST 17, 1902

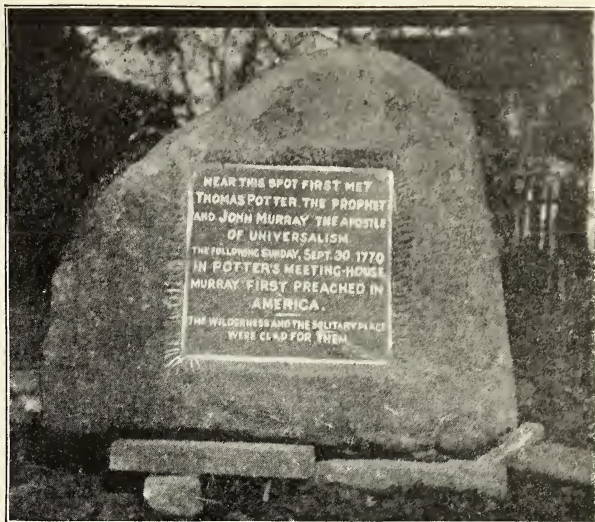
The Founding of a Faith

By Edward Gilman Mason

ON Sunday, August the 17th, 1902, a memorial, in itself unique and commemorating one of the strangest and most romantic incidents in American church history, was dedicated with simple and impressive ceremony. In form a rude granite boulder, an irregular triangle in shape, four feet across the base, four and a half feet from base to apex and two feet in thickness, weighing

perhaps three tons, it rests on a slight artificial elevation of ground on the outskirts of a beautiful grove of oaks, near the small hamlet of Good Luck, New Jersey, some two miles from the shores of Barnegat Bay. The stone remains exactly as it was when discovered on the summit of Rocky Hill, near Princeton, except that a panel two feet square has been cut into the face, beautifully polished and inscribed as follows:

NEAR THIS SPOT FIRST
MET
THOMAS POTTER, THE
PROPHET,
AND JOHN MURRAY, THE
APOSTLE,
OF UNIVERSALISM.
THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY,
SEPT. 30, 1770,
MURRAY FIRST PREACHED
IN AMERICA.



MEMORIAL BOWLDER

The Wilderness and the Solitary Place were glad for them.

Near by is a little frame meeting-house, the successor of the rude chapel in which Murray first proclaimed his doctrines in the New World. The Potter Memorial Church, a handsome Gothic chapel

of brick and stone, erected about thirty years ago by the Universalists of America, occupies a portion of the lot on which the memorial itself stands.

The circumstances of Murray's



POTTER MEMORIAL CHURCH

meeting with Potter and the inception of the movement which culminated in the founding of the Universalist denomination, drawn chiefly from Murray's own narrative, but corroborated by local tradition and contemporary documentary evidence, make an interesting story.

One night near the close of September, in the year 1770, an English sea captain, confused by the heavy fog, lost his bearings while sailing along the coast of New Jersey, on his way from Philadelphia to New York, and unwittingly steered his vessel straight towards the strip of sand which then, as now, enclosed Barnegat Bay. By remarkable good fortune the brig did not strike the sand, but bumped upon a bar at the mouth of a stream connecting the bay with the ocean, passed over it safely, and for the first and last time, so far as history records, a ship of considerable size floated on the shallow waters of Cranberry Inlet. The following morning the ship was lightened, and with the aid of a high tide and favoring breeze was soon able to again put to sea; but the wind suddenly changed and prevented a native sloop, to which a part of the cargo had been transferred, from following the larger vessel.

Later in the day a man from the sloop appeared at the house of Thomas Potter, a planter, in search of food. The desired supplies were furnished the stranger, for which no payment was accepted, other than a promise that he would come back to pass the night as a guest at the planter's home. When he returned, Potter's strange greeting was: "My

friend, I am glad you have come; I have longed to see you; I have been expecting you for a long time." The interview thus begun lasted far into the night.

It soon became evident to Murray that his new-found friend and host, though an illiterate man, possessed an alert and thoughtful mind. The subject of religion occupied his attention a great deal, and for many years it had been his custom to open his house to all sects, bidding them welcome to gather there for religious worship, though uniting with none. Finally the conviction pressed itself upon his mind that he was in some way destined to aid in bringing the world to a larger conception of the mission of Christ than he had ever heard preached by any of the ministers with whom he came in contact. The conviction grew and deepened, until at last, at his own expense and partially with his own hands, Potter erected a church. This he opened to all denominations, but dedicated to none, for he steadfastly affirmed that God would some time send a messenger of the true gospel, and that for such a preacher he must wait. Years passed by and the common taunt, "Thomas Potter, where is your preacher?" was still answered by the old man in the spirit of tranquil, patient faith, "He will by and by make his appearance." "When I saw the brig this morning in Cranberry Inlet yonder," declared the old planter, "a voice seemed to speak audibly to me, saying, 'There, Potter, in yonder vessel, is the preacher you have so long been expecting;' and when I saw you coming toward my home to-day, the



THE POTTER CHURCH

same voice seemed to say, 'This is the man sent to preach in your house.' I heard the voice," said the old man simply, "and I believed the report."

Having told his own life story, Potter requested a similar narrative from his astonished guest.

The stranger proved to be an Englishman, John Murray by name, and, as the planter had surmised, a former preacher. He was twenty-nine years of age, the son of religious parents, his father being a member of the Church of England and his mother a communicant of the Presbyterian denomination. As a boy he had been reared in the Established Church, but found little therein to commend religion to him. Naturally a warm-hearted, generous, affectionate child, he was early repelled by the bleak and forbidding Calvinism which his father cherished, and it was but natural that

when John Wesley inaugurated his great revolt against the cold, unsympathetic, unspiritual condition into which the Church of England had drifted, Murray should become a convert. He was very popular among his Methodist brethren and soon became a class leader. His faith in Methodism, however, was destined to be short-lived. In an attempt to refute the teachings of James Relly, a preacher of universal salvation in the city of London, he found himself overmastered, soon became interested, and finally accepted unreservedly that interpretation of the gospel which he had such a little time previously felt called upon to disprove and condemn as false and pernicious.

Murray soon discovered that many who had professed friendship while he was a Churchman or Methodist, were no longer disposed



THE POTTER HOMESTEAD

to be friendly. As a follower of Rely he was subjected to taunts, sneers and petty persecutions of every description. Finally the death of his wife added to his many sorrows that of a desolate home, and heart-sick and saddened, thinking to find in solitude relief for his wounded feelings, he left England with the intention of burying himself in the wilderness of the New World.

But John Murray could not so easily escape his destiny. No sooner had he landed on the shores of America than he found himself confronted by a man who claimed him to be sent of God and ordained to a task grander than any intrusted to a human being since the days of the apostles. He protested in vain. His pleadings that he did not wish to enter public life, that he was too weak to endure the storm of persecution certain to follow the preaching of a new and unpopular doctrine,

that he must sail with the sloop whose cargo had been placed in his care, were of no avail. Thomas Potter solemnly declared that God would never allow the wind to change nor the sloop to sail out of the inlet until Murray had delivered his message in the chapel which had so long awaited his coming.

Nor did the wind change, and finally, late Saturday afternoon, Murray reluctantly yielded to what seemed to him the direction of Divine Providence and allowed Potter to send out his servants to give notice of the morrow's service. The planter's faith was not in vain. The gospel proclaimed in the preacher's sermon coincided with his own. In rapturous joy as the speaker concluded, Potter caught him in his arms, exclaiming, "Now, now am I willing to depart. Thou, O God, hast granted me my desire."

Such, briefly told, is the strange

story of the inception of the Universalist Church in America. For, although the earliest denominational organization was not formed until several years later, it was on Sunday, September 30, 1770, when Murray first proclaimed his message in the rude little chapel in the New Jersey wilderness, that the foundations of the Universalist denomination were laid.

Both Potter and Murray regarded all these events as manifest interpositions of the Divine will. Both were firmly convinced that the wind which bore the preacher to the New Jersey shores was not accidental, but providential; that the hand of God led him to the planter's humble dwelling; that the little church was erected by Divine command for the very purpose which it served, and that the planter was inspired to recognize in the stranger from the vessel the preacher whose coming he had so long awaited. Nor to the end of his long and active career did he falter in the labors to which he believed himself divinely called. After much itinerant work, especially in New England, Murray organized in Gloucester, Mass., the first Universalist church in America. Some years later he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of a church in Boston. His labors there closed only with the ending of his active career, occasioned by a stroke of paralysis. During the last years of his life he was an invalid—"God's prisoner," as he quaintly called himself. His death occurred in 1815, almost the last words spoken in his delirium being a favorite passage of Scripture: "Unto him shall all the gather-

ing of the nations be; and his rest shall be glorious, glorious, glorious."

Few church historians have accorded to Murray the place among the great religious leaders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which is rightfully his.

His writings evidence that he possessed both scholarship and culture. Of his courage, sincerity and uprightness of life there can be no doubt. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon has paid a high tribute to his ability as a theological disputant in his "History of American Christianity." Referring to Murray's argument, that as Christ died for all, therefore all are elected to ultimate justification and salvation, he says: "It was the pinch of this argument which brought New England theologians, beginning with Smalley and the second Edwards, to the acceptance of the rectoral theory of the atonement." Skilful and valorous indeed must have been the antagonist who, single handed, forced the mighty Edwards and his stern-willed host to seek a new and less pregnable position from which to defend themselves against the vigorous onslaughts of the new revolutionary.

This, with the further fact that he was the acknowledged founder of the Universalist denomination, a sect which, though always small in numbers, has exerted an influence altogether disproportionate to its numerical strength, attests the claims of Murray's career upon the interest of all students of American church history, and suggests the significance of the strange incidents commemorated by the memorial recently dedicated at Good Luck.

Dave Dalton's Lady

By Verna Sheard

HE stood on the busiest corner of one of the busiest New York streets yet well back and in shadow of the bank, so that of the crowd only a few noticed him, and fewer still stopped to lighten his tray of its uninteresting contents.

To the casual observer resting a careless eye, on the small crooked figure, pathetically still in a place where all was life and movement, he would have seemed a striking example of the survival of the unfit-test. Yet in that cramped body of Dave Dalton's beat a heart worthy of his forefathers, who had been sons of battle for many generations. It was by reason of their calling probably that the lad had come upon evil days, for the country does not always remember her heroes' children.

That, however, did not worry Dave, and he stood quite cheerfully through all weather, with his burden of shoe strings, lamenting only, when he sold so few, it was not possible to buy Chappy a good dinner. For himself,—well, he was not often hungry,—so it did not strike him that his dinner mattered much. But Chappy's appetite was in perennial bloom, and all days were alike to him, or rather he observed no fasts, but kept the feasts religiously. Chappy was the thing Dave loved

second best in the world. The other was a person.

Every Wednesday and Saturday at two exactly by the tower clock, the boy could count on her coming briskly around the corner and stopping with a little whirl of skirts and a sort of breathless haste beside him. Then she would buy his shoe laces. Whatever she did with all she bought was one of the mysteries, for a person—even the most extravagant—can only use a limited number, and they are not exactly the kind of things to make presents of.

Still he did not trouble over that either,—it did not seem worth while. The girl always looked his stock over carefully and made her choice with red lips tightened up, and fluffy yellow head a tiny bit to one side, as though it were easier so to decide whether she invested in leather or mohair, with wire tags or shining brass ones. When this was settled, the hard roll tied up and the change dropped into her purse,—which, by the way, was a queer gold dangling affair whose screwed-on top glittered with letters set in frost-like white stones that Dave concluded couldn't be diamonds,—when this was done the girl would smile down into his face and flutter away, he watching her with a dazzled look in his eyes, till the crossing and re-crossing throng hid her from view.

Chappy would watch also, standing up on his bandy hind legs and pulling frantically at his short rope, while an agonized desire to break away and bear her company found vent in short dismal yelps. Indeed, it was only when he realized that this fascinating young person was entirely beyond reach and 'twould be folly to pursue her, that he settled back upon his haunches, and with melancholy resignation resumed his habitual watching for flies, or fresh customers, or stray legs—it would be difficult to say which.

Every Wednesday and Saturday, all through the sweet spring months that even to the city brought a new and joyous tide of life, the girl came. And during the long hot summer Dave watched the tower clock on those charmed days, and when the great hands crept, with lingering, disheartening tardiness, down to the half hour, up to the quarter and then inch by inch to the number he longed for, his pale face would lighten and the sharp profile turn towards the corner with an alert expectancy stamped upon it. But she always came, and the little scene was enacted over and over again with a freshness and vivacity of enjoyment that would have led one to suppose it were for the first time.

Through the fall it was the same, and now that the wheel of the year had turned round to December, on this the day before Christmas, Dave watched the tower clock. He and Chappy saw her at the same moment, although this time she came from the opposite direction, and

with her was a man, a tall, middle-aged man who walked stiffly. Chappy pranced about violently stretching the rope till it gave like elastic, and fairly sprung him back on the rebound. Dave kept his eyes on the girl as she came towards him.

"I must have some shoe laces, Uncle Jack," she said. "I always buy them from this boy on my practice days. We are very good friends," nodding at Dave.

"Oh, yes, Miss, thank y'," answered the boy flushing. "Down, Chappy! Down." Then apologetically, "He ain't never had no manners, Miss."

"Oh! don't mind about that," she said smiling. "I fancy he just wants to let me know he likes me."

"He likes you all right," said Dave. "Yes, I've got a dozen o' that kind with the thin tags. They's the best kind, too. Y' don't want 'em all, do you? Yes, I kin let y' have 'em."

The man watched with a slightly amused expression.

"Where do you live?" he asked, as Dave wrapped up the parcel.

"Down to Sweeny's," replied the boy. "It's called a model lodging house. There's a big sign up outside. 'Beds, ten cents,' 'Biggest dinner in town, ten cents,' 'Bath an' hair cut, ten cents.'"

"Is it a comfortable place?"

"Well, it ain't a uncomfortable one, sir, on a rough night. But I goes there because there's some old soldiers stops there off an' on. I like soldiers."

"Do you, my lad?" returned the other, a smile curving itself around his set mouth. "Why?"

Into the little hunchback's worn face flashed a strange expression, and he seemed for half a moment to straighten himself.

"Why?" he exclaimed, in his thin reedy voice,—“why! I belongs to 'em. I'm an American, born here you know, but my grandfather was in the charge at Balaklava; he got a medal afterwards. It only come the day before he died. He was shot most to pieces an' never had no chance to wear it, you see. My mother kept it an' give it to me, for I'm named after him, an' I have it under my coat.”

“Ah!” said the man, his eyes lighting. “So your grandfather was in that famous charge?”

“Yes, sir, an' his father fit at Waterloo,” said Dave, the color bright in his cheeks.

“Waterloo!” cried the girl softly. “Why you never told me about that. Really, now I think of it, I don't even know your name.”

“It's Dave Dalton,” he said.

“Now that's a good name,” she answered, stooping to pet Chappy, “and there are those who might envy you those grandfathers. Tomorrow is Christmas, Dave, and I would like you to bring Chappy to our house in the afternoon. I'm going to decorate him with a new collar. See, here is the address on this card. And tell me, why do you tie him up so fast? He is just wild to get away!”

“Dat's so!” chimed in a small boy, who was staring and listening. “Cause why? If Dave was jest to let him loose onct, he'd be into a fight wid de next dog on de street. But de cop'd run him into dat place

wot dey keep fer dogs who ain't rich enough to buy tags. See? Wouldn't he, Dave? He ain't got no tag, **has** he, Dave? Say, de cop only lets him stay round here 'cause he's so woolly y' can't tell whether he's got one onto him or not. Isn't dat so, Dave?” he wound up, executing a double shuffle that sent his “looped and windowed raggedness” fluttering in the wind.

“That's so,” said Dave.

Chappy beat a fierce tattoo on the slippery asphalt with his dilapidated tail.

The girl laughed lightly, and the man's gray eyes twinkled.

“That is another fighter you have an interest in,” he said. “I like the breed. Good by, and a merry Christmas to you.”

Dave looked after them, his face lit up, his deep eyes shining, the little card clutched in one thin hand.

“That's my lady!” he said, turning to the ragged boy. “The one that buys the shoe strings.”

The ragged boy hopped up and down and winked one sharp eye. “Say,” he remarked, quieting down, suddenly, “I knows her. She's de one wot sings in that big church round de corner with de cross on de top. Dat's where I've seed her, Dave. She'll be singing dere tomorrow, sure, an' you and me can take a sneak in an' listen—only what'll you do with Chappy? Look-a-here, couldn't y' tie him up at Sweeny's—he'd be all right. Give him his dinner. Fill him up chock full, an' den tie him under yer bunk. Eh?”

The little hunchback's eyes were big and wistful.

"Do you think he'd stay, Jimsey? I'd a heap rather take him along. I don't never leave him."

"Do I think he'd stay?" rejoined the other scornfully. "Well, yes; I'd lather him if he didn't. Dat dog ain't no good, he's so set on hisself. Dere is two things you hadn't ever ought to take to church, Dave, an' dey is kids and dogs. Dey get bounced every time. You see, dey have no respect for de prayin' or singin' or preachin', an' jines in any old time. Now, are ye goin' to leave him out of it, or ain't ye?"

"I'll leave him," said the boy, reluctantly, rubbing his hand over Chappy's rough head. "I want to hear her sing—so I'll leave him. I suppose it wouldn't do to have no fuss. Look here, Jimsey," with swift eagerness, "y' ain't makin' a mistake about her; you're sure *she's* the one that sings?"

"Dead sure," retorted the other. "I knowed her de moment she spoke. I ain't goin' by her looks, though dere all right, but by her voice. I'd remember it anywheres I heard it, and dere ain't two of 'em."

"I don't see how you could be sure," said Dave. "It wouldn't be the same when she was singing."

The ragged boy chuckled. "Don't worry about that, Dave. It's got de same sound goin' through it, an' I ain't makin' no mistake. Why, one Sunday when I was at dat church, hid in one of de dark pews, where none of them chaps in long skirts can spy ye, she sang, 'Je-roosh-lem, de Golden.' Dat's de way it began, anyway. It was warm in there, Dave, an' a spicy smell kept on floatin' up, like there was cakes

bakin' somewhere. The lights flickered over where the big cross stands, wid—wid—Him—on it, an' de organ wid de great yeller pipes was goin'—boom—boom—boom—like waves out on de beach at Coney Island. An' she was singin'. I wisht ye'd been there, Dave."

"Perhaps she'll sing that song to-morrow," he answered. "Yes, I'll go along with you, Jimsey. I'll tie Chappy up an' then afterwards we will go back and get him an' take him along to this place what has the number on the ticket."

"She never asked me," said the ragged boy.

"That don't count," said Dave. "She smiled at you."

"You bet she did," he returned, "an' she smiled at you, too, didn't she, Chappy? Well, I'll be up in de mornin' fer ye, Dave. So long."

The boy stood gently offering his wares to the passers-by, though people didn't seem to want shoe laces that afternoon. Now and then some one dropped a bit of silver on the tray and went past quickly, but the lad did not wish for such offerings, and while he knew they were kindly meant, they hurt him. Every piece of money given so would have been returned but that the people were so quickly gone. Always he would shake his head, and sometimes even cry, "*No! No!*" but they did not care or understand.

At evening a soft snow was falling, and, seen by the great swaying electric lights at the corner, it looked to Dave like a shower of silver flakes. He gazed at the marvellous feathery wheels and stars caught on his rough jacket, and

thought how beautiful they were. His little crooked body was chilled through, but his heart was warm and happy, and to such a heart the whole world seems bright. "To-morrow! To-morrow!" he kept thinking. "To-morrow he would see her again, even perhaps hear her sing." Since his mother's death he had been quite alone in the world, so he the oftener said to himself that he belonged to those men who had died fighting. He was such a little fellow that the fight for daily bread took all his strength, but they had been strong and mighty and courageous, and the thought of them sent a warm flood to his heart.

The Christmas season had not been one of festivity to Dave for many a year, and he had come to regard it as a period when those others only, the rich of the earth, had a joyful time. For Chappy and him it meant long, bitter nights, short, dark days and unlimited shivering.

On this Christmas eve, though, when he went home to Sweeny's he lay long awake, like many another lad in the city, who could not sleep for very gladness. Children borrow no trouble, and one happy hour in sight is worth to them a heaven in the problematical future; so when at last Dave slept, his sharp, white face pressed against Chappy's woolly coat wore a smile.

As the mellow bells of St. Michael's rocked the steeple with their Christmas ringing, two odd little figures stole into the church and slipped warily into a high pew in one dusky corner. The ragged boy had been no false prophet; for there were the yellow mystical

lights on the high altar shining down till they touched the sorrowful figure of the Christ. There were the dark, silent men moving about, and through the aisles floated a strange odor, heavy and sweet. Yes, and the organ pealed with that muffled fulness of sound one hears in the great waves after a storm, when they break upon a sanded beach. Presently the people gathered till the vast building was full.

Then suddenly a voice rose in joyful song.

Somewhere in the dimness of Dave Dalton's memory was the blurred and shadowy remembrance of a story of shepherds who watched their flocks upon the star-lit hills in a far away country, and of a company of angels who floated down upon the wings of the night singing, "Peace on earth."

It seemed that he, too, heard the angel—that bright one who stood apart from the others and said, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy!" for it was what the wonderful voice sang now.

The two lads gazed up into the organ loft and there they saw a girl standing by herself—and she was singing.

When it ended the ragged boy caught Dave by the sleeve and spoke in a hoarse whisper: "Ain't dat great?" he said, his common little face shining. "Say, Dave, don't dat jest give you a queer feelin'. I wouldn't like to hear dat if I was in dis yer place alone at midnight, you bet! It's too much like a spirit, an' it'd rattle me to hear it in de dark."

But the boy answered nothing,

only watched the figure he knew till it was lost in the gloom of the distant gallery. They waited quietly through the short service—which was largely incomprehensible to them—hoping for “Jerusalem, the Golden,” but she sang no more. However, as they followed in the wake of the congregation down the aisle, she, leaning over the railing above, saw them and smiled a recognition.

“Look up,” whispered the ragged one, catching her eye first. “Cracky, Dave!” jerking him round, “she’s noddin’ of her head to us—she is, honest.” So the little hunchback returned her smile across the wide and empty church.

It was about two o’clock in the afternoon that a diminutive tattooed boy mounted the steps of a house and rang the bell. He held a card tightly in one grimy hand, and he often glanced from it to the bright brass number above. His face looked scared, while now and then as he stood waiting his limbs shook with a chill. A maid opened the door and lifted her eyebrows at him by way of ascertaining his business, but he walked in and past her, not heeding the unspoken question.

“My goodness! Look at him,” exclaimed the picturesque maiden. “Such cheek! You’d better trot out, boy, as quick as you came in, or I’ll call some one.”

“I wisht you would,” he answered, glancing about, “for I’m in a awful hurry. I want de lady wot sings. De one wot buys Dave Dalton’s shoe strings,—an’ I wants her quick. Catch on?”

At the moment there was a rustling of soft skirts, and Dave Dalton’s lady came swiftly down the hall, followed by the tall man, who walked stiffly. The boy ran to her.

“There’s—there’s been a axident,” he said, “an’ I come to get ye to go along wid me to de ’Mergency.”

“Why, you poor little fellow,” said the girl. “Who has been hurt? Any one I know?”

“You bet,” he cried. “Dave’s been hurt, and Chappy’s been hurt, too, some; but Dave’s the worst. Dere was a row down to Sweeny’s. You know Sweeny, don’t you?” to the man. “No? Well, he was a prize fighter onct,—a regular trained one. He stood to all de best of ’em—but now he’s too heavy. Well, ’twas like this. Us fellers we went to church to hear you,” with a nod towards the girl, “to hear you sing, an’ Dave he tied up Chappy, ’cause we’d a been hustled if we’d a-took him along. When we got back to de house, why he’d been howlin’ some, an’ jest as we come in Sweeny was a-givin’ him a thrashin’ wid a cane.”

“Yes!” questioned the man. “Yes?”

The boy’s eyes flashed. “Say,” he exclaimed, “I wisht ye could a seen Dave! He leapt right at dat feller an’ jerked de cane away; then he jumped up an’ hit him acrost de face wid it. A big ridge riz up where it lit.”

“The son of his grandfather!” said the man.

“Oh!” cried the girl, her hands clinging together. “Oh, Uncle Jack, I’m afraid that lodging-keeper did something dreadful to him.”

The ragged boy shivered. "Sweeny?" he said. "Why, Sweeny jest caught holt o' Dave like as he was a rabbit, an' he t'rew him down hard. He struck onto his head an' first he didn't know nothin', then after when he come to at de 'Mer-gency he kept on askin' fer yor I wisht ye'd come."

"Wait a moment," replied the girl. "I will go. You'll come, too," turning to the man.

"I rather think I'd better," he answered.

Half an hour later the three entered a ward in the Emergency Hospital. On a pallet lay the little hunchback, and upon his face was the mark of coming death.

A woolly dog, whose tail beat faintly, but steadily, was sitting at the foot of the bed. He pricked up his ears as they approached, but did not move. The house surgeon went forward to meet them.

"There is an internal injury," he said, in his low trained voice. "The lad is going very fast."

Dave looked up adoringly at the girl who stood beside him, and smiled as she patted his hand.

"You've been awful kind," he said. "I wanted to see you. There's two things I want to give you. Here," fumbling at his collar and pulling out a bit of leather shoe string,—“here, tied to this, is the medal—he—he—hadn't no chance to wear. It ain't an American one, but it's all right an' you kin have it if y' like; an' there's Chappy, y' can have him, too.”

"I'll take good care of him," said the girl softly; "very good care, Dave."

"Why," he answered, speaking painfully, "I—knowed y' would. There's another thing. I guess as they won't let me in—the angels. Y' see I come to this by sort of *fightin'*, an' they don't let no fighters in—'cept soldiers. Do they?"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lays down his life for his friend," said the man. "Chappy was your friend, lad."

Dave looked up and glanced from one to another, restlessly. Then he turned his deep eyes upon the pretty figure by his side. "You've been awful kind," he said, "awful kind. We used to watch for you Wednesdays an' Saturdays, Chappy an' me;" and as he spoke he drifted away into the sleep that is unbroken by dreams.

Then the girl with tender fingers untied the knotted lace and drew the medal from where it had rested.

The man exclaimed softly as he saw the bronze cross with its laurel-wreathed bar and faded red ribbon. "The cross!" he said. "Why, Letty, it is the Victoria Cross!"

"Yes," answered the girl, looking at it with dim eyes as it lay in the palm of her hand,—“yes, Uncle Jack—the Victoria Cross—and it has been worn by one who was not unworthy. Come,” she said to the ragged boy, “come with us.”

Then she gathered the little shaking dog in her arms, and they went together out into the Christmas sunshine.

A Scion of New England

By Edward O. Grisbrook

THE spirit and influence of New England have not been limited to the Commonwealths of the Republic. There is not a state of the Union but what has received generous contributions of her splendid brawn and ambitious spirit. But New England has done more than this, she has stamped the impress of her character with indelible lines upon the life and thought of a people whose homes lie north of her boundaries. The section of country known as the Eastern Townships, forming part of the Province of Quebec in Canada, was settled by people from New England, and is to-day occupied by their descendants. At the time of the settlement the people were called by the Canadians, "United Empire Loyalists." In New England they bore the opprobrious title of Tory. One need hardly be told that these people are directly descended from New England stock. Their family names, customs of living, manners of speech have earned for them the title of "Yankee Canadians." To wander up and down their streets or about their farms, to sit with them at their firesides and partake of their unstinted hospitality, is to feel you are with your own kindred and in familiar places. The "line" which separates the two countries is indeed,

in more than sentiment, only imaginary. The historian tells us that it is only somewhat more than a hundred years since their ancestors and ours lived side by side in their New England homes.

Let us glance back into the conditions of our country that made this exodus necessary. The terms Whig and Tory were transplanted from the Old World into New England, the Whigs contending for constitutional liberty, the Tories for royal prerogative and arbitrary power. Thus at an early date New England was divided into two factions and the division was accentuated by the attitude of the British government to the American colonies. During the Revolutionary struggle the Whigs had not only the British soldiers but the Tory element to contend with; so much so that a man's foes were apt to be of his own household. In many places the two parties were nearly balanced in number. Boston was strong Tory ground and because of the shelter afforded to British sympathizers many fled there during the conflict. The Whigs had every reason to fear the opposite party, for many of the prominent men holding the principal offices were Tories; but public opinion in the colony soon brought the Tory element into line; and those who were

willing to accept the newly established government were permitted to live in peace. Many of the Tories were intractable and unyielding. They were harassed and made to feel their disloyalty. They were driven from their homes, imprisoned and their property confiscated. Sheldon tells us in his history of Deerfield, that "some time after the war, about thirty of the leading Tories of the Connecticut Valley sent a petition to Lord Dorchester, modestly asking the grant of thirty townships of land, south of the St. Lawrence, adjoining the Vermont line, each to be six miles square, this to be in consideration of their former suffering and their present persecutions." Whether this petition directly brought about the following results, I am unable to ascertain; but this territory was given for this very purpose later. George III issued through Lord Dorchester, governor of the colony, a proclamation inviting his loyal subjects in the United States to make Canada their home. In this effort of the British government, provision was made for their reception and settlement; and for the mitigation of their trials and privations, they were presented with seed, farms, implements and tools for building purposes, food and clothing for a year or two after settling. To make good in part their losses the British government also voted fifteen million dollars to be divided among the incoming settlers, and gave munificent grants of forest land.

In consulting historical records of the Eastern Townships, the part of the province assigned to these

Tories, we find the original grants of lands bearing dates 1794 to 1796. These grants were given to New England settlers from the following towns: Woodbury, Connecticut; Sheffield, Salem, Barre, Williamstown, Deerfield, Colraine, Sandisfield, Petersham, in Massachusetts, and Sanbornton, Canaan, Derry, Litchfield, Somersworth, Hanover, in New Hampshire. In Vermont such places as Bradford, Newbury, Swanton, Springfield and Bennington and many others.

The exodus of this people from their ancestral homes to their northern exile forms one of the most thrilling chapters of our history. Longfellow has made immortal the trials of the early Puritans in their exile in the Bay Colony; also he has touched our hearts in the pathetic story of "Evangeline," with the sorrows of the Acadians in their ruthless separations; but the hardships and vicissitudes of these Loyalists have yet to be sung. They changed flags because they refused to participate in the cause of the Revolution, and because they clung to the idea of the unity of the empire. When independence was secured, these conscientious men of Puritan stock and principle, who had stood for what they considered a just and righteous cause, found themselves in a hopeless minority, suffering obloquy, and subjected to the indignities of the victors. Rather than live under these humiliating circumstances, some returned to England, but most of them sought new homes for themselves in Canada. It is estimated that about ten thousand emigrated to Acadia; many settled

in Ontario about the shores of the bay of Quinte, an arm of Lake Ontario; others chose the Niagara district and about twenty thousand settled on lands adjacent to the borders of New England.

The steps which these loyal sons to the British cause took cannot be sufficiently understood or explained by the odium and hatred with which they were met by their fellow countrymen. We cannot expect to find a true estimate of men and the motives which controlled their actions at a time when the tide of feeling was at its height. Neither are we to judge men of a hundred years ago by the standard of to-day. We must not overlook the limited educational advantages of our early fathers, whose feelings and actions were not restrained by refined tastes which are the fruit of liberal educational privileges. Time, with her kind hand, has rubbed out the harsh lines, softened the asperities and thrown over the events of that day the mantle of charity. Their conservatism, or call it patriotism, took the form which forced them to cling to their king and motherland, with all its scenes and the memories of dear "old home," and loved ones across the sea. Our Whig ancestors loved liberty, fought fiercely for freedom. It was the same passion which burned in the heart of Tory and Whig, but they knew it not. To the one it was devotion to the institutions of the past as the only hope of national safety; to the other it was devotion to the idea of liberty, freedom to think and act according to enlightened judgment, without which privilege no institution, how-

ever old, could be safe. Whatever the verdict of history, whether of praise or blame, we cannot help admire their sterling integrity and loyalty to their ideas of allegiance. They were both equally patriots, the one for the idea of republican institutions, the other for king and country. No hardship daunted, no suffering or loss, no enduring of privation shook their steadfast loyalty to flag and government.

It is easy to see that patriotism was their strongest motive, for how else can we account for those who stood side by side in the French and Indian wars turning about to face each other, friend and relatives fighting against each other, leaving their comfortable homes to exile themselves in the wilderness of Canada? It can also be said that, in all probability, they who had such a hatred for republican principles could not conceive that the new republic could permanently maintain itself, but that it would be harassed by frequent wars with other countries, and England particularly. To move northward was to move into safety as England had lately acquired British North America, and they could feel secure under the protection of the British government. The northward look could not at its best have held out a very pleasant and welcome prospect. They could scarcely have forgotten the shriek and war whoop of the Canadian Indian in his fiendish work with tomahawk and torch among their New England homes, and the prospect of coming into closer relations with him could not have been an inviting prospect. And then there were the

French people, the old bitter feuds could hardly be wiped out, who had led the Indians in their murderous assault upon the New England villages. The scenes of Deerfield, Haverhill and Hadley were still fresh in their memories. The treaty of Paris which surrendered the French power in Canada to the British had only been signed in 1760, and as the English government was established throughout Canada, the Indians were held in close subjection and confined to their own reserves; but the hated French were still there and must be their neighbors, whose language was an unknown tongue, and whose religion to the Puritan was Paganism. Having these facts in mind, the choice of voluntary banishment must have been a purely patriotic one.

The grants of land given by the British government to the Tories stretch southeasterly from the St. Lawrence and are on "three sides fringed by the *fiefs* of Louis XIV" and on the southern side by the borders of New England. This tract of country is considered the garden of the Province of Quebec. In many respects the physical features of this section are not unlike New England and altogether different from the flat clay lands which were already occupied by the early French settlers. The characteristic thrift, energy and industry of these "Yankee Canadians" have wrested from the primeval forest their beautiful homes and villages and their cultivated and productive farms.

It is a little more than three centuries and a half since Captain

Jacques Cartier, the famous seaman of St. Malo, brought the touch of refined civilization to this barbarous wilderness. His comrades were the young French noblemen of the Court of Francis I, with romantic dreams of adventure and gold, aspiring to establish in the New World the brilliant, gay, luxurious court life of that period. Those argonauts and their subsequent followers did not wish to act the part of the pioneer, but to suddenly amass wealth. They consequently chose the gentler shores of the St. Lawrence, where they could readily avail themselves of the facilities of trading with the Indian; during the summer months buying furs and in the winter returning to France with their laden ships yielding them an immense revenue. Thus we find them choosing to be traders instead of settlers, not wishing to push into the interior and claim the fertile lands which could only be reclaimed from an unbroken wilderness of forest. It may have been they dreaded to encounter the Indian in his home, and doubtless their free-hearted and socially inclined natures rendered them unable to endure the isolation necessary in going into the interior and taking up pioneer life. The course of the early settlement of New France was therefore well defined along the shores of the St. Lawrence and the smaller rivers.

Writers and moralists of New England history find in the ravages of disease among the early Indians along the eastern Atlantic coast a divine finger pointing a place for the Pilgrim Puritan to build his home and rear a nation. Equally true

does it seem that a portion of land, the finest and richest of the Province of Quebec, was being reserved by the same divine hand for the sons of their descendants, whose progressive ways had already brought marvellous changes to pass in the opening up of eastern Canada. The British government showed prescience in inviting those practical, sturdy settlers to enter the newlyacquired territory, with a conquered people, ignorant of English ideals and spirit. It is true that the two races, foreign in speech and religion, have not assimilated, yet their children have grown up side by side, the English drawing nearer to their ideals, while the French, surrendering neither language nor faith, have progressed during the past hundred years towards Anglo-Saxon thought and spirit because they have enjoyed the privilege of constitutional government.

It is impossible in these days of rapid transit to realize what suffering and privations the Loyalists underwent in their trip northward. They followed the old war trail which the Indian and French had used in the atrocities of Deerfield, Hadley and Haverhill. Slow and painful must have been the progress. They reached Canada, the land of their hope, by way of the Connecticut, White and Winooski Rivers, to the head waters of Lake Champlain. This journey took considerable time, as they were forced to cut their way through thick forest and camp at night, weary and sore of limb, amid the solitude. They became versed in woodcraft, inured to privation and danger, supplying

themselves with food from forest and stream. They were undaunted by frost or snow. Such men only need a leader to go anywhere into the untrodden depths of a new world and undertake anything possible to human strength and courage.

The village of Phillipsburg in the township of St. Armand, situated on the bay of Missisquoi, an arm of Lake Champlain, is one of the first points of settlement by the Loyalists, as the records of the grants given by the government bear date of 1784. A chastened feeling of sadness fills one as he passes along the silent streets of this village, showing many marks of age in dilapidated and deserted buildings. An old church with its windows and doors barred, bearing the ravages of time, stands silent witness of a day of better things. Memories awaken the sleeping echoes of the past, when the seats were filled with descendants of New England Puritans. The tide of progress has moved on, the village being a frontier settlement; to-day it is only visited by the summer boarder and the lover of the historic past. Here was the first touch of New England amid the untrodden forest; here the pioneer's axe rang out far and wide; here the log house replaced the lordly pine.

The plan of settlement and the manner in which the lands were secured from the British government, according to records, are as follows: Companies of associates were formed, to whom the townships were granted. "Any individual of respectability who had sustained

losses from his loyalty to the government, or otherwise merited reward could, by pursuing a prescribed course in company with a certain number of others of undoubted loyalty, obtain a grant of five-sevenths of a township. The individual who took the most active part in procuring this grant and bore the expenses was nominated leader." The course pursued was substantially as follows: the leader, with other individuals who were called associates, presented a petition to the government in which the claims of the petitioners were set forth and the tract of land prayed for described. The grant was made only on condition that the leader in each of the associates should take the oath of allegiance, and themselves, their heirs or assigns should make actual settlement. This plan was followed more or less closely in all cases. To each settler was given two hundred acres, mostly of virgin forest, with seed, implements and clothes. Each son coming of age received an additional two hundred, and each daughter when married. The first thing was to clear sufficient ground and by felling trees the home was built and the stock housed. It is surprising what the energy of those hardy men accomplished. To-day you look over their beautiful farms, soil well tilled, for a large part not yet in need of patent fertilizers. It must have taken a vast amount of toil to accomplish such astonishing results. The smaller and consequently the poorer farmer is everywhere in evidence, still you are greeted with large brick and stone residences, sur-

rounded by handsome grounds, well trimmed lawns, displaying not only thrift and energy, but elegance and luxury. Within these homes you meet the quiet reserve, dignified elegance and grace of manner famous in English tradition; also the atmosphere of democratic hospitality, that preferably extends the hand to character rather than blood, that delights in the recognition of hard earned ability and manhood. It is delightful of a summer day to drive over the shady roads, through an undulating country, with here and there a charming bit of scenery, just the spot for a contemplative spirit. Then, with a sudden bend in the road, there is spread out before your feet a panoramic view of picturesque mountain clad with virgin timber and lake embowered as a silver jewel.

A popular fallacy, which displays our ignorance of Canadians, generally takes for granted that they are French or of French ancestry. It is true that the larger portion of the population of the Province of Quebec is French, and large numbers of them come annually to our manufacturing centres, flocking into our cotton and paper mills and working in our factories. But we must not overlook the fact that there are every year many young men who come to Boston and other of our large cities, seeking the larger opportunity for their ambitious spirit, who are lineal descendants of the Pilgrim and Puritan and are the best blood of the Eastern Townships.

The making of pearl ash was the first occupation of the pioneers.

Vast tracts of forest land were converted into ashes, then leached to make potash. What ruthless waste! But nature was prodigal in her gifts to these sons of want and toil. They built their log shanties and gathered of an evening around the burning logs in the fireplace. They had their "bees" and "huskings," and the spirit of mutual helpfulness smoothed over many a hard place. "Going to mill" recalls thrilling tales of romantic adventure. Their fathers had endured similar trials in their New England homes. It was not an uncommon experience for one to carry his grain on his back for twenty miles and return with his grist; but as the country grew older and more developed, the farmer was seen astride his horse with his grist. Winter came upon them with relentless fury. Deep snow hampered them, but in contending with difficulties men of nerve and endurance and character were being made. It is not to be wondered at that the sons of these heroic sires are proud of their ancestry and point to what they did and rejoice in the heritage bequeathed to them.

The loyalty of the Eastern Townships has never been questioned, and in the War of 1812 their services were of great value to the land of their adoption. The settlements along the shores of Missisquoi Bay felt the realities of war. When the plan was made to invade and capture Canada by attacking Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, these settlers from New England bore the brunt of the resistance. In this war Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island

refused to participate because the real purpose of the struggle was not against what one of their orators called "the harmless colonists of Canada." On October 24, 1813, one of the most important battles of the war was fought near Chateauquay River, and where strategy and skill concealed the great disparity of numbers. The settlers, with the help of four hundred soldiers under Colonel de Salaberry, defeated a division of American forces numbering 3,500 led by General Hampton and Colonel Purdy. This defeat frustrated the plans for the capture of Montreal.

Again in 1837 and 1838 they rendered conspicuous service to the Dominion authorities in assisting in suppressing what is called in Canadian history the Papineau-Mackenzie rebellion. William Lyon Mackenzie took charge of the rebellion in the Province of Ontario, and Papineau, a French agitator, led the movement in the Province of Quebec. With Papineau was associated Dr. Wolfred Nelson. Together they stirred up the racial animosities and prejudices of the French, who as a conquered people were inclined to be restive under British rule. It was at the time of the advent of Victoria to the throne. According to time honored custom the Roman Catholics through the province met to celebrate her accession, but a widespread spirit of disloyalty, sown by these leaders, was generally manifested among the French by a refusal to chant the *Te Deum* in honor of the young queen, or to offer prayers for the royal family, or to take the oath of allegiance.

The presence and services of the Loyalists in the province were of great value to the government and held the seditious movement in check. An engagement took place near Missisquoi Bay, not far from Phillipsburg, between these Loyalists under Captain Kemp, and the rebels under Gaynon of L'Arcadie, in which the insurgents were completely routed.

In 1865 occurred the "Fenian Raid." The Fenians were a brotherhood of Irish settlers who had collected at various points in New York state near the Canadian boundary, and whose design was to suddenly attack Canada as a part of their sympathy with an Ireland freed from Britain. The movement was easily resisted and overcome; but it put the Loyalists of the Eastern Townships to great expense and annoyance.

The Canadian government has always appreciated the conspicuous service these English pioneers have rendered, and the present happy and united state of affairs in the Province of Quebec is in no small measure due to them. The French, constitutionally impulsive, are easily stirred into unrest and discord; the self-denying, hearty patriotism of the settlers has been in the past the leaven in the lump. To-day, of course, with Sir Wilfred Laurier, a Frenchman, premier of the Dominion, it is different, and they are very loyal to English institutions and government, and are taking their part in the building up and shaping the destiny of Canada into a strong, united nation.

It is very interesting to an Ameri-

can to find in the Eastern Townships so many G. A. R. veterans. They are everywhere. During the Civil War, large numbers of the young men, descended from those early New England families, enlisted on the side of the North, and while many having gained the right of citizenship through their services, never returned to Canada, many did, and to-day are representative of the ideas and feelings which bind the two countries together. This love, principally for New England, is felt very strongly in the Eastern Townships, especially among the older and influential families. And while there are not among the citizens of Canada a more loyal people to British ideals and constitution, yet they are through relatives, tradition and trade strongly sympathetic with our institutions. It is very rare to find a family that is not in some way related to New England; either some member of the household has migrated to one of the larger cities or, having gone in younger years and been successful, has returned to dwell near the scenes of childhood.

The religious life presents a curious anomaly to the student of historic faiths. Through ancestry and tradition these people were Puritans, yet it is surprising to see the largest and most influential congregations in their towns are of the Church of England. Other denominations worship in more modest and unpretentious structures. Why did not the Loyalists adhere to the faith of their ancestry? The manner in which they left New England may in part account for it. Their patriotic feelings overcame their religious ideas

and beliefs. But another reason presents even a greater claim as cause for this. In looking into the religious history of these townships we find that an Episcopal mission Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was the first religious body in England to respond to the needs of these new settlers. They sent their missionaries into the backwoods as early as 1799, and it is a beautiful example of Christian charity which lightens up those early days of schism and bitter sectarian controversy when the Puritan was hunted and persecuted through the misguided zeal and bigotry of early Episcopalians in England. In 1807 the Rev. C. J. Stewart was sent out. This devoted man was the fifth son of the Earl of Galloway, a graduate of Oxford, reared in luxury, learned and wise, but not above the humble mode of living of the pioneers. He gained their confidence and love by his unselfish and indefatigable labors, and by his sweet charity and lofty Christian devotion to their needs. The name of Bishop Stewart is a priceless heirloom of which the Episcopal Church may well be proud.

There are very few large centres of population in the Eastern Townships. The people are principally farmers, well-to-do, cultivating large areas, mostly for pasturage and hay, and their products being chiefly dairy. There are over 500 butter and cheese factories, whose product secures the highest prices in the English market, although our high tariff has closed our doors to them. Maple sugar of the very highest quality and excellence is manufac-

tured extensively. Fruit is also grown in large quantities. The city of Sherbrooke, founded in 1796, and named after Sir John Sherbrooke, the governor of Canada, with a population of 11,000, equally divided between French and English, is considered the metropolis. It is 100 miles from Montreal and 127 from Quebec, and is the third largest city of the province. It has superb water power, estimated at 4,200 horse power, of which 1,500 is not utilized, derived from a long series of falls in the Magog River, in the immediate vicinity of the city. The largest woollen mill in Canada is located here. Its products are chiefly tweeds, worsted goods and rugs, which are distributed from Vancouver to Halifax. Mining machinery, too, is very extensively manufactured, together with paper and paper machinery and electrical appliances. The exports to the United States alone in 1898 were \$400,000.

Granby is another place of manufacturing importance, a very busy, progressive town of about 4,000, that is coming rapidly to the front. Cowansville, Coaticook, Bedford and Magog are also busy and growing towns.

The Eastern Townships are very rich in natural resources. Magnificent timber covers the mountains and a large area of the valleys, while the mineral wealth, which only of late has begun to be realized, includes copper, asbestos, chromic iron and lime, while with partial success workings have been made for gold, silver and galena. The copper mines are mostly in the vi-

cinity of Waterville, where the annual output is 50,000 tons.

For many years the internal administration of the Eastern Townships was carried on at Sherbrooke, until they were broken up into municipalities, or the town system, conferring upon each township jurisdiction in its own affairs under the general legislative authority of the province. These townships are grouped into districts; three counties forming a district. Each county sends one representative to the provincial government at Quebec and one to Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion government. Each district has a senator at Ottawa and a member in the Legislative Assembly, which is really a Provincial Senate.

The people's feeling of loyalty and pride for the Townships is embodied in several of their institutions. For example, they have their own banking system, called "The Eastern Township Bank," which has its head office in Sherbrooke and branches in all the villages. This institution has a paid-up capital of \$1,500,000, with a reserve fund of \$835,000, giving an available capital of \$2,335,000, and declaring dividends at the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. Then, too, there is the Agricultural Association, more familiarly known as "Canada's Great Eastern Exhibition," made up of the principal public men and farmers, and incorporated in 1885. The association claims to be second only to the leading one in Toronto, which represents the entire Dominion. It has held thirteen successful exhibitions, call-

ing together each year a large representation of the farmers and manufacturers, and inspiring by friendly rivalry a progressive spirit. The attendance at these fairs has reached as high as 20,000 in a day.

No country affords a more delightful climate during the summer months, and this fact is rapidly attracting an increasing number of tourists. The light, dry air has led many suffering from lung troubles away from the fogs and more humid atmosphere of New England, and even the winters are not severe, the mercury seldom falling as low as in many places in central and northern Vermont. These towns seem to lie in a warm belt, favored by currents of air which temper the rigors of winter. The summers are perfectly delightful. Lake Memphremagog, the queen of a most charming lake system, is a veritable tourists' paradise, surrounded by heavy woods, and its shores dotted with summer cottages. "From the heights we look out upon scenes of many a wild expedition, romantic or tragic. Yonder is the late gateway through which the fierce Abenakis so often carried desolation to the heart of Massachusetts. It was through those maple woods on our west flank that 'Roger's Rangers' in 1759 swept like a whirlwind of flame, to exterminate the whole brood of tigers that had so long harried the homes of New England."

You seem to hear amid the rustle of the leaves the march of the invisible feet of those who counted not their lives dear, whose sacrifices made possible the present.



MILFORD, ACROSS THE CHARLES

Milford and Hopedale

By Lewis G. Wilson

UNTIL 1886 the two towns of Milford and Hopedale composed a single municipality and they are, respectively, the daughter and granddaughter of "Mother Mendon," whose white steeple on Mendon Hill overlooks a wide area in the southern part of Worcester County. Historically these three towns are as much one as, nowadays, they are industrially, closely and intimately associated. Separated by distances of only one and two miles, and connected by trolley lines, the great shops of the Draper Company midway between Milford and Mendon form an industrial centre for thousands of workmen who come daily to Hopedale from all the region round about.

A stranger approaching this dale of perpetual enterprise from Milford on the east can hardly believe himself within the limits of a manufacturing town, for the neat and substantial dwelling houses, beautiful villas and finely macadamized streets on the way are more characteristic of a residential neighborhood. And if he drives down from the peaceful old hill slopes of Mendon upon the west along the ancient carriage road he will catch glimpses, merely, of the huge machine shops, while all about there are the quiet homes and public buildings of a progressive and prosperous people. The newness and freshness of everything in and around Hopedale give the impression that nothing of historical interest can be



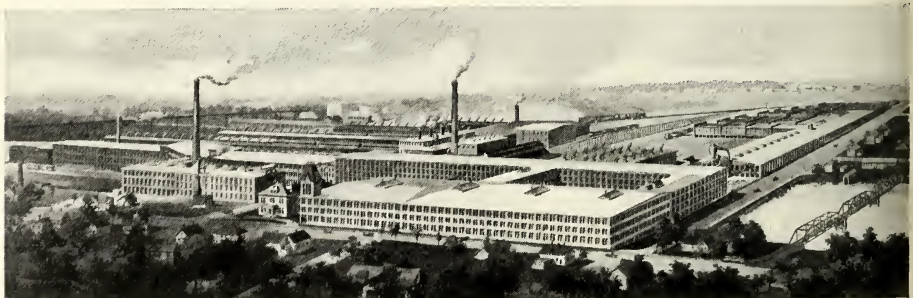
Robert Allen Cook, Architect

THE PRESENT HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

identified with the region; such an impression certainly is most misleading. Just south of Hopedale Corner stands the present High School building, a modern structure with every up-to-date appointment, located almost exactly on the spot where Alexander Scammell, afterwards a member of General George Washington's staff, taught school while he was yet a student in Harvard College. Empty barrels with boards across the top served for "writing counters," and planks resting upon boxes for seats. Alexander Scammell subsequently studied law with General John Sullivan, became colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment, chosen Light Infantry, fought and was wounded at the battle of Saratoga in 1777, attained the rank of adjutant general in 1780, and was numbered among

the most confidential friends of General Washington. He was field officer on September 30, 1781, at the siege of Yorktown, was surprised by a party of the enemy's cavalry while reconnoitring, and, after capture, inhumanly wounded. Being conveyed prisoner to Williamsburg, Va., he there died October 6, 1781.

On the high ridge between Milford and Hopedale, near the spot now occupied by the beautiful residence of Mr. George Otis Draper, stood the once famous Scammell homestead. From this point fine views of Milford, Franklin, Bellingham, the "Blue Hills of Milton," and the towns of Mendon and Hopedale may be obtained. The tower of St. Mary's Church in the foreground towards the east, and the quaint obelisk of Milford granite raised to the memory and over the remains of the late Fr. Cuddihy are conspicuous objects, while the great number of derricks in the distance among the thriving quarries indicate an unlimited industrial future for the town. Hopedale Centre from this point is almost hidden from view upon the west, being situated in the low valley at the foot of the hill, making its presence known by the incessant murmur of its vast machine shops and the columns of smoke rising from



THE GREAT SHOPS OF THE DRAPER COMPANY

the tall chimneys above the intervening forest.

Milford as an independent town did not come into existence until many years after the days of the first grants. The Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay first passed an act which made the territory now known as Milford a separate precinct of the mother town of Mendon. Mill River divided the original Mendon township, which was eight miles square and had been purchased from the Indians in 1662 for the munificent sum of £24. In 1692, after King Philip's War (1676) had burned the Mendon village and the scattered owners had returned to their original grants, the town of Mendon made the additional purchase of three square miles situated in what is now the northerly part of the town of Milford, and for nearly half a century the residents of this wide territory attended

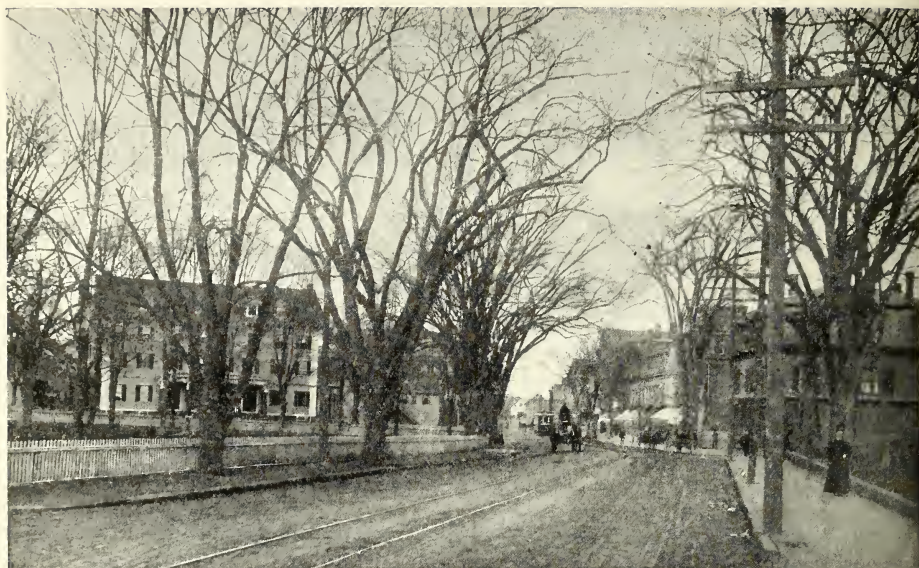


THE OBELISK TO FATHER CUDDIHY

church and town meeting at the central village on Mendon Hill. It was in 1730 that the evolutionary process of division began, and, as the best institutions of this world always stimulate the most violent emotions, tribulation began when it became necessary to repair or rebuild the meeting-house. The isolated farmers living east of Mill River remonstrated to the extent of twenty-eight votes against the expenditure of money for a purpose so far removed from their local, if not spiritual interests. There were dozens of stormy town meetings which followed and the untiring efforts, extending over a period of forty years, of the residents east of Mill



THE TOWER OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH



MAIN STREET



CONGRESS STREET

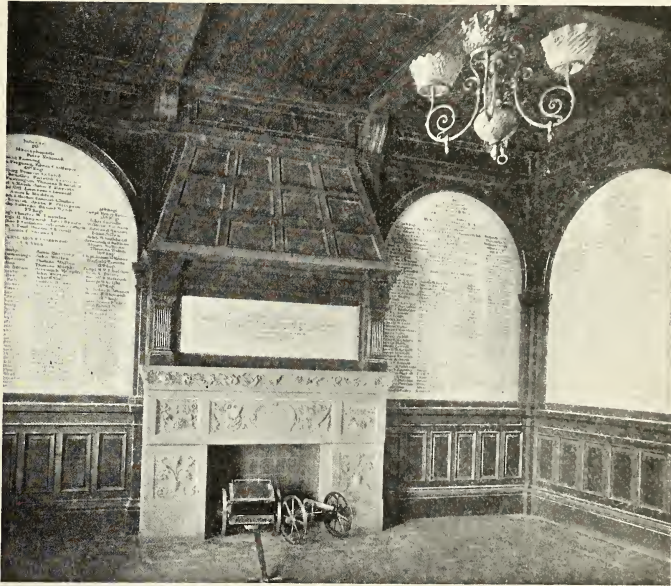
MILFORD STREETS



received the bold and confident signature of John Hancock, *Speaker*, and those also of "S. Adams" and "Artemas Ward," April 11, 1780.

Thus came into existence the present town of Milford, during a period almost identically contemporaneous

River, to separate themselves from Mendon and become an independent municipality. First came the precinct, as has already been indicated — in 1741 — and then, after many years of voting and counter-voting, of committee compromises and town meeting eloquence, suspended briefly during the all-absorbing period of the Revolutionary



MEMORIAL HALL, MILFORD

War, a vote was passed at Mendon, March 1, 1779, "granting the Request of the Inhabitants of the Easterly Precinct . . . to be set off as a separate Town." The Act of Incorporation was passed by the "State of Massachusetts Bay," and

with the birth, the brilliant life and death of its greatest Revolutionary hero—Alexander Scammell. The origin of the name is not positively known. There were already many Milfords in the world, but the lovers of antiquarian coincident are prone

to believe that it was suggested by the ford of Mill River, situated near the mill which gave the river its name. Years before King Philip and his compatriots laid waste to all the region round about, John Albee had been authorized to build a "grain mill" for the accommodation of the first settlers and the identical site of that famous enterprise is easily distinguishable near the bridge which crosses the stream by the recent residence of Mr. Lewis Gaskill on the road leading from Milford to Woonsocket.

The year that saw the birth of Milford as a town was that of the adoption of our state Constitution, and was memorable also for that famous "Dark Day," which aroused the superstitions

and played upon the fancies of our ancestors for a century after. The vicissitudes of the time had nurtured the spirit of self-preservation among the citizens of Milford and their most abundant luxuries consisted of economy, patriotism, and the theology of John Calvin. Either through their own indigence, lack of opportunity or other misfortune there were, among all the early New England towns, a comparatively large number of poor and incapable people. In becoming a separate town, therefore, Milford necessarily assumed its proportion of debts and the care of its share of the paupers. This fact partly explains one of the first votes passed by the new town: "Voted, to warn all persons out of the town of



Robert Allen Cook, Architect

TOWN HOUSE, MILFORD

Milford that have moved in since it was a town, or that shall move into said town hereafter." Considering that the town's population did not exceed 760, and that it contained only about 120 houses, such a vote might indicate a remarkable degree of selfish intolerance; but

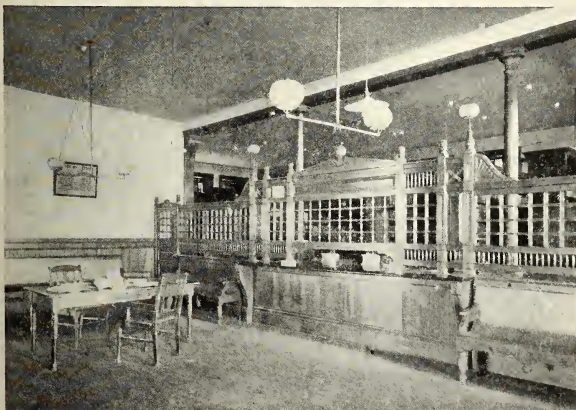
when we realize the universal destitution that followed the trying period of the eight years' war, and the great financial depression that was only equalled by the hardships and sacrifices that had immediately preceded it, such a provision may not surprise us. As a matter of fact the warning itself was merely intended to relieve the town of any responsibility for the care of the poor which might arise in the near future of diffi-



BANCROFT MEMORIAL LIBRARY, HOPEDALE

cult and discouraging reconstruction. An examination of the appropriations during the first years would lead one to suppose that either unusual educational advantages were afforded, or that the number of children was enormously out of proportion to that of the families. It was voted on September 4, 1780, that one thousand pounds should be raised for "Schooling Children." In subsequent years only twenty pounds was appropriated for the same purpose. The difference lay in the relative values of the old continental currency and metal,—twenty pounds in silver being the equivalent of a thousand in the depreciated medium.

The life of any one of our older New England towns is an epitome of the nation's history. Thus, to know perfectly the story of Milford is to become informed concerning the



MILFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY

national growth from the days of those hardy pioneers who, in removing from Braintree to Mendon, were confronted by as many risks, dangers and difficulties as their children sustain in a pilgrimage from Milford to the Klondyke. The men who settled east of Mill River bore their part in the early Indian wars. They were among those who, in 1744-48, and again in 1755-63, were involved with the French colonists and finally accomplished the conquest of Canada. The old muster rolls contain many family names familiar to this day in the political, commercial and religious annals of Milford. When the spirit of independence began to move through these colonies, old Mendon and her various precincts forgot for the time their local differences, held tumultuous meetings under the enthusiastic leadership of the talented patriot, Joseph Dorr, Esq., formed companies of minutemen and, when the news of the battle of Lexington reached them, marched in hot haste to bear a worthy part in Washington's army when it gathered for defence around the town of Boston.

The zeal for national independence inspired a spirit which allowed no step to be taken in any direction without earnest and sometimes stubborn deliberation. What was true in the attitude of the colonies towards the mother country was afterwards equally true of that of each municipality in relation to its county and its state, and even of individuals to one another. Every man knew that he was, by the mere fact of birth, entitled to certain inalienable rights. Both in politics and in religion the spirit which had animated Oliver

Cromwell and his Ironsides would tolerate no exercise of authority which threatened to deprive the individual of that personal responsibility which existed in the very nature of things between himself and his Maker. It was therefore no easy task to get harmonious, concerted action among the different members of the young Republic. Non-conformity was the habit of the time and it characterized alike both the hive and the bee. If the newborn nation had troubles, so did every town with its folk-mote of jealous and fearless citizens, and the debates that aroused the fervent patriotism of Jefferson and the nervous eloquence of Hamilton were no more intense than the town meeting discussions over the simplest questions of way and means. When, in the course of time then, the Federal Constitution was presented to the citizens of Milford for adoption it was considered as seriously as if the whole matter of national government depended upon the result. It was too important a subject to be launched upon the town without careful examination, and so a committee of responsible citizens was chosen to instruct the delegate to the state convention, Mr. David Stearns, as to the position which Milford was to take. That committee, for what reasons we may never know, brought in a report to reject the Constitution, the town assembled, confirmed the report and Milford, therefore, joined the minority in opposition to that immortal instrument.

That action did not, however, have any weakening effect upon the patriotism of the town in subsequent events. The military spirit was strong



HOPEDALE POND

and active. When, in 1787, the Shays insurrection aroused the sense of injustice and oppression in Worcester County, until a kind of insanity controlled a number of the people, Milford remained loyal and patient waiting for the nation itself to work out its own salvation. During the entire period between the Revolution and the war of 1812 she felt each thrill of the nation's heart and responded instantly in some expression of loyal sympathy and co-operation. Her famous artillery company, with its two brass fieldpieces, which was formed just before the War of 1812, was the pride of the town for many years. It was called into actual service in 1814, and was stationed for the defence of Boston when the navy of Great Britain was threatening to "blow America out of the water." Its fame spread far and wide, and

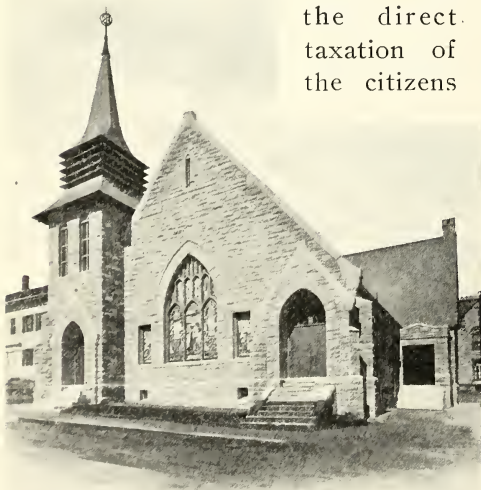
although no record preserves an account of any sanguinary demonstration of bravery, the brilliancy of its uniforms, the beauty of its standards and the generally handsome appearance of its members are attested by the reception which the ladies of Milford tendered this company on the 4th of July, 1827, when prayers, speeches, the presentation of a banner, and a bountiful feast at Colonel Sumner's hotel proved conclusively that no enemy, foreign or domestic, would threaten the welfare of the Republic with impunity.

The part that Milford bore in the awful war of the Rebellion cannot here be reviewed. The relics that are now preserved in the beautiful memorial building situated in the centre of the town are mute witnesses to the struggles, sacrifices, endurance,

loyalty and heroism which have always and everywhere characterized the American soldier. The Grand Army of the Republic is represented by Fletcher Post, No. 22, whose veteran members were drawn in the dark days of 1861-64 from the youthful chivalry of the North. Milford did its part honorably and nobly, and the reader who wishes to trace in detail the magnificent record of its sons and fathers in the great struggle for the Union will find ample testimony among the archives of Memorial Hall.

Politics and religion wrote themselves in strong italics in the history of the town from the beginning. The old "Jones house," which was built about 1700 on the spot now occupied by a part of the Draper works in Hopedale, was the scene of pious interest when, in order to become a separate precinct, the Mill River residents of Mendon formed the second church of the town (1731). For many years the Milford church was sup-

ported by
the direct
taxation of
the citizens



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, MILFORD

of the town. The theology of the time conformed harmoniously with the dangers, fears and hardships of the wilderness. Human character in those days was composed of tough material and it was knotted and bound by such theories of life as allowed little latitude for the tender sensibilities and larger judgments of a more scientific humanity. The age was Hebraic and the Old Testament furnished the inspiration and the guidance for all human intercourse. The Puritanic conscience led the way. Art and beauty were abhorrent to it, and the grim necessities of the time forestalled and prevented whatever in religion tended towards æsthetic display or satisfaction. When Dr. William Jennison presented a Bible to the precinct church that it might be read in public by the minister, immediately a storm of disapproval was aroused by those who could see in such an action nothing but a tendency to imitate the popery and formalism of the Church of England. So the good doctor withdrew his gift and directed that it should remain the private possession of the

minister, and the congregation continued to confine its worship to "laborious" prayers and two and three hour sermons. In the course of many years the church voted to introduce a bass viol and to hire some one to play it, and we have evidence that this appeared to some of the members to be a subtle ruse of the devil to undermine the spiritual welfare of the congregation; for, not long after, when the great awakening under Whitefield and Edwards came, the spirit of ra-

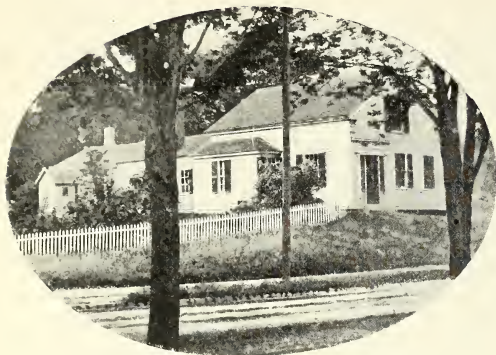


MILFORD PINK GRANITE QUARRIES

tional liberality had so far invaded the pulpit that members began to fall away to join the beginnings of other churches, calling the old church "Babylon," "a band of robbers" (referring, possibly, to the system of taxing all the residents of the town for the support of the church), "a synagogue of Satan," and other equally picturesque epithets. At the Congregational Church in Milford at the present time one may be made to realize what a Puritan church of the past is capable of becoming. If that solitary bass viol with its solemn groaning was, in those early days, an evidence of Satanic intrigue, what would the fathers think if they could listen to the glorious sacred concerts that are given within the walls of the present fine edifice of to-day? And if they were to attend church on the

Sunday it might seem to them that "there is no religion if there is no hell."

Milford, like other New England towns, gradually ceased to support the "town church" by levying taxes upon the citizens, as other denominations came and established churches. The Universalists, as early as 1781, began to preach their "heretical doctrines" in the vicinity. It was, apparently, favorable soil in which to plant the seeds of the "death and glory" doctrine, for many prominent and influential families soon enrolled themselves under a "Charter of Compact" in a manner—as the preamble states it—"which is most *happiflying* and secure in the great matters of Religion and Morality." For many years there was more or less social and ecclesiastical friction between



ADIN BALLOU'S HOUSE, AS IT WAS

these two churches, each commanding the support and loyalty of able and respected citizens; but the times have long since ushered in the wiser and more charitable—more Christian—spirit and the amicable relations between all the various congregations that now attend to the religious interests of the town are exceptionally tolerant and cordial. In recent years the Universalist society has erected a beautiful church, built of Milford granite, and filled with numerous memorials to the devoted saints who have labored and passed to their reward. Of the other religious bodies and institutions that now flourish in the town of Milford, the Methodists came in 1792, and the Baptists quite as early, if not earlier, while it was not until May 17, 1863, that the Protestant Episcopal Church first held services in the town. The Roman Catholic Church, St. Mary's, practically first appeared when, in 1847, Rev. John Boyce of Worcester began work among the Irish laborers, many of whom had moved into town to work on the Boston and Worcester Railroad. From that time it has gained great numerical strength and its

fine house of worship is a monument to the zeal of its earnest priests and ardent supporters. The church is built of Milford granite, with a tower of exceptional grace overlooking the surrounding country. The late Fr. Patrick Cuddihy, whose long and notable labors resulted in the establishment of many Roman Catholic churches, is credited with the remarkable enterprise, sagacity and force which have resulted in this monument of devotion and sacrifice.

As early as 1795 Ariel Bragg moved into the northeast corner of the town and began the making of boots, employing two assistants. This seems to have been the commencement of a business which, years afterwards, distinguished Milford among the manufacturing centres of the state. As an illustration of the business methods of those days the Ballou History of Milford copies the following entry from Colonel Bragg's Memoirs:

"Hired a horse for fifty cents, bought a bag of hay of John Claflin for ten cents; and with his twenty-two pair of shoes in saddle-bags, and his bag of hay bound on behind him, before the sun had risen was off for Providence; stopped one-half mile north of Providence bridge; gave hay to his horse, and with one pair of shoes in his hand, and the saddle-bag on his back, marched on. When going on to the bridge saw two men standing by the wayside, when one of them called out, 'Have you shoes to sell?' The response was, 'I have.' 'How many?' 'Twenty-two pairs.' 'What do you ask?' 'One dollar per pair.' Looking at them, said he, 'I will give you twenty-one dollars and fifty cents.' 'You shall have them.' Took the money, returned to his horse, found him refreshed, when he mounted and rode direct to Mr. Draper's in Attleborough, of whom he had heard when in Brookline.



ADIN BALLOU PARK

Bought six Calf-skins; rode to Thurston's Tavern in Franklin, gave his horse the hay that remained and arrived home one hour after sundown the same day; paid three weeks' board, and for his horse, and found that eight dollars would remain for his three weeks' work; which was far better than seven dollars per month at Brookline, where the inhabitants thought it beneath their dignity to hold conversation with their hired help, or a journeyman shoemaker."

Gradually the boot and shoe business increased. To name the various firms that have engaged in this enterprise, the amount of the products turned out and the number of men and women employed in the town for nearly a hundred years would simply mean many pages of statistics copied from the state records. As everybody knows, no industry in New England has been subjected to greater changes through the introduction of machinery, more frequent fluctuations

on account of labor disturbances, profounder revolutions through the influence of war and western immigration and the ever-increasing demands of competition, than the production of leather and the manufacture of boots and shoes. Milford has felt these commercial and industrial vicissitudes most keenly, as is now attested by the number of large buildings that once turned out hundreds of cases daily but are now used for storage or devoted to other purposes. At the present time the two principal shoe shops employ together from 800 to 1,000 hands.

Fortunately for Milford, however, nature has furnished within her own territory an inexhaustible supply of most excellent granite. As early as 1845 the amount of stone quarried and prepared was valued at \$3,500, and within recent years many large quarries have been opened of which

those of Norcross Brothers, the Bay State Pink Granite Company and the G. H. Cutting Granite Company are the most important, employing from 1,200 to 1,500 men. This industry promises to furnish, for generations to come, a permanent and substantial resource for both capital and labor, for the quality and beauty of the now well known granite has been demonstrated in the construction of hundreds of public and commercial buildings in all parts of the country.

For many years considerable attention has been devoted to the manufacture of straw goods and Milford is now looking forward to a prosperous future along that line. Some years ago Mr. William Lapworth, an energetic, expert manufacturer of elastic fabric web, secured a large building and began operations with a limited number of the most improved looms. At the present time he has practically reached the limit of the capacity afforded by his original plant and promises to extend indefinitely his young and flourishing business.

The prospect for a more substantial and profitable growth, in population, in the increased value of real estate, and in public improvements, seems better now than at any period in the last quarter of a century. The town has two daily papers—the *News* and the *Journal*—which together with a weekly, the *Gazette*, established in 1882 by Gilbert M. Billings, and conducted by Cook & Sons since 1872, are potent forces in all the manifold enterprises and political and social interests of the town. There is an efficient fire department, of which Mr. John H. Scott is the experienced and faithful chief, with two steamers,

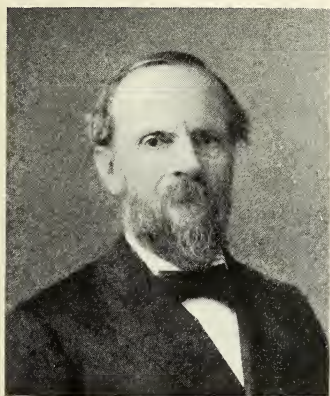
hook and ladder trucks, and all the necessary paraphernalia. The water supply is ample and satisfactory, the pumping station being located near the banks of the classic Charles, which takes its rise in the northern part of the town. Both Milford and Hopedale are connected under the same system of water works, and are both supplied also with gas and electric light from stations situated in the manufacturing part of the former.

The Boston and Albany Railroad, in its early days, constructed a branch road from South Framingham to Milford through the town of Holliston. Its present station is unattractive and unsuitable and should be replaced by a better. A branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway also passes through the town, connecting the main line at Franklin with the Boston and Albany at Ashland. The Grafton and Upton Railroad also has its terminus in Milford. But it is a centre from which electric lines radiate in every direction that the town is particularly fortunate. The following towns, from which further connections are made to all parts of the state, have been joined to Milford by trolley lines which are now in profitable operation: South Framingham, Hopkinton, Upton, Hopedale, Mendon, Uxbridge, Franklin, Woonsocket and the Medways.

From the earliest days Milford has been favored with excellent hostleries. When President Washington, in 1789, passed this way, he stopped for refreshments at the Samuel Warren Inn. There he was waited upon by the prominent citizens of the town, including the minister, and addressed as "Your Highness." An old elm is

still standing where, tradition says, one of his horses was tied, and one may fancy he can still see where the hungry animal gnawed away some of the bark. This is one of the scores of trees throughout New England where "Washington hitched his horse."

The judicial district composed of Milford and several neighboring towns deserves special notice because of the long and faithful administration



JUDGE CHARLES A. DEWEY

of Judge Charles A. Dewey, a native of Northampton, Mass., where his father, whose name he bears, presided over the Supreme Court for almost thirty years. Judge Dewey was graduated at Williams College in 1851 and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He was appointed trial justice in July, 1861, and later justice of the Police and District Courts, thus having held court here, as the local magistrate, for the long term of over forty years.

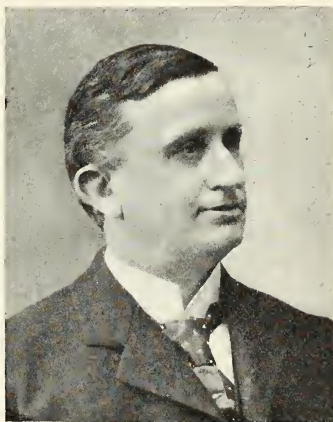
Perhaps no single event in recent years has been more deeply regretted among the progressive and public spirited residents of Milford and Hopedale than the death, on August 26, 1900, of the Hon. William Henry

Cook. Associated many years with his father and brother in the publica-



THE LATE EBEN D. DRAPER

tion of the *Milford Journal*, he had won the respect and confidence of the public so completely that he had repeatedly been elected to both houses



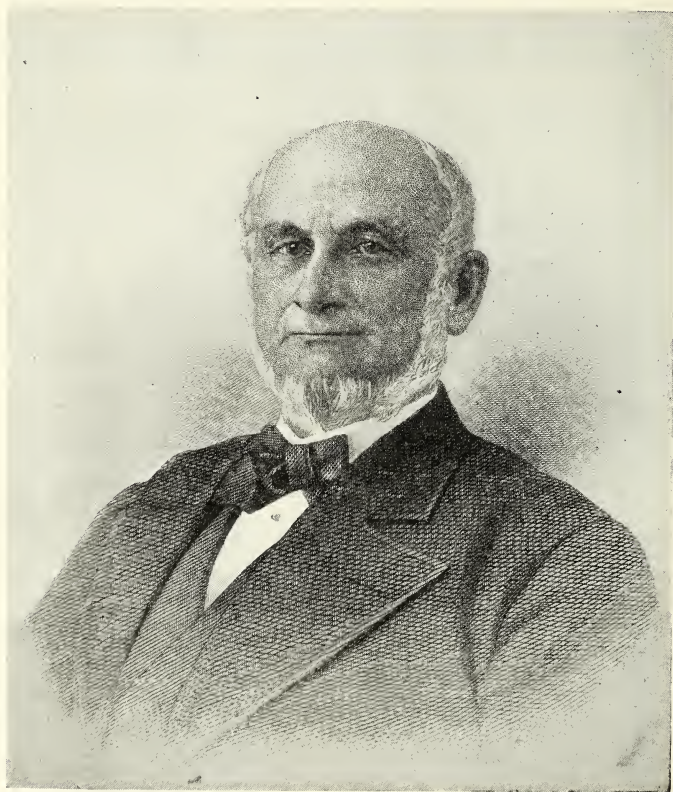
THE LATE HON. WILLIAM HENRY COOK

of the state Legislature, where he became known as a fearless and incorruptible champion of what he regarded as sound political measures. His political enemies, no less than his constituents, admired the stalwart and consistent zeal with which he followed the line of personal and politi-

cal duty, and in his death the town sustained a loss which will be long remembered and deeply felt.

No account of historical and modern Milford could, even remotely, approach completeness which did not give some attention to the inception, development and dissolution of the

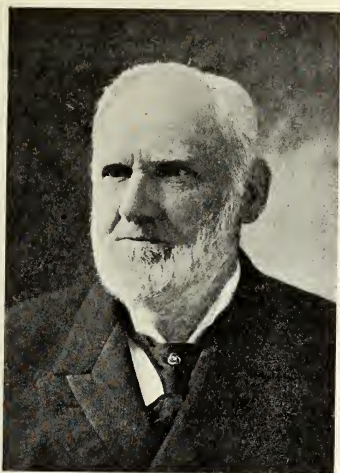
1886 Hopedale was a part of the town of Milford. The two places are now divided by scarcely over a mile of distance from post office to post office, and in all matters except municipal government are most closely allied. When Adin Ballou, in the full strength of his young manhood,



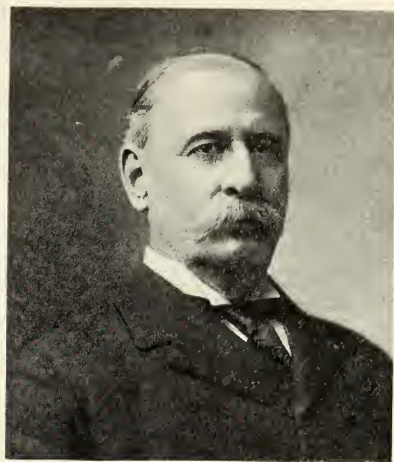
THE LATE GEORGE DRAPER

"Fraternal Community, No. 1," popularly known as the Hopedale Community, founded under the leadership of the late Rev. Adin Ballou, January 28, 1841. This subject has already received special notice in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and can here be referred to in a mere word only. Until

selected the "Dale" as the site on which he intended to work out the principles of practical Christian socialism, there were few dwelling houses in all the region which is now teeming with the increasing population and ever enlarging manufactories of modern Hopedale. The Community drew to itself men of earnest purpose,



JOSEPH B. BANCROFT



GEN. WILLIAM F. DRAPER

high ideals and powerful executive ability. As an organic effort to demonstrate the practicability of socialism it is generally referred to as a failure; but as an effort to emphasize the fundamental principles of permanent human welfare it was a marked success. Adin Ballou continued, long after the Community dissolved, to teach and exemplify the doctrines of non-resistance and Christian co-operation. The aged Count Leo Tolstoi recently referred to him as, in his opinion, "the greatest of American writers," which is

simply one of many superlative tributes paid to him by men of kindred sympathies in different parts of the world. A fine statue in bronze was recently presented to the town

by General William F. Draper, voluntary contributors buying the old Ballou homestead and suitably laying out the grounds around the monument. Associated with Mr. Ballou in the early days of the Community was a man of noble ideals and unusual ability, the late Eben D. Draper. Under his guidance the Hopedale machine works were



EBEN S. DRAPER



UNIQUE TENEMENTS FOR EMPLOYÉES

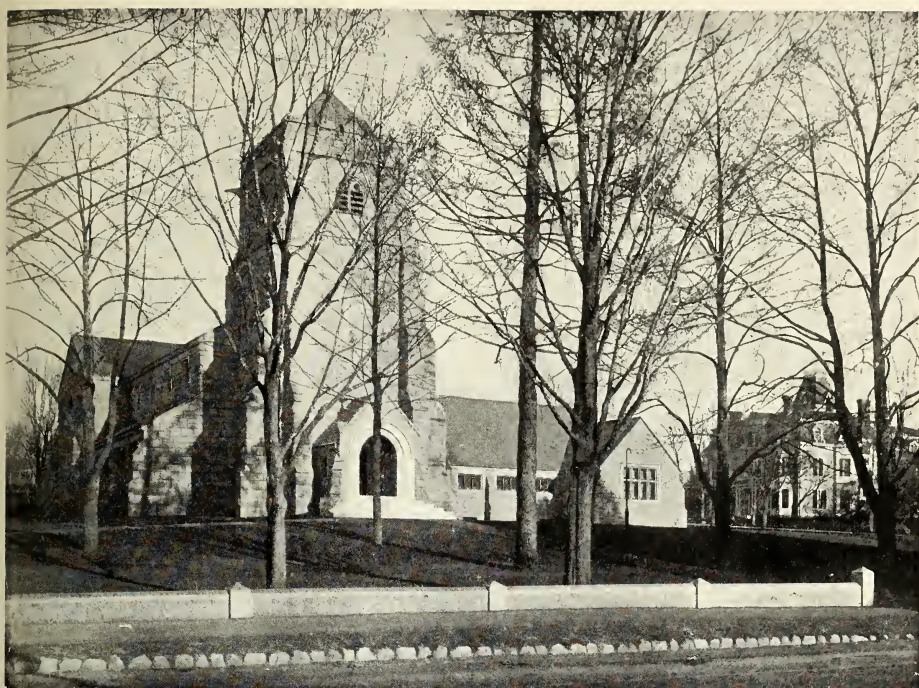
originally established. In the course of a few years his brother, the late George Draper, became interested both in the Community and its industrial enterprises and, afterwards, was the leading spirit in developing the vast plant now known as the Draper Company, of which General Wm. F. Draper, the recent United States ambassador to Italy, is the president, and Mr. Joseph B. Bancroft vice-president. From 2,500 to 3,000 men are now employed by the Draper Company in the manufacture of cotton machinery, of which the famous Northrop loom is the most remarkable production, and the advantages resulting to Milford and surrounding towns are correspondingly great. Hopedale itself has a population of about two thousand, and therefore a large draft is made upon the neighboring towns for sufficient help.

The invention of the Northrop

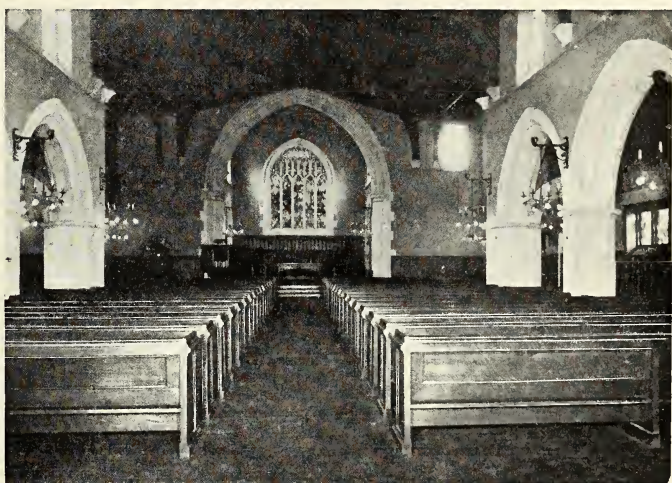
loom occupied many years, during which the services of a great number of expert mechanics and inventors were employed, besides the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The result, now that the loom is a fully demonstrated success, assures a saving in the labor

cost of cotton cloth production of 25 per cent. Thousands of these looms are now supplanting the older types and being introduced into all parts of the world. This fact partly accounts for the sudden expansion of the Hopedale shops and the creation of the vast foundry covering many acres and resembling when seen upon the inside during the process of "pouring off," one of the colossal circles in Dante's Inferno.

The development of Hopedale since its incorporation as a town has been both interesting and rapid. The streets have been macadamized and lined with shade trees, concrete sidewalks have everywhere been laid, systems of gas and electric lights, water supply, sewerage and all that modern municipal regulation requires have been thoroughly introduced. The houses which have been built by the Draper Company, both in Hopedale



and Milford, are unique as tenements for employes. Picturesque, with lawns and great architectural variety in construction and surroundings, and furnished with every convenience for modern house-keeping, at an unusually low rental, these houses



HOPEDALE MEMORIAL CHURCH

are worthy of study and imitation by similar manufactories throughout the country. When the Hopedale Community finally dissolved, the present Hopedale parish was formed October 27, 1867, receiving the meeting-house, cemetery and "disposable

funds" of the Community, taking the responsibilities of the Sunday-school and other religious enterprises. Mr. Ballou ministered to the Hopedale parish for many years, during which he compiled the voluminous history, "The Ballous in America," "The



E. L. WIRES,
PRESIDENT HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

Hopedale Community," "An Autobiography," and several other volumes. In 1898 the meeting-house at Hopedale was removed, and the present church was built and presented to the parish by the brothers,

George A. and Eben S. Draper, in loving memory of their parents, George and Hannah (Thwing) Draper. This fine edifice, constructed of Milford granite, follows the old English Gothic style of architecture and forms a beautiful house of worship and a lasting monument to the deeper insight of its donors. This building, however, is only one of many public enterprises which the Draper family have been instrumental in furnishing to both towns. It was through the generosity and patriotism of the late George Draper that the noble Memorial Hall in Milford was finally raised in memory of the services of the soldiers of the Civil War. He was the donor of the Hopedale Town Hall, which, unfortunately, he did not quite live to see dedicated. General Wm. F. Draper, some years ago, built and presented to the town a fine street about a mile in length, and Hon. and Mrs. Eben



HOPEDALE STREET

S. Draper have recently offered to the Milford Hospital Association a lot of land upon which they propose to erect a commodious building containing every possible convenience known to medical science. In this connection also should be mentioned the beautiful Bancroft Memorial Library, the gift, to the town, of Mr. Joseph B. Bancroft, in memory of his wife, Sylvia W. (Thwing) Bancroft. This, too, is constructed of Milford granite. The exterior is richly ornamented by exquisite carvings, and the interior of solid oak is superbly finished. Generous appropriations are made by the town for books, and the library is open to the public every afternoon and evening.

The recent rapid increase in the population of Hopedale has necessitated the construction of the new grammar school building, built of brick with granite trimmings, and standing amid pleasant surroundings, near the admirable play-grounds which the town has prepared at great expense for public use. An extensive park around the pond at the north of the town has been planned. It will



From a sketch by the architect, Robert Allen Cook

MILFORD HOSPITAL

contain excellent drives, groves and boating facilities, and will form a picturesque resort for pleasure purposes.

Anawassamauke, Quashaamitt and Namsconont were the simple names of the three Indian chiefs who deeded Quinshipaug Plantation and Mago-miscock Hill to Moses Payne and Peter Brackett, "both of Braintree," in the presence of John Elliott, Sr., John Elliott, Jr., and Daniel Weld, Sr., and by that act they opened the way for a ceaseless and ever victorious race-ascendency which no Indian bravery could withstand. The conquest still goes on which was begun by those early pioneers, only it has now



HOPEDALE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

RESIDENCE OF EBEN S. DRAPER



EBEN S. DRAPER'S STABLE



shifted from the subjugation of the virgin wilderness to the complete control of the forces of nature. Hopedale is doing its part in this great campaign, making it ever more possible for vast populations to exist and thrive under conditions of prosperity and enlightenment of which the fathers never dreamed.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. W. F. DRAPER

Night's Awakening

By H. Percival Allen

HE stirs himself, the sombre horseman Night,
And shaking out the trappings of his steed,
Prepares to face the conflict with the light.
His troops in long lines sweep across the sky,
In silence spreading out to flank the sun,
To out-manceuvre all his pomp and power,
And overwhelm the glory of his throne.
A sable host, whose cloaks are dyed with red—
The ebbing life blood of the conquered day;
And when—the turmoil o'er, the strife all passed—
He calls unto his conquering host to stay,
Upon each breast he pins a silver star
To mark them veterans of another war.

The Birthplace of the American Free Public School

By N. L. Sheldon

THERE are many things about old Dedham, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that make it a place of more than passing interest; but perhaps the principal one, to the student of human affairs, is that here was established the first public school in America, and indeed in the world, "for the education of the youth."*

The prayer of that good and Reverend John Eliot, at the synod of churches in Boston, in the early days, "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! Oh! that our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly may go home and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives. That before we die we may see a good school in every plantation in the country," seems, in our day, to have been fully answered.

The founders of the Massachusetts colonies were highly educated, no less than earnest Christian men and women. They fully believed what they asserted in their first public law on the subject: "That the good edu-

cation of children is of singular behoofe and benefit to any Commonwealth." Accordingly, no sooner had they built rude log houses for their families, and the simple temple for the worship of God, than they began the work of giving to their children that "good education," first at their own firesides, and then—and very soon—in the public school, "to the end that the rich boon might be possessed by all—the children of the poor and unlearned, no less than those more highly favored."

The first colonists of the Massachusetts Bay Company with John Winthrop, governor, and Thomas Dudley, deputy governor, about one thousand in number, arrived, we are told, in 1630, and settled at Boston, Charlestown, Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Medford and Lynn. Salem had been settled in 1628, and the Plymouth Colony in 1620. The settlement of Dedham was begun in 1635 and the first recorded birth is on the 21st of June of this year. This was six years and four days from the morning when Winthrop and his associates entered Boston Harbor, "to find a place for sitting down."

A portion of the lands comprised within the original limits of the town was purchased of the Indians "for a fair consideration" and deeded to the colony by Chikatawbet, the chief, about the year 1630. The original

* The writer is well aware that there were many schools in the early colonial days known as "public schools," in the sense that they were open to the children of the inhabitants in general, and that some of them were supported from the income or tax of land owned by some of the members of a particular town or community; but the case of the public school above referred to is the first instance in history in which a school was established by the voters or freemen of a town, and supported by *general taxation*, that is, by a tax on all of the property, and all of the property-holders of a town or community. It was a public school both in the sense that it was open to the public, and supported by the public, generally, and it was in every sense a public institution conducted on the same general plan as are our public schools of to-day.



THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
TO COMMEMORATE THE ESTABLISHMENT
BY THE INHABITANTS OF DEDHAM
IN TOWN MEETING ASSEMBLED
ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1644
OF A FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL
TO BE MAINTAINED BY GENERAL TAXATION
NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD THE
FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE BUILT BY THE TOWN
1649

deed being lost, it was renewed in 1635 by Josias Waumpatuk, grandson of Chikatawbot, and the latter deed is still in existence. The more southerly portions were purchased of King Philip, chief of the Wampanoags, "and due payment made." The territory of the town originally embraced what are now the towns of Bellingham, Dover, Franklin, Medfield, Medway, Millis, Needham, Norfolk, Norwood, Walpole, Wellesley, Westwood and Wrentham, and parts of Foxboro, Hyde Park, Natick and Sherborn.

The "plantation" was begun by twenty-three "proprietors," moving thither, it is said, from Watertown and Roxbury. They signed what was termed the "town covenant" in August, 1636, and in September of the same year "petitioned the Gen-

eral Court" for the confirmation and enlargement of the land grants of the previous year with the suggestion that the town be called "Contentment." "Three days later," the petition was granted "by a general vote, freely and cheerfully," but Dedham, for some reason, had been substituted for Contentment as the name of the new town, probably for the reason that several of the original settlers were natives of Dedham, England.

The covenant of the first settlers is indeed interesting, and well illustrates the Puritan spirit and idea. It is as follows:

"1st. We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do in the fear and reverence of our Almighty God mutually and generally promise amongst ourselves and each other, to profess and practice one truth according to that most-perfect rule the foundation whereof is everlasting life.



ALDEN'S OLD DEDHAM TAVERN

"2nd. That we shall by all means labor to keep off from us all such as are contrary minded; and receive only such unto us as may probably be of one heart with us, as that we either know or may be well and truly informed to walk in a peaceable conversation, with all meekness of spirit to the edification of each other in the knowledge and faith of the Lord Jesus; and to the mutual encouragement unto all temporal comforts in all things seeking the good of each other out of all which may be derived from peace.

"3rd. That if at any time difference shall arise between parties of our said Town, that then such party or parties shall presently refer all such differences unto some one, two or three others of our said society to be fully accorded and determined without further delay, if it possibly may be.

"4th. That every man that now, or at any time hereafter shall have lots in our said Town shall pay his share in all such rates of money and charges as shall be imposed upon him rateably in proportion with other men; as also become freely subservient to all such laws and constitutions

as shall be necessarily had or made now or at any time hereafter from this day forward, as well for loving and comfortable society in our said Town, as also for the prosperous and thriving condition of our said fellowship; especially respecting the fear of God in which we desire to begin and continue, whatsoever we shall by his loving favor take in hand.

"5th. And for the better manifestation of our true resolution herein, every man so received to subscribe hereunto his name, thereby obliging both himself and his successors after him forever as we have done."

At a town meeting held the following year, January 1, 1637, at which thirty-five persons were present, a committee was "chosen to contrive the Fabricke of a meeting house to be in length 36 foote & 20 foot in bredth & between the upp and nether sill in y^e studds 12 foote." The records indicate a constant and intense interest of the people in this work, but the

church was not completed earlier than 1646 or 1647. During this time these few, but hard-working settlers had dug a ditch twenty feet wide and three-fourths of a mile long from Charles River through the meadows to East Brook, had connected Charles River with the Neponset River, had secured the erection of a corn mill at East Dedham, and had put themselves on record as constructing the first canal or water-way in America.

"It was," says Judge Frederick D. Ely, "while one of these great public works was in progress and the other but lately completed, that the founders of Dedham at a town meeting, held January 1, 1644, old style, forty-two persons being present, whose names are given in the record, passed the following vote, establishing the first free public school:"

"The said Inhabitants, taking into Consideration the great necessitie of providing some means for the Education of the youth in our s'd Towne, did with an unanimous consent declare by voate their willingness to promote that worke, promising to put too their hands, to provide maintenance for a Free Schoole in our said Towne.

"And farther did resolve and consent, testifying it by voate, to rayse the summe of Twenty pounds per annu towards the maintaining of a Schoole Mr to keep a free School in our s'd towne.

"And also did resolve and consent to betruse the s'd 20 pound pr annu & certain lands in our Towne formerly set apart for publique use, into the hand of Feofees to be presently chosen by themselves, to imploy the s'd 20 pounds and the land afores'd to be improved for the use of the said Schoole: that as the profits shall arise from y^e s'd land, every man may be proportionately abated of his some of the s'd 20 pounds aforesaid, freely to be given to y^e use aforesaid. And yt y^e said Feofees shall have power to make a Rate for the

necessary charg of improving the s'd land; they giving account thereof to the Towne, or to those whome they should depute.

"John Hunting, Eldr Eliazer Lusher, Francis Chickering, John Dwight & Michael Powell, are chosen Feofees and betrusted in the behalfe of the Schoole as aforesaid."

The new school at once went into operation in "the primitive thatched meeting-house," and received the regular support of the town.

"There is a tradition," says Rev. Carlos Slafter, who was for over forty years the highly respected master of the Dedham High School, "that Ralph Wheelock, the ancestor of the first and second presidents of Dartmouth College, taught during this time, and it is probable that he did so."

It seems that soon after this public school was established, these hardy and far-seeing pioneers saw the necessity of a school building, and the record of the town shows this:

"January 1648-9. At a General meeting of the Town . . . A schoole house & a Watch house is resolved to be built this next yeare the care whereof is left to the select men."

And in the early records of the selectmen "in the neat handwriting of Capt. Lusher" is the following account of "the first temple of learning:"

"11mo. 15. 1648. Assemb: Hen Chickering, Joh. Kingsbury, Joh. Dwight, Tho Wight, Fra. Chickering, Joshu. Fisher & Elea: Lusher. A school house to be built as followeth, together with a watch house, the length 18 foote, being 14 foote beside the chimney, the wideness 15 foote, the studd 9 foote betwixt joynts, one floore of joyce; 2 convenient windows in the lower roome & one in the chamber,

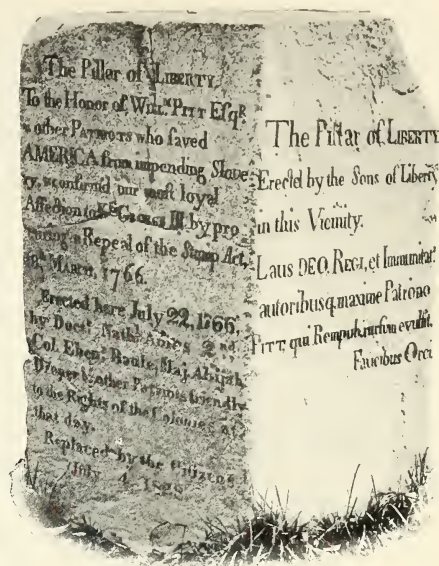
the plancher layed, the floor planked, the stagers made, the sides boarded, feather-edged and rabbitted, the doors made & hanged.

"the watch house is to be a leanto set at the back of the chimney sixe foote wide, the length thereof 2 foote & one half mor than the house is wide, so placed that the end thereof may extend past the corner of the house, so that the watch may have an aspect 4 severall wayes. & open windowes therein suitable to a watch house: & covered with board up to those windowes & upon the rooffe, & a mandle tree hewen & fitted for the Chimney."

It is supposed that this building stood near, if not on the very spot where the Unitarian Vestry now stands, and that two, and probably three, of its successors held the same position, as it is often designated in the records as "the school near the meeting house."

"We have only to imagine," says Mr. Slafter, "the busy hum of school work filling the east room by day, and the faithful watching of the sentinel from the windows of the west-end lean-to during the long and lonely nights, to understand how child and man in these old days performed their several parts in laying the foundation of a free school and a free state."

Here, too, on the parish green, between the Courthouse and the Unitarian Church, very near the site



PILLAR OF LIBERTY

of the first schoolhouse, is a quaint stone monument, commemorating the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766. It is the base of the Pillar of Liberty, popularly known as Pitt's Head, which was erected by the Dedham Sons of Liberty, according to Dr. Ames's diary, July 22, "in the presence of a vast concourse of people." It is said to have supported a tall, wooden column which was subsequently surmounted by a bust of William Pitt. It was, however, less than three years after its erection, overthrown in the night time and after the Revolution the Dedham schoolboys used "Pitt's Head" for a football until it finally disappeared. The inscriptions on the stone are as follows:

(Westerly face.)

"The Pillar of Liberty.

Erected by the Sons of Liberty in this vicinity

Laus Deo Regi, et Immunitat^m autoribus q. maxime Patrono



FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING



FAIRBANKS HOUSE

Pitt, qui Rempub rursum evulsit
Faucibus Orci."

(Northerly face.)

"The Pillar of Liberty.
To the Honor of Will^m Pitt Esq^r
& other Patriots who saved
America from impending Slav
re, & confirm'd our most loyal
Affection to Kg George III by pro-
curing a Repeal of the Stamp Act,
18th, March, 1766."

(Also on the northerly face is this in-
scription.)

"Erected here July 22, 1766
by Doct^r Nath^l Ames 2nd
Col. Eben^r Battle, Maj Abijah
Draper & Other Patriots friendly
to the Rights of the Colonies at
that day.
Replaced by the Citizens
July 4, 1828."

The tablet on the easterly face,
giving the story of the monument in

brief, was placed on the occasion of
the two hundred and fiftieth anni-
versary of the town in 1886.

A little back from the main street
is the famous Fairbanks House, built
in 1636. "It is, without doubt, the
most picturesque old house in this
country." It is yet occupied, and
until recently by the eighth genera-
tion of this notable family.

Another object of interest near by
is the old Avery Oak, for which its
owner is said to have refused seven-
ty dollars when its timber was
wanted in the construction of the
frigate *Constitution*. It is, without
doubt, a tree of the primeval forest,
and its image has been engraved on
the escutcheon of the town seal, and
the tree itself has become the property
of the Dedham Historical Society.

The brief history of the pile of



THE AVERY OAK

mason work that now stands so conspicuously near the road, on Dedham Island, the origin and use of which have excited no little curiosity, is this: In May, 1762, the town voted "to have the powder house built on a great rock in Aaron Fuller's land, near Charles river," and Captain Eliphalet Fales, Daniel Gay and Ebenezer Kingsbury were chosen a committee to build the house. At the meeting in May, 1765, the above-named committee, not having complied with the request of the town to build, two more persons were joined, viz., Deacon Nathaniel Kingsbury and Captain David Fuller, and instructed to have said house erected forthwith: the same "to be eight feet square, on the outside, and six feet high under the plates—the materials to be brick and lime mortar." It was done, and for

many years the building was used for the storage of ammunition.

The first "covenant" in the matter of the "Free School" seems to have been for seven years, and to have expired in 1651, as it appears that on January first of that year, the "free-men" assembled in the "Little Meeting-house," eighty-four responding to the roll call, and voted as follows:

"It is resolved that a Schoole for y^e education of youth in our Towne shall be continued & mayntayned for the whole tearme of Seaven* yeares next. and that the settled mayntenance or wages of the schoolmr: shall be 20 pounds p ann at y^e leaste."

So this "Free Public School" was

* It is evident that the early schoolmaster was not required to teach spelling. It is said that in the arithmetic used by Master Metcalf in Dedham the same word is sometimes spelled in three different ways in the same paragraph.



THE POWDER HOUSE, DEDHAM ISLAND

continued, with the master's pay unlimited, his wages to be twenty pounds per annum at the least, which indicates that the freemen were solicitous that nothing should be spared to bring about the desired results, and so it has been continued, here and elsewhere from that day to this. And who can approximate the bearing this small but wise beginning in education of the freemen of Dedham has had in the upbuilding of this great people and nation? It probably shaped the school legislation of the Massachusetts Colony, as within three years after their action the General Court made the free public school a part of her political system. And it is an interesting and significant fact that Eleazer Lusher, one of the original Board of Feoffees of the Dedham school and probably its chief projector was a representative

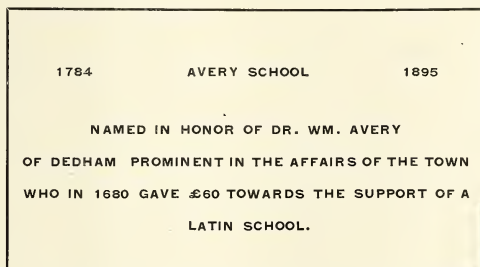
from this town to the General Court at most of its sessions from 1640 to 1662, and that Michael Powell and Francis Chickering, two other feoffees, were also several times members of that body. Indeed who would be more zealous and hopeful, or better able to advise on the question of public education, than they who were witnesses to the success of an experiment conducted by their own hands?

The concensus of public opinion fortified by a clear demonstration to what was possible to an enlightened community soon shaped itself into wise legislation. The law made it compulsory upon the town to support public schools and to make education universal and free; and the late Hon. John W. Dickinson, for many years secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, has said of it, "As this was the first law of the

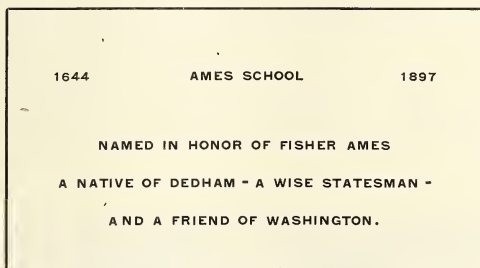
kind ever passed by any community of persons or by any state, Massachusetts may claim the honor of having originated the free public school."

This notable law seems to have given voice to the convictions of the people, as it was generally and cheerfully obeyed, and on every side, as the ancient forests gave way before the hardy pioneers in their slow but sure advance from the seaboard into the interior, the meeting-house and the schoolhouse arose side by side with the log huts of the settlers, thus converting the desolate places of the wilderness into the homes of a Chris-

tian people—the "seed-plots" of a higher and purer life for ages yet to come. No grander spectacle in the history of any people is presented than that of these men thus struggling for a scanty subsistence amid the privations and dangers of border life, against the attacks of a stealthy and relentless foe, and yet, as if with a prophetic vision of the future, sparing no effort, and in their poverty shirking no sacrifice to plant the pillars of the new Commonwealth, their "beloved New England," on the everlasting foundations of universal intelligence and virtue.



(Tablet on Avery School, Dedham, Massachusetts.)



(Tablet on Ames School, Dedham, Massachusetts.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR attention has been called to the fact that the article printed in our October issue under the title "The Colonial Parson," is taken almost bodily from Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1891. We have the kind assurance of author and publishers that they hold us guiltless of intention in this, but we feel that we owe it to them to state thus publicly the wrong to which we have been made party, our regret at appearing as receivers and purveyors of stolen goods and our appreciation of the most friendly way in which they accept our apologies.

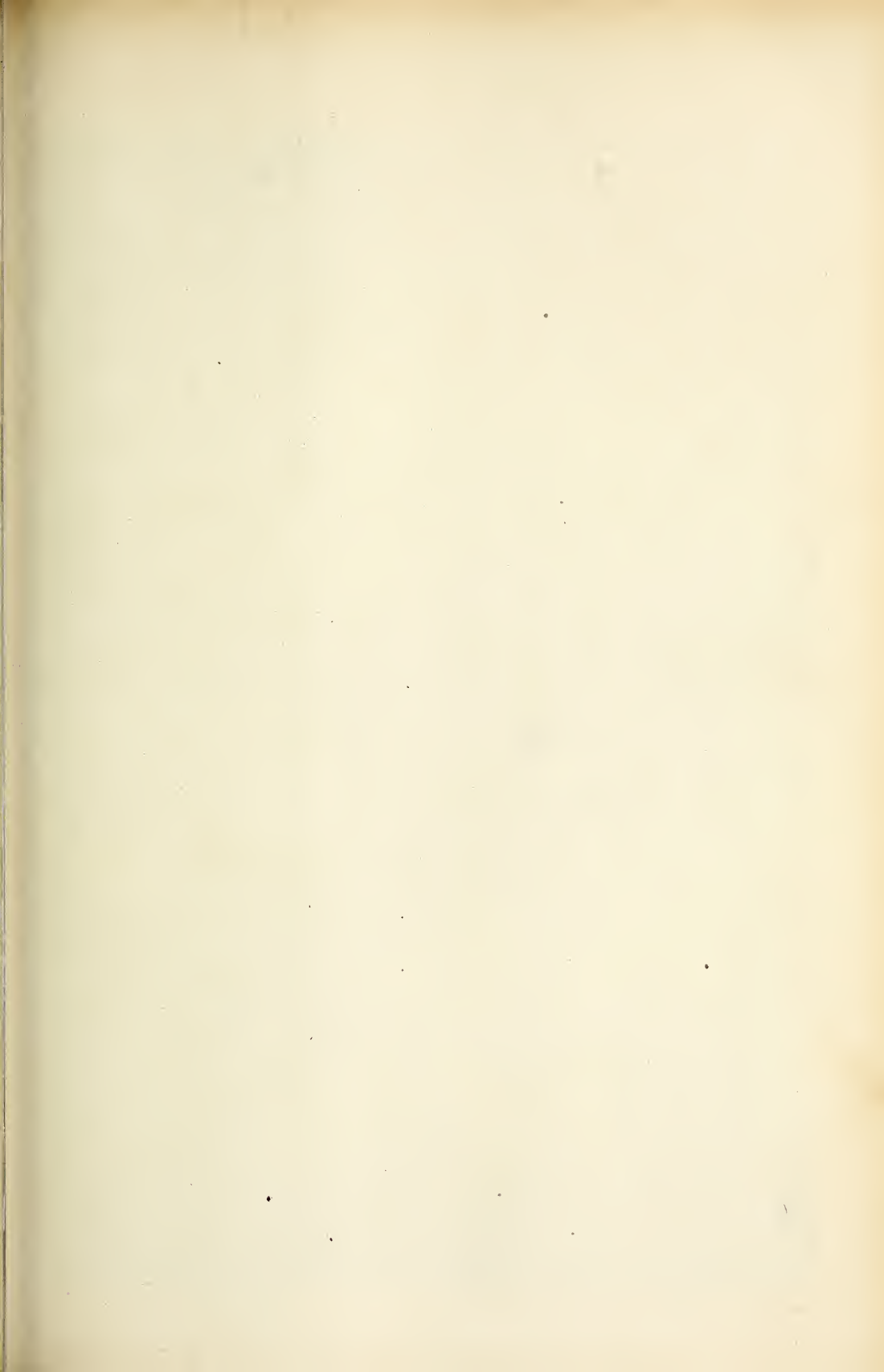
It is our custom when accepting manuscript for publication to ask the

author for references. The offer of "The Colonial Parson" was made on the letter paper of a leading university with allusion to the writer's connection therewith as a student under one of its best known professors, and we took it without question, for, as Mrs. Earle generously says, "no editor can know all the books that are written." Too late we were confronted with deadly parallel columns from book and magazine, showing clumsy paraphrasing or word for word transfer of almost every sentence.

In the index to our Volume XXVII, which will be published in the number for February next, the article in question will appear as "The Colonial Parson, taken from Alice Morse Earle's 'The Sabbath in Puritan New England,' by Homer J. Webster."

THE EDITOR.







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Boston's Playground System*

By Joseph Lee

THE story of our Boston playgrounds goes back at least to the time, just preceding the Revolutionary War, when, as the school history used to tell, the boys of Boston appeared before General Gage and made successful remonstrance against being prevented by his soldiers from playing football on the Common. Our earliest playground is, therefore, an inheritance from old England, being simply the piece of common land which our ancestors, as far back as history knows them, had always set aside in every

manor, sometimes as perpetual pasture, sometimes to be used in severalty for agriculture from Lady Day to Michaelmas and for pasturage during the rest of the year. How early our own Common began to be used by the boys for their games history says not; but presumably it was so used from the beginning; so that we can claim a municipal playground dating almost from the Elizabethan age.

So much had England and the middle ages done for us. What have we done for ourselves?

From the setting aside of the Common as public property it is a very far cry to the next step in our public provision for play and athletics, a step that brings us to a very

*The principal facts stated in this article are selected from very complete statistics collected by a committee of the Massachusetts Civic League, the sources of information being the Charities Directory published by the Associated Charities and the different departments and societies having charge of the matters dealt with.

different age and a very different set of ideas, namely, the establishment in 1866 of ten municipal floating baths by the Boston City Council. These were, by ten years, the first municipal baths in America. Their starting was, I think, one result of the wave of sanitary reform which, stimulated by one or two visitations of the cholera, and given great impetus by the lessons of the Civil War and the work of the Sanitary Commission, passed over the country at that time. It was in the same year that New York made her first effective effort to deal with the problem of her slums, an effort resulting in the creation of her Metropolitan Board of Health, and in the passage of her first great tenement-house law in the following year.

It was also in this year, 1866, that there was started, in the old First Church in Chauncy Street, the first vacation school in this country, an event that marks the beginning of an epoch in our philanthropic and educational history. The vacation school has since spread, slowly at first, but with accelerating rapidity, until to-day there are probably several hundred of such institutions in the country. I know that I have a list of some sixty in Massachusetts alone (started, for the most part, by the women's clubs) and the importance of these schools is not to be measured by their numbers; they are a part of a great educational movement, and have rendered as important service outside of their walls as within. They have stimulated the playground movement and given it a deeper educational purpose; they have been the entering

wedge in the utilization of our public school plant out of school hours, and will lead to keeping the schools open not only in summer but on winter evenings; and, most important of all, they have given teachers practical experience of the value of those studies and occupations, such as carpentry and nature study, that make a deep and powerful appeal to the child and call forth his interest and enthusiasm. In this way the vacation school is the pioneer of new and better methods that are certain in the end to greatly modify the course of instruction in the public schools.

The summer of 1866 was, however, before the days of manual training or of nature study as we now understand it, and this first vacation school differed considerably in its curriculum from those of the present day. It even made use of text-books (loaned by the city). But it had singing, and when, in 1868, the church moved to another part of the city it set the fashion of using a public school building and of opening its yard as a playground. It is interesting to know that some of those prominent in this first experiment are still helping to raise funds for the Tyler Street vacation school carried on by Denison House, one of the best in the city.

The progress of the movement was slow enough at first. As Abram S. Hewitt has said, "everything takes ten years," and it was not until 1879 that the next vacation school was started by Miss Mary E. Very, a public school teacher, the funds for which were supplied by the Woman's Educa-



CHARLESBANK. WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM

tion Association, which has been at the bottom of so much and such important pioneer work.

In 1881 several of the conferences of the Associated Charities took up the vacation school idea, and now such schools are many in our city, numbering, according as one draws the line between them and sand-gardens, somewhere between fifteen and twenty. They are carried on without text-books and without compulsory attendance. The children learn sewing, carpentry work,

care of plants, singing and drawing, and from many of them weekly country excursions are made, to the end that the children may, under the guidance of some nature-loving teacher, pick flowers, chase butterflies, rub their noses in the grass, and otherwise cultivate a first-hand acquaintance with nature. The city has taken up the idea, and this year carried on five of these schools; and it is only a question of time when it will be recognized that, for city children at least, they are properly a part of



CHARLESBANK. CALISTHENIC DRILL



FELLOWS STREET PLAYGROUND
THIS PLAYGROUND WAS DESERTED UNTIL A TEACHER WAS PROVIDED

the regular public schools. And when we have adopted them into our regular school course we shall each year begin the children on the studies characteristic of present vacation school work, especially on the outdoor excursions for the study of nature at first hand, not in the middle of summer but some time in May. Under our present system the latter part of the school year, especially the month of June, is invariably characterized by a regular epidemic of truancy. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple. A boy plays truant from school because school is playing truant from nature. The season when the flowers are coming out and the leaves are budding and the grass is becoming green is not the one to be selected for keep-

ing the child indoors with his nose close to a text-book. The exiles to Siberia tell of King Cuckoo, a sovereign at whose call the most hopeless feels something in his heart that makes it necessary for him to try once more, if in any way he can try, to regain his liberty. At the approach of summer there comes the wandering impulse that is so deep in our nature, the necessity of seeing green fields and hearing the brooks and the birds; the need is strong in children, and should be respected, indeed must be respected, if we are to utilize, instead of trying to work against, the forces which make the child grow—the forces, indeed, which are responsible for his being here at all.

In 1886 Dr. Marie Zakrzewska



COLUMBUS AVENUE PLAYGROUND
LADDER COAST, HORIZONTAL BAR CLASS

wrote to Mrs. Kate Gannet Wells of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association of Boston, saying that in the public parks of Berlin there were heaps of sand in which children, under the care of the police, were allowed to dig, as if on a miniature seashore. The immediate result of this letter from the land of Froebel was the placing of three piles of yellow sand in three different improvised playgrounds in Boston. The next year there were ten, and in 1900 there were twenty-three, toward the maintenance of which the Boston School Committee contributed \$3,000 and public spirited citizens \$1,300 more, while the average daily attendance was about 4,000.

The number this year has been

somewhat less, because the city is now putting its money into vacation schools.

Besides the sand-box there is, in each sand-garden, some shade and a kindergartner. These are the three essentials, but every kind of game is carried on, even baseball in some of the bigger yards. And there is sewing on the doll's dress and on perforated cards, making scrap-books and other occupations to give the children an opportunity for useful and constructive work, an opportunity fully as much valued by them as anything else the playground offers.

It is not too much to say that in the work of this Boston society the playground problem for small children has been solved. Philadelphia,

New York, Chicago and many other cities and towns have followed the example. They all began as much as ten years behind us, but some of them have at least caught up, and the movement, like that of the vacation schools, is increasing in a geometric ratio.

And some day Boston will put up on the site of the first yellow sand-pile a monument, very modest, and pretty well hidden so as not to be a shock to its subject, to Miss Ellen M. Tower, the mother of the American sand-garden.

Our next important date is the starting of Charlesbank, containing the first outdoor gymnasium in America, planned by Dr. Sargent of Harvard and opened August 27, 1889. Two years later a women's gymnasium was started at the other end of this recreation ground, and now Boston has another regular outdoor gymnasium at Wood Island Park, half a dozen indoor gymnasia, and still others in prospect. The best work done in these is the class work; the making of various motions and swinging light Indian clubs or the like in time to music.

The gymnasia devote their energies chiefly to the average boy and girl; but so far as they do train specialists—as at Charlesbank, for instance, where the Harvard student vies on equal terms with the West End aspirant for athletic honors—it is to be remembered that these comparatively few athletes (say 200 at Charlesbank) are the arbiters of fashion among the youth of their vicinity, and that when the instructor tells one of them that he cannot waste his time with a man

that smokes cigarettes, the edict is a far-reaching one.

Skating is a great feature at Charlesbank. The attendance on a single day has run as high as 5,000, and for a season has been as high as 159,835.

The use of the middle part of this recreation park, which is not a gymnasium at all, is perhaps the most interesting. It was Frederiek Law Olmstead, whose genius speaks in the landscape of so many American cities, who planned the grassy mounds with their trees and shrubs, where the children play high-spy, give tea-parties on the grass, and generally make use of the park in a way of which it has been left to the modern park commission to discover the possibility. Formerly the grass had the right of way; now it is the children, and we have no grass space at present in our whole Boston park system, except on the Public Garden and a few of the smaller squares, that is not open to them.

The day of the old-fashioned American city park has passed, or is passing. If there still linger in Boston a few of those sacred enclosures—places where the cast-iron fence still guards the untrodden grass; where the sacred elms nod plume-like above the chilly statues, guardian deities of the spot; and where no children's voices are raised to disturb the decent mortuary stillness—if a few such still remain they are survivals of an era that has gone by, not characteristic institutions of the present day.

Charlesbank affords besides its more material advantages a view across the Back Bay to the Brookline Hills, and the hot southwest



COLUMBUS AVENUE PLAYGROUND
CHILDREN'S SHELTER AND GYMNASIC APPARATUS

wind in summer comes to it across the two intervening miles of salt water. There is another breathing place of this kind at Marine Park, City Point, with its half mile of pier, its natural history pools, and its toy-boat sailing, while at North End Park we have the Recreation Pier proper, stretching out 150 yards into the harbor opposite the Navy Yard. Some time in the near future the South Bay, bordering our second most crowded ward in the city, will have its recreation pier also.

Special provision is made for picnicking at Franklin Park; Chestnut Hill Reservoir and many places in the Metropolitan Park System.

Last of all, in the dawning of the playground era, arose the playground itself. In 1894, Nathan Matthews, Jr., being consul, there was great activity among the trade unions, and the evidences of a desire on their part for a public meeting-place. It was not thought best to

allow them to meet at Franklin Park, as that was meant to be a place of rest and recreation rather than for oratory, and Franklin Field of seventy acres was bought for meetings and as a training place for the militia. The field, although but little used for the purposes which suggested its purchase, has been most useful to the young men who desire to play active games and cannot find room on the small local playgrounds. Franklin Field serves also as a place for the boys of the high-school age, and for younger boys too, to play many of the match games for which the local playgrounds are too crowded or too small. It is thus, in a sense, the keystone of the arch, forming a sort of university for which local playgrounds are the preparatory schools. A predecessor even of Franklin Field, so far as the little children are concerned, was the thirty-acre Playstead, opened about 1890, on Franklin Park.



ONLY THE STREETS TO PLAY IN

But a few big fields are not enough. When Josiah Quincy was Mayor he saw that the great omission in our playground system was still the playground itself, and he set to work in a characteristically radical way to remove this deficiency. Through his efforts a bill was passed by the Legislature of 1898 (Chap. 412) providing that a sum not greater than half a mil-

lion dollars could be spent by the Park Commissioners, at the rate of not over \$200,000 a year, in creating "a *system* of playgrounds" for the city. This money has been honestly, skilfully and judiciously expended, and now, in addition to our big suburban fields and the playground portion of our seventeenth-century Common, we have some twenty-two local playgrounds

in different parts of the city, one hundred and seventy acres in all, of which all but about twenty-five acres is in condition for use. Most of these are flooded, swept and planed for skating, of which, with Jamaica and other ponds, the city now provides about 150 acres. The system, however, is not yet complete; the appropriation was not sufficient to provide playgrounds in all the crowded quarters, and the commissioners very wisely decided to use what money they had largely in the out-of-town districts where suitable pieces of ground could be

obtained which a few years later would become prohibitive in price. So that—in spite of two or three special bills which have given us North End Park, Commonwealth Park in South Boston, and one or two similar places—there are now very crowded districts, notably the Ninth Ward and parts of South Boston, which are without any facilities of this kind.

Another of Mayor Quincy's many contributions toward making Boston a city in which it is an education to live was the practical completion of our system of public baths. Besides the

COLUMBUS AVENUE GARDENING
THE RESULTS



AT WORK



NORTH END PARK, SHOWING BEACH, LAUNDRY, WOMEN'S BUILDING AND CHILDREN'S TENT

ten floating baths of 1866, or their successors, we have now many others, including the great beach bath at North End Park, and in fact a series of baths nearly around the city, along the river and harbor front with a few in inland districts, thirty-three in all; and in these almost two million baths are taken every year. The Dover Street all-the-year shower bath was started in 1898. The Metropolitan Park Department also has provided its great surf bathing establishment at Revere, where over one hundred thousand baths are taken a season, and we now have another at Nantasket. Every citizen of Boston has thus within his reach one of the chief privileges of the visitor at a seashore resort. He can start in the middle of the business section of the

city and half an hour later find himself swimming in the free salt ocean among the big waves rolling in unbroken from the open sea. There is something so wild and untamed about Father Neptune, and the smell of the sea breeze and the big "mother wave" speak so from the heart of unvexed nature that it seems almost a miracle that one can in so short a time escape from the fuss and desperate up-to-dateness of a modern street into this primeval world that was before man appeared and will be after he has gone.

The great L Street bath, free, and close to a crowded population, where every year over three hundred thousand baths are said to be taken, has also some of the advantages of a more



SAVIN HILL BEACH
A BEACH BATH UNDER PARK DEPARTMENT

primitive age. At least it comes before the fall of man in the matter of clothes, and it includes the best kind of a sand-garden, namely, the natural beach, where the small boys can dig and the big boys can jump and wrestle as well as bathe in the salt ocean. Each of our gymnasiums has its shower-bath, and the Paul Revere School with ten showers for girls and ten for boys, started in 1899, set the example for school baths in this country. The Metropolitan Park bath charges a fee and pays for itself. The net running expenses of the other baths are about \$50,000 a year.

And one thing more we are providing, little noticed but important—following in this the example of New York's dealing with the lower East Side—namely, asphalt in the

little travelled but much-used streets of the crowded districts. The streets are—and will be until our system of playgrounds includes places for mothers and children so frequent that every child shall live within a quarter-mile radius of one—the principal playground of the smaller city child. If you don't believe it visit Parmenter Street, opposite the North End Union, any afternoon or evening; and there are many other streets in the North End and Ninth Ward which you will find equally convincing, to say nothing of Marlboro' Street and Commonwealth Avenue. From marbles that come with the melting snow, through baseball in spring and summer, around to "shinney" at the closing in of winter, the street is still

the popular place to play; and asphalt makes a much better playground than cobble-stone or than any except the smoothest macadam.

Besides the procuring of the playgrounds still needed (notably the big one in Ward IX that Mayor Collins is going to get us), and the proper fitting up of all of them, one other important step remains to be taken, namely, the providing of the necessary supervision. We have thus far derived from our playgrounds only a small fraction of the benefit which, with a little supervision, they are capable of conferring. On such large grounds as Franklin Field, where on most afternoons there is room enough for all and where the players are mostly well organized teams, supervision, beyond the giving of permits and seeing that there is no interference with those who hold them, is not necessary, though teaching of some sort might be very beneficial; while on grounds like the golf links at Franklin Park, or the beautiful tennis ground there,—where forty games can go on at once on good turf in a glade surrounded by hills and trees and picturesque ledges of pudding-stone,—no supervision is needed beyond arrangements for the granting of permits and a certain amount of watching and licensing on the golf course, in order that the aspiring golfer may not slay more than his due allowance of innocent and unoffending citizens.

But in the case of the average city playground in the crowded districts supervision is essential to its best use, and in some cases, to any use that is of any benefit at all. What

has occurred in certain instances in New York and Philadelphia, the degeneration, namely, of the playground into a place for rowdiness, has not happened in Boston; but what has happened has been that on the playground large enough for baseball the big boys and young men of the district—of the class who live on their mothers' washing, loaf about the street corners, and as a sort of side show or avocation for their spare time conduct the politics of their district—have been in the habit of monopolizing the ground; at least it was so at the North End Park, to the exclusion of the smaller boys, for whom the playground was especially intended. The North End boy, if asked three years ago why he did not play ball at the North End Park, would have answered, "Oh, dere's a tough crowd down dere who would knock the stuffin' out of yer."

And on the playgrounds too small for baseball the big boys to some extent interfere, and the little boys are apt to interfere with each other. Among boys below twelve years old the spirit of organization is very feeble, and it takes but little discouragement in the way of overcrowding to weaken it to the point where the forces of anarchy are the stronger. In the city the tendency to anarchy is stronger than in the country, because the opportunity for organized play is much less. Although it is for many children the best playground they have, the average city street, with its constant interruption from traffic (and, in the case of most games also from the police) is not a place where any consecutive or highly organized

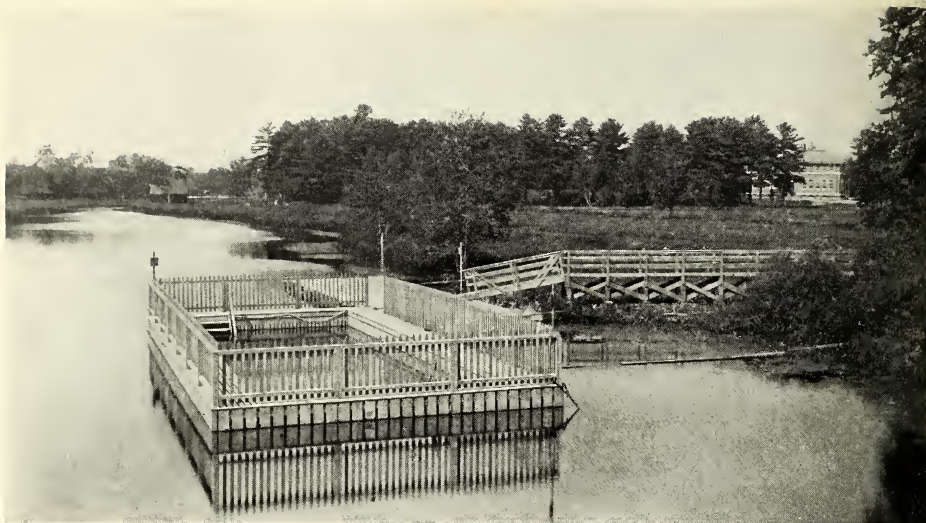


WOOD ISLAND

game can be carried on. The sterilizing process is there carried to its highest point; and its effect is in the highest degree dissipating (in the literal and correct sense of the word of scattering, disintegrating). The purposes of the street boy are habitually, as it were, chopped into short lengths. He acquires the interrupted habit of mind to which consecutive effort and continuous purpose become increasingly difficult. His attitude becomes a passive and critical rather than an active and constructive one. The boy feels himself a spectator at a continuous performance; a drunk, an arrest, a fire-alarm furnishing the main catastrophies, the rest of the drama being made up of family life carried on largely out of doors.

It is the function of the playground to counteract this sterilizing influence by opportunity for organized play, and to serve that purpose supervision is necessary.

Upon this matter of the need of supervision, and of how it is to be provided, our lesson has come from New York. While we were purchasing the sites where our playgrounds were yet to be, the New York open-spaces movement had, in this respect, outstripped our own. Beginning with Mayor Hewitt's recommendation in 1887 for small parks in the down-town districts, it had, through the ten-years' battle so dramatically described by Jacob A. Riis, finally come to fruition, first in the destruction of the slum of Mulberry Bend and the substitution there and at Corlears Hook of two open grassy spaces, and next in the final clearing (in 1899), of Seward Park, and in the development of the last named, and of Hudson Bank and other open spaces as outdoor gymnasiums and playgrounds by the New York Outdoor Recreation League,—William B. Stover, secretary and fighting representative. The school



SPRING STREET BATH

committee is this year carrying on good work at "Ham Fish" Park on the lower East Side, and though Seward Park has for the time relapsed to undirected barrenness, it will soon be better than ever in equipment, and well provided with instructors, under Mayor Low's reform Park Commission.

Spurred on partly by the example of New York, the Massachusetts Civic League, in April, 1900, started an experiment at North End Park; an experiment which has so far succeeded as an object lesson that the Bath Department took up the work the next season and the League has moved to another playground. The most important idea which the League, through its instructors, has emphasized, has been the idea of loyalty. For, strange as it may appear to those who do not know him, the great undeveloped capacity of the city boy is the faculty of loyalty, the faculty which among boys makes the devoted member of the team, and

among men is the essential qualification of the citizen. I am speaking now of the city boy of eleven or twelve years of age or over. Of the small city boy, as of every other small boy, it is true, as I have said, that the organizing faculty is especially weak; but his elder brother has the same capacity for loyalty to the team or friends that we observe in his more fortunate contemporary at private school or college.

In the many articles in our magazines on the subject of city children "the gang" occupies a prominent place, and deservedly so. It is the one great institution which the American city boy has produced. The story of its misdeeds and shortcomings is a familiar one. The best it seems capable of in outward achievement would appear to be a low form of political intrigue; while the worst, if we include such instances as the Tunnel Gang, to which Dick Croker belonged, reaches as far as murder. And yet the crimes and shortcomings of the

gang are not, I think, characteristic of the street boy; certainly they have no essential connection with the fundamental impulse of which the gang is the embodiment. On the contrary, that impulse is, once for all and entirely, a good impulse. It is one without which society could not exist,—it is, indeed, the social or organizing impulse itself. The gang is simply a rudimentary form of political organization. The bearing of this fact on the playground question is through the further fact that at the period of life at which the gang is the natural embodiment of the political instinct, the military impulse is also dominant, so that games of strength and skill are the forms in which this primitive social unit will find its natural expression. The gang may, as a matter of fact, be engaged at present largely in lawlessness and may fall a victim to the idleness out of which lawlessness so often springs. But lawlessness is nevertheless, not the necessary nor the most natural outlet for its energies. Give the gang a chance to develop itself into a baseball nine or a football team and experience has already shown that it will eagerly embrace such an opportunity as expressing its more natural bent.

In short, it is a function of the playground to take this great primal force of budding loyalty in our city boys, now perverted by lack of opportunity into the ways of lawlessness, and turn it to its natural work of building up in these boys the future citizen. The great facts to be recognized are, first, that the gang spirit is good; second, that whether you like it or not it is there, and must, in one way

or another, be recognized. It is the part of the wise educator to make use of the forces he has to deal with, not to work against them.

One thing I should like to be permitted to say in conclusion. Do not let us imagine that what we have already accomplished is the whole or even a very large proportion of what has got to be done.

What is it to give four thousand children a chance to play in a brick-paved school yard for ten weeks in summer? There are ninety thousand school children in Boston, and probably not more than a third get out of town on "Country Week" and to see their friends; and these for only a short time. I speak here not from guesswork, but from a study of summer outings made in two typical schools. Two million baths do mean something; but that is only in the summer months; the baths begin in June and close in September. "Nine months is a long time between baths," as I hope the Mayor of Boston will soon be saying to the Mayor of New York. Skating is a great thing, and we have more than a dozen places for it; but how many days' skating are there? On some of these places, perhaps fifteen; on the best ones seldom more than forty. And these two are our best periods—the summer and the skating season. During the spring and fall we are heinously unprovided. We have not invented, nor do we promote, space-economizing games; and we have baseball space for only a very small fraction of our baseball population. I speak of the boys, who have been the beneficiaries of almost all that we have so far done. I say

nothing of the girls, of whose presence among us we have apparently only just begun to take cognizance.

A careful study of juvenile arrests in Boston, both in the city as a whole and in certain police districts where baths and playgrounds had been started, and showing the arrests for every month of the eleven years from 1889 to 1899, inclusive, fails to give any important statistical indication of the effects of these places on the numbers arrested, although the total number fell off a little during that period. But observation and experience with the children at any well-managed playground, and the testimony of school-

teachers and police, go strongly to show that such things do have an effect, and that what we need to do for the tough city boy or girl, and for the good ones, too, is to give their natural powers and impulses a chance to develop in a natural way. When a child is brought to trial in our courts the proceedings ought, in nine cases out of ten, to be supplemented by the prosecution of the solid citizen who objects to spending money on giving the city boy or girl a chance.

It is a question of turning the steam into the cylinder instead of allowing it to escape or to blow up the machine.

Reminiscences of Two Abolitionists

By Lillie B. Chace Wyman

IT was my good fortune in early girlhood to spend a few summer weeks on a farm in Worcester County, Massachusetts, my hosts the abolitionists, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster. They were a thoroughly united pair, completely one in affection and purpose, but it is doubtful if it ever occurred to any one who knew them to speak or think of the wife as Mrs. Stephen Foster. They had come to love each other in consequence of association in a struggle of grim incident and grand significance,—a struggle which had led them to perhaps underestimate the value of many social conventions.

He was one of those unique characters who come to the front in periods of storm and stress. In an antislavery or woman's rights meeting, he might have been most fitly described by the lines which Lowell wrote about Theodore Parker:

"Every word that he speaks has been
fierily furnished
In the blast of a life that has struggled
in earnest."

He was logical to the point of unreason. Mary Grew, one of the Philadelphia abolitionists, said of him in later years, smiling the while at some recollection, "Logic was the death of Stephen!" His style of argument was as follows: slavery is

the sum of villanies, such as theft, murder and rapine; the Southern church supports slavery, hence Southern clergymen are guilty of all villanies; Northern clergymen extend the right hand of fellowship to Southern clergymen, thus they condone and partake of their guilt. From such general premises he would proceed with unfaltering energy to the close personal conclusion, that the Rev. X., a Northern gentleman of the most amiable character conceivable, was guilty, before God, of theft, murder and rapine. An argument of this sort was presented one Sunday afternoon to Theo. Brown, Harry Blake and John C. Wyman of Worcester, to their utter discomfort and bewilderment. Blake, who loved the Rev. Mr. X., was a Transcendentalist of that New England type of character which is helpless in the clutches of its conscience and can be frightened into the conviction that anything is sinful by the mere suggestion that it may be. "Foster has proved it," lamented Blake to his lighter minded companions as they all walked away after the argument, "Foster has proved that X. is a murderer and a thief,—and yet he isn't!"

Mr. Foster was, as nearly as it is possible for a man to be, free from unkind personal feeling. His attitude towards opponents was always such as once impelled him to say in a public meeting, "I *love* my friend Higginson, but I *loathe* his opinions." In his home life, as I knew him, this doughty warrior upon evil was the most lovable of men, gently lenient to our chattering impertinence, and

sympathetically disposed to the spirits of youth.

He was a sturdy farmer of his New England fields. "I should *hate* farming in the West," he once said. "I should hate to put my spade into ground where it did not hit against a rock." His features were as rugged as the rocks he loved, and his hands were hard and gnarled with toil. His gestures were ungainly, but his voice was beautiful. His eyes were blue and kind, but sometimes there was a look in them as of a man, bent indeed on going his appointed way in this world, but who did not always see a light upon that way.

Foster made his antislavery lecturing trips devotedly, as on a crusade to possess the Lord's tomb, but theologically and religiously he was the child of his generation. The lack of sympathy on the part of the Northern churches with the antislavery movement, and the open support given to slavery by many ministers, North and South, had its inevitable result in the minds of most abolitionists. It destroyed their belief in the value of the church as an institution, and was, according to historical necessity, accompanied by much question as to the truth of the abstract doctrines taught. And this questioning was rendered keener and more fruitful of revolt by the theological and religious speculation arising at the same time in the wake of the Unitarian, the Universalist and the Transcendental movements. Revolt is the parent of revolt. The abolitionists underwent changes of belief, and some of them, after re-

nouncing their original definite system of theology, never formulated for themselves any other, and yet all study of their lives and their work will fail to reveal the secret of their power, if the religious character of both be not clearly apprehended.

The only daughter of Stephen and Abby Foster writes of their religious opinion in their later years:

"My mother believed firmly in a great divine power, the Go(o)d, but not in a God with whom she could hold personal relations as a child does with its parent. I have heard her tell with a smile, that when she was a child she used to imagine God looking like a venerable Friend, sitting in a big chair in the garret. Her belief was that the Creator was too great and good for the feeble and imperfect natures of his creatures to comprehend. The truths which he puts into our souls and into nature are the only part of himself that He allows us to know. But as our lives develop in future ages we shall grow more like Him and know Him more and more. She was sure of this continued existence—a life of labor, not of rest, for she believed that only by struggle could the spiritual and intellectual powers be developed. Her religious belief was a part of her very being and gave a calmness and peace to her later life which enabled her to live or die with equal resignation.

"With my father it was different. The longer he lived the stronger became his doubts. His only relief was in labor, and when health failed, and he could do nothing to better the conditions of humanity, his

agony was intense. He could see no righteousness in the conduct of the world, and he was not reconciled to the existence of evil. The one thing he was sure of was that it was right and wise for him to follow the dictates of his conscience. He was not sure of immortality, but he longed to end this life of suffering, even if his spirit were to be annihilated. When work was done, life was only death to him."

Much of the more strenuous reform labor done by this husband and wife was performed before their opinions had settled into the grooves indicated in their daughter's letter. Such as they were, doubts and beliefs were alike the spoils wrung from the enemy in a most sincere battle with life, a "death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word."

There was more effect in Foster than in his wife of what may be called richness of nature. She was one of those persons in whom heart, intellect and conscience are undisturbed by temperament, while in him it was an atmosphere which trailed its own mists and colors across the true image of his character. The study of Stephen Foster's life during the years before he married Abby Kelley covers one of those obscure portions of history, the knowledge of which is necessary to a perfect comprehension of the action that nations take in critical hours. The seed that he sowed in many a New England valley, and scattered over the plains of Ohio, ripened red and rich on Southern battlefields.

Stephen Symonds Foster was the ninth in a family of thirteen children and was born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, in November, 1809. His father, Colonel Asa Foster, had been a Revolutionary soldier. His mother was a beautiful and gracious woman, and she and her husband both lived to be nearly a hundred years old. The home was a farm of several hundred acres, situated on a hillside overlooking the Merimac. Stephen, predestined by every faculty of his being to do a reformer's work in the world, began his service on earth as a carpenter and builder. At twenty-two he entered upon a course of collegiate study to prepare himself for the ministry of the Orthodox Congregational Church. The son of a soldier, he had already adopted the principle of non-resistance, and when he was called on while in Dartmouth College to perform military duty, he refused, was arrested, and put into jail in Haverhill. He found the jail in a terribly unsanitary condition. Men were there imprisoned for debt as well as for crime. Stephen moved among these wretched creatures like a pitying angel, receiving their confidences and observing their condition, after which he published an indignant letter calling attention to the state of affairs. This protest excited so much interest that an effort was made to clean the prison, when the filth on the floors was found to be so deep and hard that men were obliged to dig it up with pickaxes. The reform in this jail led to investigation and an effective movement to improve the whole prison system of New Hamp-

shire, as a consequence of which imprisonment for debt was soon abolished.

His college studies finished, Stephen entered, for a theological course, the Union Seminary in New York. Here something occurred, which probably had much to do with teaching him that he could not labor within the fold of the American church. A question as to boundaries seemed at that time to threaten the peace between the United States and Great Britain. Being opposed to war for any cause whatever, Stephen and a few of his friends proposed to hold a meeting for prayer and conference in relation to this shadowy menace of conflict. He asked the use of a lecture room for this purpose, and was surprised as well as grieved to find the faculty of the seminary, not only unwilling to grant the room, but unfavorable to the holding of such a meeting anywhere. He had already begun to be uneasy at the attitude of the churches towards slavery, and now arose in his mind a new misgiving and a doubt whether the church as a whole maintained its claim to the Christian name and character. But still the Orthodox faith and the desire to be a minister died hard in him. In 1834 he was teaching in a small country town, and it is recorded of him that his religious influence was so strong that it was largely due to him that nearly every one of his scholars who had passed the fifteenth year became converted and joined the church, while the venerable minister of the place commended him, saying that "with young Mr.

Foster evidently was the secret of the Lord!"

In this same year Foster made the acquaintance of Parker Pillsbury, a dark-eyed, broad-shouldered youth, also a teacher hoping and working to become a minister. Foster gave him lessons in ethics which made of him an abolitionist, and the hearts of the two men clave at once to each other. Pillsbury had the temperament of a Hebrew prophet, and when he spoke against the institution which his soul abhorred, it was in the language of Jeremiah, and with a voice whose rich melancholy tones could never be forgotten by the ears that heard them.

Pillsbury was an unordained minister looking forward to a settlement when he received a copy of the following questions sent by a committee whose chairman was Stephen Foster, to all the ministers of the New Hampshire county in which he was preaching:

1. *Do you, or do you not believe that a man's right to liberty is derived from God, and is therefore inalienable?*

2. *Do you regard slaveholding, under all circumstances, as a sin against God, and an immorality?*

3. *Do you approve and support the principles and measures of the American Antislavery Society and kindred organizations?*

4. *Do you allow the claims of the Antislavery Society the same prominence in the pulpit exercises of the Sabbath as those of other benevolent institutions?*

5. *Are the slave-owners excluded from the communion of the church to which you minister, and slave-owning ministers from the pulpit?*

6. *Are you in favor of withdrawing all Christian fellowship from slave-owners?*

7. *Are you in favor of supporting such benevolent institutions as admit slave-owners to participate in their manage-*

ment, and knowingly receive into their treasuries the avails of the unrequited toil of the slave, and the human flesh auctions of the South?

It was not until 1839 that Foster entirely relinquished his purpose to become a minister. By that time his experience in antislavery work had shown him the utter impossibility of any such service for him. For some years he pursued the ordinary life of the peregrinating antislavery apostle of his day, going from town to town, almost begging people to come to hear his message. In few places could he get an adequate hearing. The church dignitaries forbade him the use of their meeting-houses, and if he obtained places in which to speak, they forbade the people to go to hear his gospel. The town of Stratham furnished a couple of amusing incidents to the history of this tragicomic warfare between a reformer and the nation which he sought to reform. Once he and Pillsbury found there a meeting-house opened and warmed for them at the hour for which they had requested it, but not a soul came to sit on its benches and listen to their words. Foster made a second visit in the next springtime to the town, and a dozen persons gathered in the hall, and he began his address. Suddenly, when he was in the middle of a sentence, every one of his hearers arose, probably at some prearranged signal, and walked solemnly and quietly out of the room, leaving him with mouth open, and arms in the air, his gesture half made, and his spirit perhaps more disconcerted than at any other moment of his life.

In the summer of 1841, a three-

days' convention was held in Nantucket Island, and there Frederick Douglass, then a young and unknown fugitive slave, made a great speech, which was a revelation alike to the abolitionists and to himself of his capacities. Parker Pillsbury came away from this convention much excited but also much dissatisfied with all past achievements. He wrote to Foster: "After all, I must come to New Hampshire, brother Stephen. The rocks must echo there the coming era, and the adjacent hills must reply, as we proclaim through the state the doctrines and demands of universal brotherhood of man. We must show ourselves what we are already called, 'dangerous men.' Devise some plan, if you can, by which we may improve on the operations of the past. If we scourged the proslavery church and clergy last year with whips, let us this year chastise them with scorpions! To the popular prevailing denomination we are infidels indeed, and we mean to be, and are willing to be scandalized as such."

A month after this letter was written, Foster answered its appeal to inaugurate new methods. On the seventeenth of September, 1841, he went in to the old North Church, the first Congregational church in Concord, New Hampshire, and just as the minister was about to begin his sermon, he stood up and in a solemn and dignified manner claimed the right, in his character as a man and a Christian, to be heard in behalf of the people who were enslaved in this country. He was seized by two keepers of the state prison who

were present and was dragged out of the church.

After Foster's death, Parker Pillsbury made a memorial address and his comments on this incident and on Foster's later career offer such a complete exposition of the situation as it appeared to these two comrades in reform, and is of such historical value because of its testimony to the autocratic character of the New England churches of the period, that it is necessary to make some lengthy quotation from it. Pillsbury referred to the Concord episode and then said, "From that time, a system of operations was commenced, unlike anything that had been known to this country before, especially as relating to the subject of American slavery. What else could the man do? What else could any earnest man do? Emerson had said a little while before, 'Let the world beware when the gods let a man loose in it.' From that hour there was a man loose in the world, and instinctively church and clergy found it out. That was his method—what other could have been so effectual? Scarcely any of us agreed with him. I knew him well or I should not have agreed with him. I knew the zeal, bravery and devotion, the religious devotion, using that word in its highest sense, of that man's soul, and I knew he was inspired with the very spirit of the Highest, and I could afford to stand by him. I am proud that I did." Mr. Pillsbury spoke of "the extreme guilt of the church and clergy in their connection with slavery," and added, "by church and clergy, I mean all

the great popular and religious denominations in the land at that time. I know of but one doctor of divinity at that time in the evangelical church or pulpit of America who was not at least an apologist for the slaveholder; and that one was the Rev. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia. I don't think there was a university or college in America that would have made a doctor of divinity of any denomination, who was not known as an apologist for slavery. There were circumstances in which we obtained a hearing; but these were rare. As an instance of the power of the church, the venerable Dr. Beecher, the father and founder of the Beecher house of clergy, declared he could tell of a minister who, having preached in his parish for fifty years, became the patriarch of the village, and once when a lecturer came there to speak, whom he thought the people ought not to hear, he went out and walked up one side of the street and down the other, telling the people they had better not go, and every soul stayed at home." Reference was also made by Pillsbury to the clerical letter issued once in Massachusetts, "where the ground was taken that we had no right to go into a village where there was a stated minister, to attempt to inculcate doctrines which he disapproved." "Now," continued the old abolitionist, veteran of a thousand moral battles, "since they would not preach the truth, nor allow us to speak to the people, so far as they could prevent it, what was left for an earnest man to do? I see no need of any defence for the course pursued. He claimed

the right as a Christian and a man, and always proceeded, New Testament in hand, and New Testament on his ever-ready tongue, as his apology and defence."

A few passages from the memorial address made by Wendell Phillips on the same occasion help to bring vividly before us the unique and noble personality of Stephen Foster:

"However much mob violence might seek his life, and drunken madness resist his exhortation, the average public felt the majesty of the man. It is a mistake to say that he ever 'scolded'; he never uttered anything but the holiest and loftiest indignation, and they who heard it, those who looked into his eye, and were thrilled by his voice, knew that it came from the depths of the most compassionate and gentlest of souls. Foster could not have grown up anywhere but in New England. He was born of the Old Testament, and he knew thoroughly the New England that was similarly bred to himself. At home in every part of the Bible, familiar with its text and full of its spirit, he and the best part of his audience met on a common ground.

"The ground he tilled never needed another cultivation. So, when men said to me, in years gone by, 'Stephen is erratic,' 'Stephen lacks judgment,' 'Stephen repels more than he attracts,' I pointed them to towns where he had labored, to the homes he brought within the circle of antislavery influence, to the men whom he persuaded to lay life and all they had on the altar. You are not to-day,

the younger portion of you, in a condition to measure the vastness of the sacrifice that men were called upon to make in 1835 and 1840. You do not know how bitter, how unrelenting, how persistent, how ingenious was the opposition. It needed something to shake New England and stun it into listening. He was the man, and offered himself for the martyrdom. He never bored you, as some reformers do, with his virtue or his 'causes.' In private he could pass, more easily than many men, from grave to gay, and he was the sunshine of any circle, enjoying wit and every kind of intellectual life. He had no atom of envy or jealousy or conceit, and trusted his friends without stint. But he never trifled. You felt he had a great work to do, and 'could not come down' to your worldly and carkling level. You approached him with respectful deference, and strove to rise to what you knew was his atmosphere. The best took no liberties with him. He made the atmosphere in which he was, and men accommodated themselves to it and him."

Stephen Foster's daughter said once of her parents, "My mother found it hard to like people with whom she differed, but my father loved everybody." As a speaker, Foster was forcible and witty, and very ready in retort. One of the stories told of him is that on one occasion a slaveholder, availing himself of the freedom of speech always granted on the antislavery platform, ventured upon it to argue in behalf of the "peculiar institution." Foster contradicted some assertion made by this man, who, in

return, asked indignantly, "Do you think I would lie?" "Well," returned Stephen, in his rich, kindly voice, "I don't know as you would *lie*, but I do know that you will *steal*."

During the years of the early forties, Foster and Parker Pillsbury travelled much together on their apostolic errands. They collected money for their "cause," but let their own needs wait. After a meeting in Pembroke, N. H., the two comrades secured one bed, and also lodging and care for the horse with which they were driving across the country from meeting to meeting, but they went supperless to their own slumbers. The next morning they spent four cents for baker's biscuits, and four more for raisins, and sitting down by the stove in the store where they had made their purchases, they broke their long fast. This trip lasted eight days, and when they returned to Concord, N. H., which was Pillsbury's home, they found that although they had induced a goodly number of people to subscribe five dollars each towards liquidating an antislavery publishing debt, they had left as salary for their labors just thirty-seven cents. Pillsbury, who had a delicate wife, tells the story in his "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles," and admits that he did not smile, though Foster may have done so, when the latter commented genially on the situation, by saying, "Well, Parker, I have no wife and you have; so this time we will not *divide*." Pillsbury went home to find his wife without money, and so nearly destitute of food that he

broke a resolution which he had formed never to be in debt, and contracted a grocery bill for three dollars, the money to pay which came in some almost miraculous manner before night.

A typical experience occurred to Foster in May, 1842. He tried to obtain the loan of a place in Amherst in which to speak. The meeting-houses were all refused, and apparently for no reason except aversion to his subject, save in the case of the Universalist Church, which was engaged for another purpose at the desired time. Foster then asked the Baptist and the two Congregational ministers of the town to permit him to address their congregations at the regular meetings on the next day, which was Sunday. They all refused, but on that Saturday evening he attended a meeting in the vestry of one of the Congregational churches, and spoke for twenty minutes to the audience there assembled, and received respectful attention. The next forenoon he reflected calmly upon the situation, offered "fervent prayer for divine guidance," and then wended his way to the Baptist Church. The minister, who was about to begin his sermon when Foster arose, took the alarm, and called out to him to be silent, as he wished to go on with the regular services. Foster gave no heed to this but proceeded to speak, whereupon a deacon sprang at him from behind, and as Foster would not forcibly resist force, succeeded in speedily dragging him off the platform, which he had mounted, and three or four other men lend-

ing their assistance, carried the interloper into the street. Once out in the open air, Foster asked the deacon if he was his prisoner, and was told that he was not. Being then released, the undaunted abolitionist turned immediately to go back into the church, whereupon the deacon and his associates caught him again and this time held on to him. A messenger was dispatched for the constable who was found attending service in the Universalist Church. This village dignitary came hastily to the scene, and, aided by the deacon, dragged Foster along the road, holding him by the arms and collar. They thus conveyed him some fifteen rods, to a tavern, where they tumbled him on to the bar room floor. Foster would never, on occasions like this, help his captors by voluntary locomotion, and so it chanced that, a little later, he was carried up two flights of stairs, and thrown into a small room, where he was left in charge of two keepers.

"Having secured me," he says, "in this temporary prison, the deacon returned to his meeting, to tender to the church the emblems of the body and blood of the Prince of Peace. During the evening one of my keepers left. The other remained through the night, and slept with his clothes on, the door locked and the lamp burning. Indeed, I was as strictly guarded as though I had been a felon, waiting only an opportunity to escape. At ten o'clock on Monday morning I was put on trial before Israel Hunt. The complaint set forth that I had entered the Baptist meeting-house

'with force and arms,' and disturbed the meeting by making a noise, by rude and indecent behavior, etc., etc. Mr. Pratt testified that I treated him 'ungentlemanly.' On being asked what I said or did that was ungentlemanly, he could not recollect, he said, then, but he was certain, *very*, that I treated him 'ungentlemanly.' As I do not acknowledge allegiance to any human power, I made no defence. I asked the witnesses some questions, and said a few words, but they were designed to influence the audience present, rather than the decision of Mr. Hunt. In that I felt no interest. Mr. Hunt's sentence was that I pay a fine of three dollars and costs of prosecution; intimating that a repetition of the offence would be followed by a much heavier penalty. I assured him I had done my duty in attempting to preach the gospel to the Baptists, and it was contrary to my sense of propriety to pay a fine for it. Mr. Hunt then ordered me to be imprisoned in Amherst jail till the fine was paid. At ten o'clock the next day this order was carried into effect, by my incarceration in this loathsome prison, where duty to God and my countrymen requires me to remain at present. Relief is kindly offered me from various sources, whenever I shall think proper to accept it. But I feel that the object is not yet accomplished that my heavenly Father had in view in sending me to this dismal abode. And till that is done, I have no wish to be relieved. To one as restless as I am, imprisonment is oppressive. I can now surely 're-

member them that are in bonds, as bound with them.'"

It was not at all certain to these itinerant apostles of freedom that death at the hands of the mob might not be their final portion. Pillsbury admits that he always dreaded an encounter with mob violence, though his courage invariably rose to meet it when the hour of its fury had fairly set in, but he never discerned in Foster any signs of agitation, either while the tempest of human wrath was gathering or after it had burst over their heads. Yet in a letter Foster speaks as though he had dreaded to enter upon the path he was pursuing, not indeed from fear of bodily injury, but because he shrank from the contumely and mockery to which he must expose himself. "I was a slave," he says, "I am a slave no longer. My lips have been sealed by man. They will never be again till sealed in death. My body is freely yielded to the persecutors to torture at pleasure. But my spirit must and shall be free."

One Sunday Foster attempted to speak during the forenoon meeting in the South Church of Concord, New Hampshire, and having been summarily ejected from the building, he went again in the afternoon, and began his harangue the moment he entered the body of the house. He was dragged out by some young men, who did not wait even to receive orders from the pulpit. These fellows handled their victim so roughly that he was hurt to such an extent that his companion, Pillsbury, was alarmed and had to venture into the church again to sum-

mon the doctor forth from the sanctuary. Foster was then taken to the home of a sympathizing friend, and there he remained till the next afternoon, when the sheriff came to arrest him. Pillsbury and other friends, having heard of the proposed arrest, proceeded to the house to behold a scene as in a comedy, but it was a comedy with a significance which had to do with grave issues in the history of reform. Foster was found to be still very lame as an effect of the yesterday's encounters, and he was seated in an easy-chair. The sheriff did not wholly relish the job he had in hand, and was as polite as possible. "Mr. Foster," he said, "I have authority here to take you before Judge Badger, to answer to a charge of disturbing public worship." Foster replied blandly, "I do not know of any business between me and my friend Badger requiring my attendance to-day, and must decline to answer your call."

The sheriff insisted, but very kindly, and undoubtedly with much misgiving as to the outcome of the interview with this terrible, non-resistant antagonist. Foster would not, and indeed could not, easily stir to accompany the officer of the law, so at last that worthy requested some of Foster's anti-slavery friends who were in the room to help carry his desired prisoner out to the carriage. The abolitionists refused to give their aid, but Foster himself good naturedly suggested that the minister and the young heroes of the preceding day would be the proper helpers on this occasion. Meanwhile the townsfolk

gathered in excited groups about the house. Public sympathy appears to have been with Foster, for the sheriff had difficulty in persuading any man to come to his aid. "Finally, one member of the church and a working man not of the church came in with the officer, and taking Foster gently in their hands and arms, bore him bareheaded to the door and placed him on the carriage seat. The sheriff said that it was 'a very unpleasant duty to perform,' which we well understood before. A crowd followed the prisoner to the judgment hall. It was on the second story, and the stairway being narrow, it was truly a ludicrous operation for the officer and his posse to climb it with so unseemly a burden. Foster said afterwards that he felt rather serious than otherwise, till ascending the stairs, feet foremost, high above his head, and yet handled with the utmost caution, he could not help laughing outright, and did not recover his gravity again through the whole farcical trial."

The trial had the characteristic peculiarity which the prisoner was apt to impart to such occasions in his experience. He disconcerted one witness who testified that Foster had violated the regulations of the church, by asking whether it would be contrary to those regulations to come into the church and give the alarm if the child of the witness were being kidnapped. When the bothered man had been forced to admit that he did not think that would be an unjustifiable interruption of the services, Foster drew his prompt conclusion, and

asked if it would be violating the regulations of the South Church to give alarm when two millions and a half of the witness's countrymen were being kidnapped. The audience listened with delight to Foster, and the poor witness cried in despair, "These questions are asked for sport."

Pillsbury claims that there was no existing law against which Foster had really offended, but the judge was determined to convict, and he sentenced the prisoner to pay a fine of five dollars and costs. Immediately the men in court, who were listening, threw the necessary money on the table. These contributors were not professed abolitionists, and their action convinced the judge that the people of Concord were not with him in his decision, so he made a hasty moral retreat, and remitted the fine. Foster had, of course, protested against the recognition of the sentence implied by the payment of the fine, but his friends had not heeded him, and now that the court refused the money, they handed it to him, and he accepted it as a contribution to the antislavery cause.

The people of Lynn, Massachusetts, passed a very exciting Sunday during the year of 1842. On the Saturday evening, Parker Pillsbury, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Stephen Foster and Thomas Parnell Beach all found themselves in the town, and immediately began to lay plans for vigorous work to be done on the morrow. Foster went to Mr. Cook, the Congregational minister, and requested to be allowed to preach for him at some one of the Sunday ser-

vices. Mr. Cook refused, and then the abolitionist asked if the use of the church might be granted for an antislavery meeting at five in the afternoon, or at any other hour when it was not needed for ordinary purposes. Mr. Cook refused this request also, and added gratuitously the threat that if Foster ever came into the house to speak without invitation, he should be "taken care of." Mr. Foster replied with unruffled serenity that it was uncertain where he should speak the next day, but probably somewhere in Lynn. Meanwhile, Pillsbury and Beach visited Overseer Nathan Breed of the Friends' Society, and asked of him permission to occupy the Friends' meeting-house during a part of Sunday. When this request was refused, the two agitators told Breed that he must not be surprised if they spoke in the regular meeting. This would be a proceeding presumably in complete harmony with the principles and practices of Friends, and Breed answered to the suggestion, "You will find us a peaceable people."

The next day, June twenty-fifth, was a lovely day, and the abolitionists sallied forth in the perfect weather, to bear their testimony upon practical righteousness. Foster, Pillsbury and Rogers repaired to Mr. Cook's church, and as soon as the long prayer was finished, Foster, who had been standing with the rest of the congregation, instead of sitting down, began at once to speak. His manner was solemn and his voice low and serious. "Sit down," cried the indignant minister; and "Sit down, sir," he cried again;

and as the deep warning voice went on, the minister thundered out, "I command you in the name of the commonwealth to sit down." At this word the sexton and two other men seized Foster, and the application of force to his passive body and non-resistant soul resulted, this time, in his being carried out from the church, face downward, two men bearing his shoulders between them, while one comically short man held on to his ankles, as if they were the handles to a wheelbarrow. Outside the edifice they released him, and he rose to his feet, looked at his captors, and remarked pleasantly, "This, then, is your Christianity, is it?" He further improved the opportunity by speaking to a number of the audience who had followed the ridiculous procession in which he had been the principal figure, till the sexton interrupted, ordering the people to go back into the church. "No breaking in upon worship, friend sexton," said Rogers. "Don't drive folks in, if you do drag them out." This remark broke the tension of the moment, and sexton and abolitionists, all Yankees alike, joined in a good humored burst of laughter.

After a few minutes more of anti-slavery exhortation the undismayed Foster walked across the common and entered the Baptist meeting-house, not many rods distant from the church whence he had just been expelled. Here he sat down and waited quietly till the services were through, then arose and began to speak as the audience was moving towards the door. Instantly he was pounced upon and hurried along the

aisle, out the door and down the steps with such violence that his clothing was torn and he somewhat hurt. He rose from the ground on to which he had been hurled, addressed some gentle words to the multitude, and walked away to the house of William Bassett, an antislavery Quaker. Rogers remained, meditating upon the scene, and some young Baptists began to rail at him, telling him that he and his fellow reformers ought to be tarred and feathered and cowhided. "Ah," said Rogers, "does your gospel run like that, my friends?"

At noon the abolitionists issued notices that they would hold a meeting that afternoon at six o'clock, in Lyceum Hall, which they had secured. Rogers, Beach and Foster then attended an afternoon meeting of the Friends' Society. Beach was a young man who had given up the Congregational ministry to work for the slave. He broke the silence of the Quaker gathering, bearing a testimony against the indifference of Friends towards the evils of slavery, war and intemperance, till a Friend rose from one of the high seats and said, "Thy speaking is an interruption of our worship." This was a rebuke, delivered according to the manner sanctioned among Friends, when it was deemed necessary to check unwelcome or ill-considered speech in their meetings. Beach made answer that he had supposed speech to be free in Friends' meetings, and proceeded with his remarks. Another voice from the high seats requested his silence, and finally a third elder got on his feet and asked to be heard. Beach an-

swered him in pharaseology akin to that used by his hearers, saying, "If anything is revealed to thee, I will hold my peace." But all that the elder had to say was again to request the abolitionist not to disturb the meeting by further speech, and Beach went on with his exhortation and criticism. The elders, now in despair, gave the signal for closing the meeting. As the drab-garmented folk began to pass down the aisles, William Bassett called, entreating them to stay and hear the truth. His mother, an elderly and venerated mother, rushed forward at this, and with every sign of great distress begged her son not to take the part of the abolitionists. "Mother," said young Bassett, tenderly but firmly, "I am about my heavenly Father's business and cannot hear thee now." Most of the older men left the house, but the women and the young men lingered to hear Bassett, and when he had finished, Foster began to speak with unusual fervor, having been much moved by the scene between Bassett and his mother. The older men now made a rush back into the house, seized Foster and hurried him on towards the door. The young men, however, interfered energetically, and secured for him at last a full and free opportunity to speak in a religious house in Lynn.

When they all finally left the Quaker meeting-house, Beach took a notice of the proposed antislavery meeting to be held in Lyceum Hall to the First Methodist Church, from which he was speedily cast out with a dislocated thumb. Foster went with a similar notice to the Baptist

Church, whence he had been dragged only a few hours previously. Both men intended to wait till the services were through before reading their notices, but Foster, too, was grabbed and carried out as soon as he was seen in the church. The Quakers had torn off part of his coat collar in their assault upon him, and the Baptists now tore one of his sleeve cuffs. More than that, they actually shut him up for fifteen or twenty minutes in a dark closet under the staircase, a place where the sexton kept the lamps, oil cans and similar utensils belonging to the establishment.

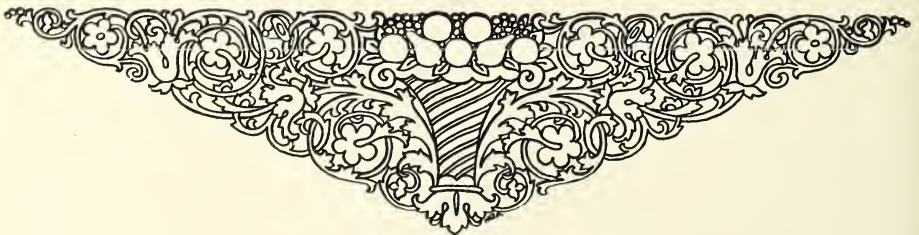
In the final years of the anti-slavery conflict conditions had somewhat changed, and Mr. Foster did not consider it necessary to go uninvited into churches, there to interrupt the services with his appeals and denunciations, but at times, when he felt with especial pain the moral indifference of the nation, he would think of that old method of his, and tell his friends that he was not sure but that he should again hear the inner voice, commanding him to resume his former habit and startle the American people into listening to the truths which he had to utter. His life was always "strenuous," and it was in the thick of his contest with the churches that he wrote a notable letter to Rogers, dated at Canterbury, New Hampshire, January 15, 1842:

"I am now laid on the shelf for the present, perhaps for the winter. Possibly even for a longer period. Indeed, when I dare look on my shattered form, I sometimes think prisons will be needed for me but

little longer. Within the last fifteen months four times have they opened their dismal cells for my reception. Twenty-four times have my countrymen dragged me from their temples of worship, and twice have they thrown me with great violence from the second story of their buildings, careless of consequences. Once in a Baptist meeting-house they gave me an evangelical kick in the side, which left me for weeks an invalid. Times out of memory have they broken up my meetings with violence, and hunted me with brickbats and bad eggs. Once they indicted me for assault and battery. Once, in the name of outraged law and justice, have they attempted to put me in irons. Twice have they punished me with fine for preaching the gospel; and once in a mob of two thousand people have they deliberately attempted to murder me, and were only foiled in their designs after inflicting some twenty blows on my head, face and neck, by the heroism of a brave and noble woman. To name her in this besotted age would be to cast pearls before swine; but her name shall be known in other worlds. Still, I will not

complain, though death should be found close on my track. My lot is easy compared with that of those for whom I labor. I can endure the prison, but save me from the plantation."

Mobs accompanied the abolitionists to the end. Lucy Stone came later than many into the field of labor, but Parker Pillsbury once saw her hit on the head by a large prayer book hurled across the hall, and she gives an account of Foster's facing with her a furious mob on Cape Cod. It was not till twenty years after the above letter was written that slavery was abolished. Those years in the life of Stephen Foster can best be studied in his connection of love and labor with the woman whom he married. No permanent record has been made of much of the work done by this husband and wife. They travelled and toiled in obscure districts, and only occasionally do their struggling figures come clearly into the view of the student of the times, but always when thus glimpsed they are seen to be indeed strange, almost grotesque, but Hebraically impressive and worthy of utmost reverence.





HUGH MILLER'S BIRTHPLACE

Hugh Miller and His Centenary

By John M. Clarke

THE people of Scotland have just been celebrating with unbounded enthusiasm the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hugh Miller.

In America Miller's name is not very familiar to the younger generation, but to those in the prime of life who, thirty or forty years ago, were reading with susceptible minds, it recalls diverse impressions: the story of a remarkable life, telling with wonderful beauty and cleverness of the rise from humblest beginnings to a conspicuous

and influential climacteric; the scientific investigations of a geologist among the rocks and fossils of the Old Red Sandstone and the lavas of the Bass Rock; fulminations against a crude form of the doctrine of evolution presented by Robert Chambers's anonymous but striking book, "Vestiges of Creation"; an occasional glimpse of activity in ecclesiastical politics gathered from a chance allusion to his editorship of a powerful newspaper; and finally the tragic end of a brilliant life wrecked by long continued overwork.

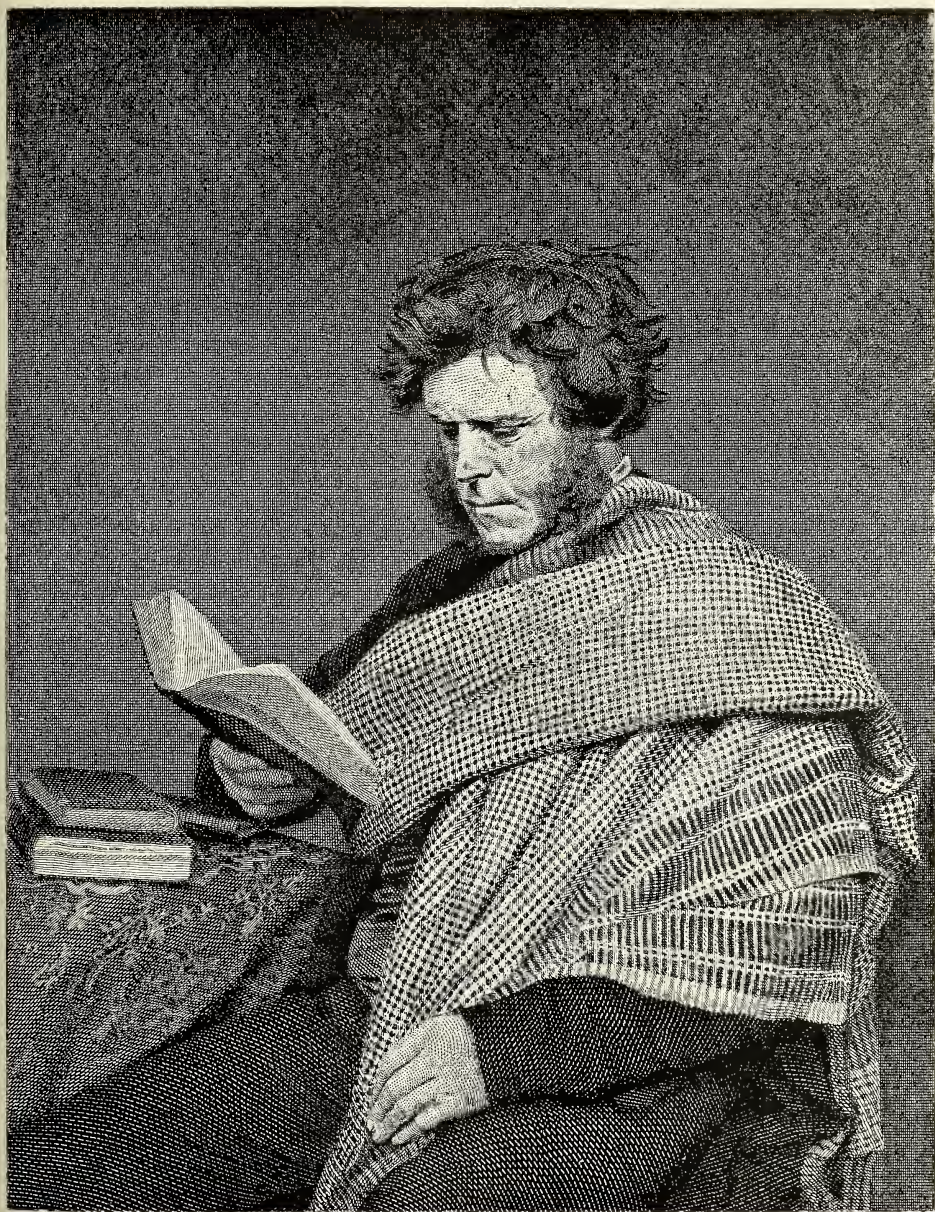
Carlyle, not always a genial critic, characterized Miller's writings as luminous, memorable, wholesome, strong, fresh and breezy; Dean Buckland is credited with saying that he would give his left hand to possess Miller's powers of description; Dickens thought him "a delightful writer"; all quite superfluous expressions to the lover of fine English and lucid portrayal who has read "My Schools and Schoolmasters," or "The Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," or to the geologist of to-day who, in the attempt to produce popularizations of his science, has lost the combination in the "Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator" and "Rambles of a Geologist."

Miller has been dead nearly fifty years but his books are still read without lessening fervor and even those which embodied his scientific investigations have not grown old nor useless, as is the usual fate of the publications in a growing science. Scotland has done well to remember with so much ardor the centenary of his birth.

Among the deep gashes which the waters of ocean and land working together have made in the east coast of Scotland, and just at the edge of the Highlands, is the Cromarty firth, a noble harbor where all the navies of the world could ride in security protected from the storms without and sentinelled by two noble headlands fronting the greater Moray firth and known as the "Sutors." Along the south side of this embayment, on a spit of land which is the remodelled beach of an ancient and greater firth,

nestles the venerable and quaint village of Cromarty, where Hugh Miller was born on the tenth of October, 1802. Here all his early life was spent, and his writings are redolent of the town, its natural beauties, its inhabitants, its superstitions, traditions and history. The traveller who reaches this remote and peaceful spot, not by railway, for Cromarty does not reckon this among its conveniences, but by the little steam ferry which crosses the firth at a very oblique angle from the nearest station, Invergordon, wanders up gray walled and narrow streets around the base of the hill and soon comes upon a low, long house with straw thatched roof, grouted walls, and gables facing the street. This house, built by his great-grandfather, is the spot where Miller was born. One must stoop low on entering to avoid a crushing blow to hat and head and lower yet to pass from room to room of this little biggin. The low-ceiled rooms of the second story look out through diminutive windows where the thatch is carefully cut away, into the little court in front, and behind upon the larger and more pretentious structure erected by Miller's father in the days of a brief prosperity, but never occupied by him.

Miller's father was a sailor engaged in trade along the coast, but, like his ancestors for many generations, he went down with his ship, leaving Hugh, a little boy of five years, and two girls still younger to the charge of the desolate widow. Not long after, both sisters died together of scarlet fever and the little fellow was left alone with his



HUGH MILLER



THE DAMES' SCHOOL, 1807

mother. The mother had two brothers, "Uncle Sandy" and "Uncle James," serious minded and sagacious workmen, the one a carpenter, the other a saddler, and these took upon themselves the guidance of the boy Hugh. No part of Miller's autobiography is more pleasing than the tender thread of gratitude to these uncles which he has woven throughout his narrative, but it was "Uncle Sandy's" keen powers of observation, retentive mind and minute familiarity with all the traditions of the countryside which seem most to have aroused his interest in nature and shaped the bent of his zeal. But both concerned themselves deeply in his education and planned for him—for the boy had early showed more than usual mental acumen—a distinguished career in some one of the professions. So the little lad was entered at the "Dames' school," across the way from the thatched home, where two maiden sisters dealt out the mysteries of a written and printed language. Miller tells how useless and perfunctory it all seemed to him, this learning how to spell words and range them in sentences, until

one day, of a sudden, he made the tremendous discovery that there were stories under these words, the story of Benjamin and Samuel, of David and of Daniel, that, as he says, "the art of reading was the art of finding stories in books." A new world had opened, and now his whetted appetite could not be sated on scripture tales alone. There followed those immortal tales, "Jack the Giant-killer," "Bluebeard," "Sindbad the Sailor," (and right here in telling this story the distinguished author breaks out vigorously: "Those intolerable nuisances, the useful knowledge books, had not yet arisen, like tenebrious stars, on the educational horizon to darken the world and shed their blighting influence on the opening intellect of the youthhood") and soon after Pope's translation of the "Odyssey" and "Iliad," and "Pilgrim's Progress"; thenceforward everything that the little town could be made to produce. Presently he was entered at the parish school, which, fronting on the shore near the east base of the sand spit, commands the whole length of the firth to the Sutors, and from the windows of this school



THE PARISH SCHOOL, 1815



THE SUTORS OF CROMARTY

every sailing craft which in line of business or in stress of weather entered the firth was seen and registered by the boys. There probably never was a school where the scholars knew and could draw so well upon their slates the lines and rigging of every variety of schooner, carvel and smack.

But the boy was learning more outside than within school. His teachers were not sympathetic and he himself was becoming wayward. The hills invited him and days which were due to the school were spent, usually with some of his companions of whom he was the acknowledged leader in all kinds of mischief, in the sea-caves along the rocky shore of the southern Sutor or among the woods and glens of Cromarty hill. His school career

terminated violently. Commanded to spell the word *awful* he spelt with the broad pronunciation to which he was used, *aw-w-f-u-l*. "No," said the master, "*a-w, aw, f-u-l, awful*. Spell it again." This seemed to him preposterous, to put another *aw* in the middle of the word and he refused. The hand to hand encounter which followed was a fierce and bloody one and both master and pupil retired from the conflict sadly battered, Miller, however, never to return.

Casting about now for a life's work he decided, greatly against the wishes of his uncles, to apprentice himself to a stone mason.

At that day a mason had to quarry as well as hew and lay his stone, and the work was arduous and severe but, the day's work done,

there were the long northern evenings free for other devices. So this future geologist and man of letters bound himself for three years to a master mason to quarry and hew stone during the day, while his long evenings were devoted to the most careful study of the best masters of English prose and poetry. He served his time and became skilful at his trade, but he likewise became accomplished at his diversion, and though Scotsmen easily break out into verse and he set up no claim to fine poetic diction, yet subsequently he published a volume of verse produced during this period, "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason," his first book and only attempt in this line.

It was during this period, however, that his eyes were beginning to see into the secrets of the rocks. As the stone quarries where he wrought and the stone he hewed were for the most part of the Old Red Sandstone formation, he saw how similar it was in its structure to the sands of the beach where he had roamed so often with Uncle Sandy and his boy friends. It is a rather curious coincidence that the Old Red Sandstone which fringes the Cromarty hill was actually deposited in an ancient lagoon or embayment not vastly unlike the present Cromarty firth, and it was by this, his only means of comparison, that the young geologist was enabled to interpret the rock beds. He had seen on the Cromarty beaches that some of the sand deposits had been blown about by the wind and in these the grains looked

unlike those which had simply been washed over by the water, and he searched for similar differences in the sand grains of the Old Red. He saw the rippled surfaces, the marks left by rills and wave borne pebbles, and these simple observations gradually led him into a world of new interest and endeavor. The little hints he caught he must interpret for himself. There were for him but few side lights and no books which served to solve his problems for him. His finer discoveries of the fossils in the rocks, the vast shoals of bizarre fishes, seem not to have been made during this time of his apprenticeship.

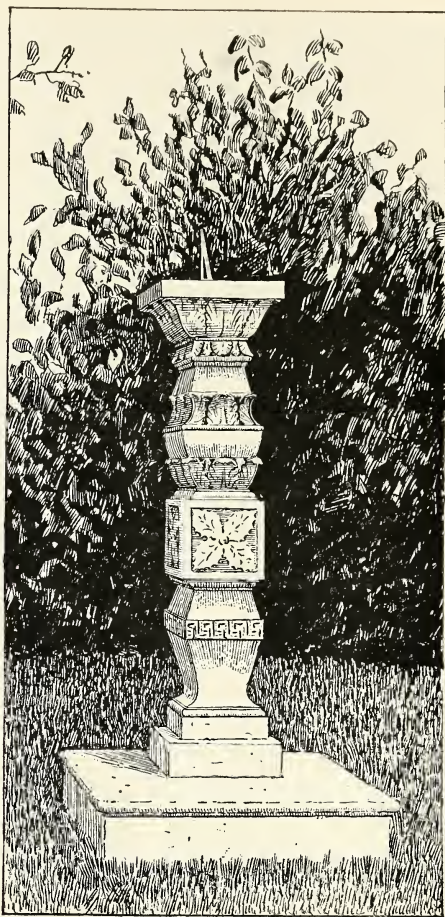
When he had served his period he betook himself to Edinburgh where he wrought at his trade in the neighborhood as long as his health permitted, but his lungs had begun to fill up with rock dust and he was compelled, on the verge of consumption, to abandon his work. Then followed a period of rest and slow convalescence spent about the beloved hills of Cromarty, and that was the time most fertile in additions to his own and the world's knowledge of the geology of his home country.

Miller was superior in all his undertakings and as a stone mason he wrought better, more artistically and intelligently than his fellows. On the Conon River, up back of Dingwall, is still standing a farm wall of his handiwork even yet pointed out as a model of such coarse construction; the parish churchyard and the burying ground of old St. Regulus at Cromarty hold examples of his mortuary sculpture,

done when, as an itinerant sculptor he "wandered from one country burying ground to another, recording on his tablets of stone the tears of the living and the worth of the dead," and they are notable for the chastity of their style in contrast to the usual horrid and grewsome decoration of contemporary designers. The pediment of a dial still standing in one of the Cromarty gardens is a fine example of his achievement which shows not only his manual facility but the elevation of his standard of taste.

It would have been fortunate for geological science and well for Miller had some happy turn of the wheel made it possible for him to continue his study of the rocks without interruption, but it was not thus ordered and at no period in his life was he at liberty to pursue his chosen science save in the intervals of pressing necessary work. His achievements therefore as a geologist must be looked upon as little short of marvellous. One must pause a moment here to consider the conditions which surrounded him.

Geology in the period from 1830-1845, when his first results were achieved, was a little known science outside of a few centres of learning. It was, however, a very widely misunderstood and misinterpreted science; in a country so given over to controversial theology as Scotland, it was especially regarded as fraught with danger to the standards of the Church. One could not enter this field save at some cost to his standing in a conservative community. The Old Red Sandstone had been heard of before, but it



SUNDIAL PEDIMENT BY MILLER

had been regarded an unimportant local formation without evidences of ancient life. As his problems developed, the few books that could give this seeker any light seem not to have come his way. Miller had, indeed, to build up his own science from his own observations, and how well he did this is shown in many ways. Not alone are his conclusions as to the origin of the Old Red Sandstone vital facts to-day, but his keen insight foresaw and suggested peculiar features of its origin which in these latest years have started



CROMARTY FROM THE WEST

special trains of important investigation. He found that the rocks were filled with myriads of strange creatures which he believed and demonstrated to be fishes, though nothing like some of them had ever before been seen and he had naught with which to compare them except the fishes he knew in the waters of Cromarty. Yet such were his synthetic powers that he was able to reconstruct them with an accuracy that seems to-day, in the light of fuller knowledge, astonishing. Huxley, who long afterward brought to bear upon these Old Red fishes his brilliant and finely trained powers, remarked: "The more I study the fishes of the Old Red the more I am struck with the patience and sagacity manifested in Hugh Miller's researches and by the natural insight which in his case seems to have supplied the place of special anatomical knowledge."

The young stone mason, however, unable because of impaired health to continue the laborious toil of his business and not successful in obtaining enough mortuary sculpture to meet the demands of living, was now turned into another line of activity. In 1834 a branch of the Commercial Bank of Scotland was established in Cromarty and to him was offered the position of accountant therein; so after a preliminary training at Linlithgow he entered upon the career of a bank clerk.

Just at the close of his period of enforced leisure, Miller had completed the manuscript of his delightful "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," his first prose work, which has now run through fourteen editions. No more enjoyable reading could come into the hands of young or old. Miller's mother was a Highlander and from her he seems to have imbibed



THE HUGH MILLER MONUMENT

the Highland fondness for, and in some measure the awe of, the mysterious in nature. The ancient superstitions of Crómarty are laughed at, but not too heartily; tales of times which had no historian are told with interest, pathos and humor, and all are set forth in pure and forcible English. The pen of the young author had at last found its function in masterly prose.

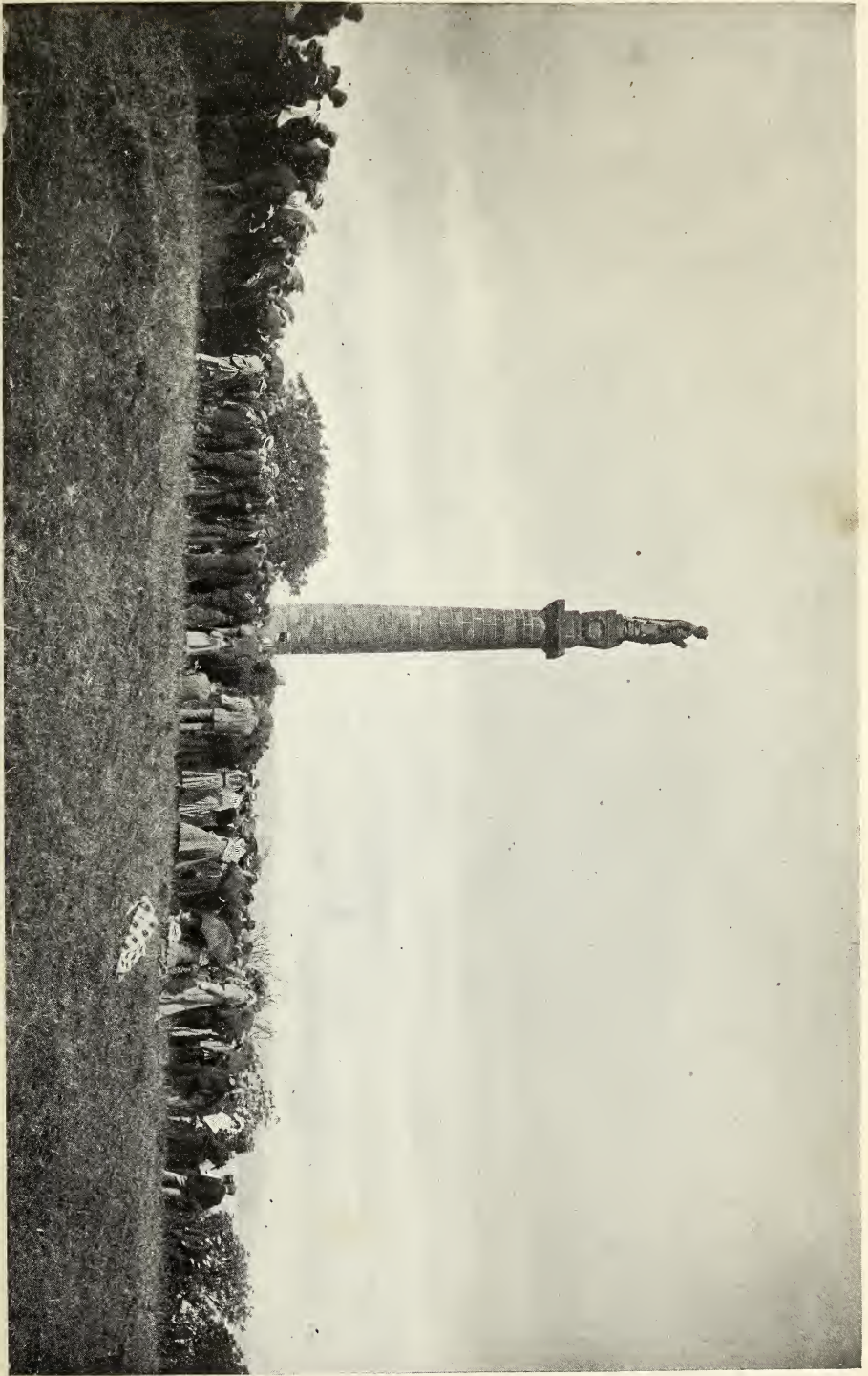
For five years Miller served as bank clerk in his native town. They were years not of conspicuous mark in his career but of quiet assimilation and especially of keen furtherance

of his geological studies. But his fertile mind toward the end of this time had become afire with interest in the ecclesiastical condition of the country. It is bootless for us to exclaim, as has been often done in this latter day, how much more would have been accomplished for science if Miller had kept free of entanglement in a theological controversy. To the writer, at least, it is not altogether clear that he could have rendered a greater service to science than by the very means which circumstances threw in his way. His church was in peril and

it was his conviction, as he has said, that the country possessed "no other institution half so valuable as the church or in which the people had so large a stake." Disruption in the established church of Scotland was impending. Growth of democratic ideas in church government had developed increasing hostility to the intrusion of ministers upon livings, contrary to the wishes of the parish communions. Where the church is an establishment, church polity is state politics. The Cromarty bank clerk began the new episode in his career with a virile and cogent pamphlet on the burning question of intrusion addressed to Lord Brougham and opposing the position of the establishment, which attracted attention throughout the land. He became at once a marked man, and though he had even claimed to be thoroughly an "establishment man," he was immediately invited by the organized opposition party to take the editorship of their newspaper, the *Edinburgh Witness*. In 1839 his editorial work began, in 1843 occurred the Disruption and the establishment of the Free Church, in which movement he was unquestionably the largest lay factor. The *Witness*, under his editorship, became a mighty influence throughout Scotland; to it he gave the best years of his endeavor until his calamitous death in 1856. It was far from being simply an ecclesiastical organ, championing at every cost the interest of the Free Church; its columns teemed with pregnant editorials on all matters of public moment, of social and educational interest, and of his paper he mod-

estly says that none other in Scotland had so wide a circulation among the men who had received a university education. In it he published what, when subsequently gathered together, made his best and most widely known books, "Schools and Schoolmasters," "Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," "Cruise of the Betsey" and "Rambles of a Geologist," and through this paper and these books his name became known and honored, not alone in Scotland, but among all English-speaking people.

"What we more especially owe to Miller," says Sir Archibald Geikie, speaking for the geologists, "is the awakening of a widespread interest in the methods and results of scientific inquiry. More than any other author of his day he taught men to recognize that beneath the technicalities and jargon that are too apt to conceal the meaning of the facts and inferences which they express, there lie the most vital truths in regard to the world in which we live. He clothed the dry bones of science with living flesh and blood. He made the aspects of past ages to stand out once more before us, as his vivid imagination conceived that they must once have been. He awakened an enthusiasm for geological questions such as had never before existed, and this wave of popular appreciation which he set in motion has never ceased to pulsate throughout the English-speaking population of the world. His genial ardor and irresistible eloquence swept away the last remnants of the barrier of orthodox prejudice against geology in this country. The pres-



THE MEETING AT THE MONUMENT, AUGUST 22, 1902

ent generation can hardly realize the former strength of that bigotry or appreciate the merit of the service rendered in the breaking of it down. The well-known satirical criticism of the poet Cowper* expressed a prevalent feeling among the orthodox of his day, and this feeling was still far from extinct when Miller began to write. No one, however, could doubt his absolute orthodoxy, and when the cause of the science was espoused by him, the voices of the objectors were finally silenced. There was another class of cavaliers who looked on geology as a mere collecting of minerals, a kind of laborious trifling concealed under a cover of uncouth technical terms. Their view was well expressed by Wordsworth when he singled out for contemptuous scorn the enthusiast—

'Who with pocket hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone,

Detaching by the stroke

A chip or splinter, to resolve his doubts,
And with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name

And hurries on: He thinks himself en-
riched,

Wealthier and doubtless wiser than be-
fore.'

"But a champion had now arisen who, as far as might be, discarding technicalities, made even the dullest reader feel that the geologist is the historian of the earth, that he deals with a series of chronicles as real and as decipherable as those that record human events and that they

can be made not only intelligible, but attractive as the subjects of simple and elegant prose."

Without education, except in the schools of which he had so charmingly written, Miller had risen to a position of the widest influence throughout Scotland, but notwithstanding this distinction he ever maintained the reticence and modesty of the country lad. He declined to stand for election as Lord Rector of Marischal College at Aberdeen and for the vacant professorship of Natural History in Edinburgh University, but he was satisfied to feel that, as he expressed it, "after a hard spent day he had not been an altogether unprofitable servant."

Sixteen years of arduous and amazingly productive toil as editor of the *Witness* told upon his health. He had suffered much from headaches, his nerves had become frayed with persistent overtaxing. Edinburgh streets in 1856 were filled with desperadoes and highwaymen, and he grew fearsome lest an inroad should be made upon his precious geological collections. He had got in the way of going about armed, had become somnambulistic, and one black night, toiling and overstrained till almost dawn with the proof sheets of his "Testimony of the Rocks," the mind broke down, and in the darkness his life abruptly ended.

On August 22, 1902 (the exigencies of Scottish weather justified the change in date) a great throng entered Cromarty from all Britain, with representatives from Canada,

* This is in the "Task," and runs thus:

"Some drill and bore
The solid earth and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That He who made it and revealed its date
To Moses was mistaken in its age."

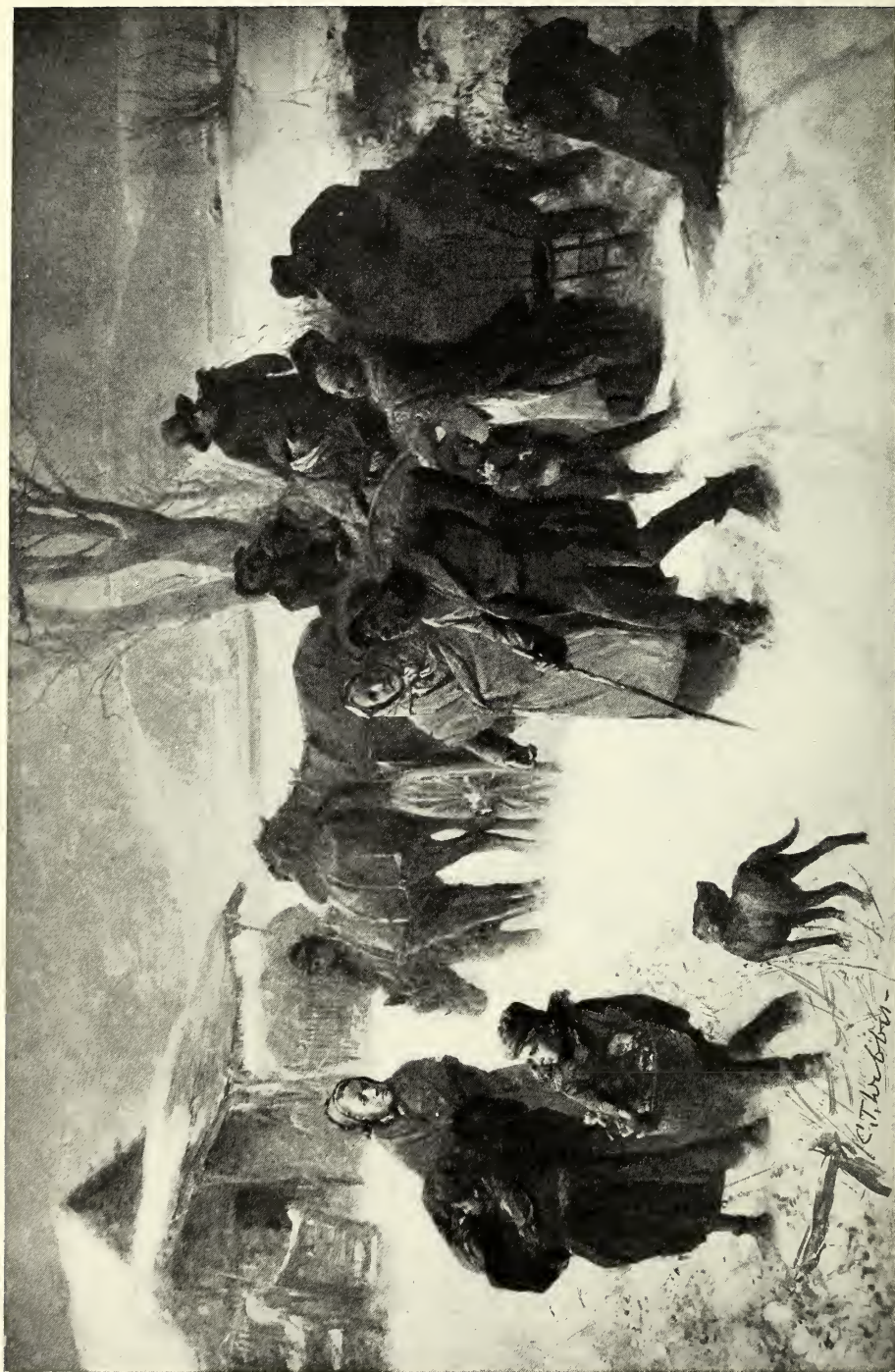
the United States and Italy. The sun shone bright and warm-upon the flag-decked buildings, the American colors being here and there intertwin'd with the multifold British flags and Scotia's yellow. The occasion was well supported; back of it appeared such names as Lords Balfour, Kelvin, Lister, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Norman Lockyer, Right Hon. James Bryce, Professors Masson, Bonney, Lapworth, Joly, Sollas.

On the hilltop just west of the town stands a fine shaft surmounted by a statue of Miller, and the pediment graced by sculptured bay leaves and "Pterichthys." At the foot of this shaft gathered a mighty throng of 2,000 people, who had come to do homage to the man, and here addresses were delivered by the provost of the town, Mr. Junor; by the member of Parliament, Mr. Bignold, representing local interest and pride; by Rev. Dr. Rainy, principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, on behalf of the church for which this life had done so profound a service, and by Sir Archibald Geikie and the delegate from the Geological Society of America, speaking for the science which he loved and to which he had given much. The public halls of the little town could not accommodate all who wished to sit down to the

luncheon that followed, but the 250 who succeeded in gaining access to this function were regaled with a flow of distinguished eloquence and rare tributes from Sir Thomas Hanbury, Dr. John Horne of the Geological Survey of Scotland, Dr. Macadam Muir of the Glasgow Cathedral, Dr. Andrew Carnegie, Professor Middleton of Oxford, Sir James Grant, president of the Royal Society of Canada, and others. Thereafter in the Free Church (most appropriate spot!) Sir Archibald Geikie paid the tribute of all geologists to Miller's memory in a delightful and elegant address. It was an additional pleasure to all present at these ceremonies to be able to meet the only surviving child of Hugh Miller, Mrs. Miller Mackay of Lochinver.

A committee of the townspeople, represented by the provost, Mr. Junor, and Mr. John Bain as secretary, had brought about this celebration, partly in the hope that with the tributes laid on Miller's shrine might come to the town of his birth a more substantial memorial to his services—a public library and a museum of his scientific remains. The success of this project, through the devotion of Miller's admirers, the assiduity of his townsfolk and the munificence of Dr. Carnegie is assured.





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LEVI COFFIN RECEIVING A BAND OF FUGITIVES

The Underground Railroad

By Wilbur H. Siebert

WHEN the complete history of the antislavery movement in America shall have been written there will be found in it no chapter so full of strange and romantic incidents, of brave and generous deeds, of moral earnestness in the cause of freedom, and of love of liberty for its own sake as that recounting the work of the underground railroad. This chapter will be an important one, too, if it does justice to an institution that was already existing in Washington's day, and that seems to have had a continuous development from that time until its secret lines extended through fourteen northern states, and helped not merely thousands but tens of thousands of slaves from bondage in the South to liberty in the free states and Canada. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate the conditions under which the road came into existence, what work it accomplished, how it operated and what its political significance was.

The originators and promoters of the underground railroad were persons uncompromising in their allegiance to the doctrine of human rights as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. The dictates of their consciences they set above the prohibitions of external law. Upright, liberty-loving, fearless, they

refused, in the face of all kinds of abuse, to countenance slavery by word or deed, and at the risk of liberty and property they joined in coöperative efforts to afford the wretched fugitive transportation to a place where he might be free. Lines of escape from the southern states to the shores of the Great Lakes early developed, and through two generations they multiplied until the states adjacent to Lake Erie became netted over with a tangle of interlacing routes, while even the states that formed the outlying portions of the zone of free soil—Iowa on the west, and Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and the New England states on the east—were traversed by some important lines.

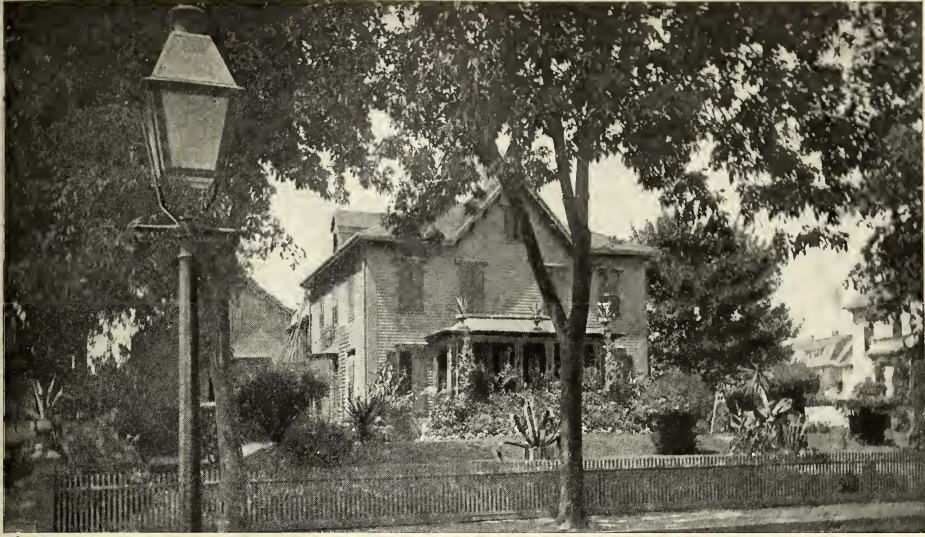
Even in colonial times, long before the disappearance of slavery from the North, bondsmen were escaping from one colony into another either to save themselves from cruel treatment or to gain that liberty for which they were ever thirsting. The gradual establishment of a sectional line between the North and the South served to furnish conditions far more favorable to the escape of slaves than had existed in the earlier days when all of the colonies regarded the question of the recovery of fugitives in the light of self-interest. The question of extradition of runaway slaves was at



MAP OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN NEW ENGLAND

issue in the conventions that framed the Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance; and in both instruments occur clauses providing for the return of fugitives from labor. In order that these might be given point and application the first fugitive slave law was enacted in 1793.

The penalty for harboring a slave or interfering with his arrest, according to this law, was a fine of five hundred dollars; but the manifest injustice of a measure that permitted the claimant of a negro to seize the alleged fugitive and, by simple affidavit before the proper official, con-



HOUSE OF ELIZABETH BUFFUM CHACE
A STATION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, VALLEY FALLS, R. I.

demn him to lifelong servitude, was sufficient to defeat the law from the outset. Its frequent violation led to agitation on the floor of Congress in 1796, and again in 1801, looking toward the amendment of the law in the direction of increased efficiency; and later, during the period from 1817 to 1822, further propositions in the interests of southern slaveholders were urged. Nothing was effected, however, and the matter seems not to have come up again until 1848. How great a loss was sustained by the South during the half century and more the law of 1793 was in force will never be accurately known. The biographer of General John A. Quitman, one time governor of the state of Mississippi, commenting on the law, declared that it was defective in that it failed to make provision "for the restitution to the South of the \$30,000,000 of which she had been plundered

through the 100,000 slaves abducted from her in the course of the last forty years"—that is from 1810 to 1850; and the same writer attributed the rapid disappearance of slavery from the District of Columbia after 1840 to the clandestine work of the abolitionists, stating that the number of slaves in the District had been reduced since 1840 from 4,694 to 650, by underground railroads and felonious abductions.

These figures can scarcely be correct, but it is nevertheless certain that the injury sustained by southern slave owners through the operations of the underground railroad was large, and that they consequently came to feel that nothing but the most stringent fugitive slave bill would suffice to protect them. A new law embodying the demands of the South was therefore framed in 1850. If its provisions proved to be satisfactory at the outset to the



GEN. SAMUEL FESSENDEN, WHO ENTERTAINED
FUGITIVES AT HIS HOUSE ON INEIA
STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

slave states, they were most galling to the free states, and evoked an antagonism that greatly increased the activity of the underground railroad.

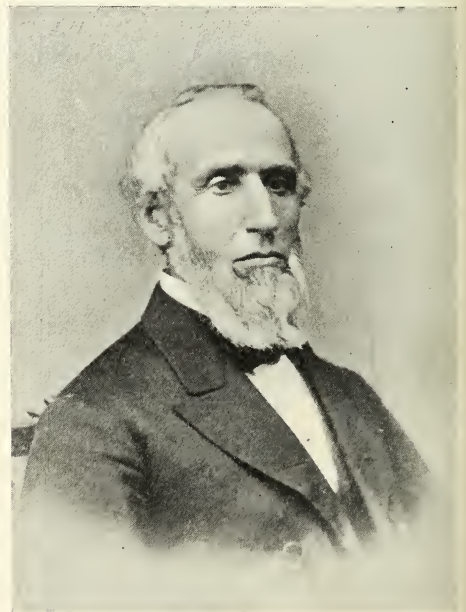
The penalty for sheltering a slave or aiding in a rescue was now made one thousand dollars and imprisonment for not more than six months. In case the slave escaped, his helper could be sued to the extent of a thousand dollars. The provisions, however, that were especially aggravating to the minds of northern men were those denying the slave the right to testify in his own behalf, granting the sheriff or United States marshal the power to compel the bystander to help execute the law, and giving the commissioner a fee of only five dollars when he decided against the claimant, but ten dollars when his decision was in

favor of the claimant. Abolitionists and others never before willing to be classed with such "disreputable fanatics" denounced the law and defied it, asserting that they would never submit to be set at the miserable business of slave-catching. They justified their attitude by quoting the scriptural injunction: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee"—an admonition aptly denominated by ex-President Fairchild of Oberlin College, "the fugitive slave law of the Mosaic institutions."

There were friends of the slave in the South as well as in the North who felt that

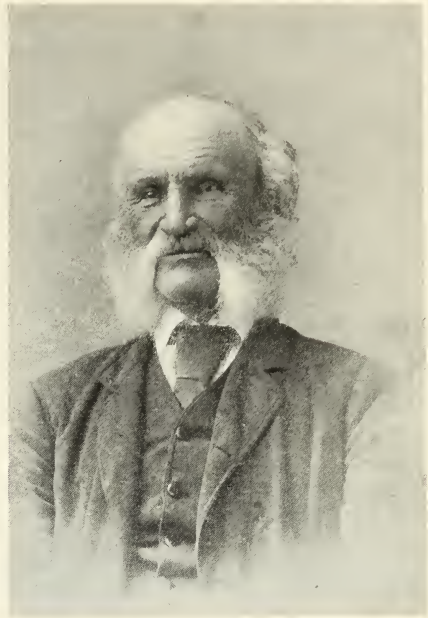
"Before man made them citizens, great
Nature made them men,"

and that as men they could not re-

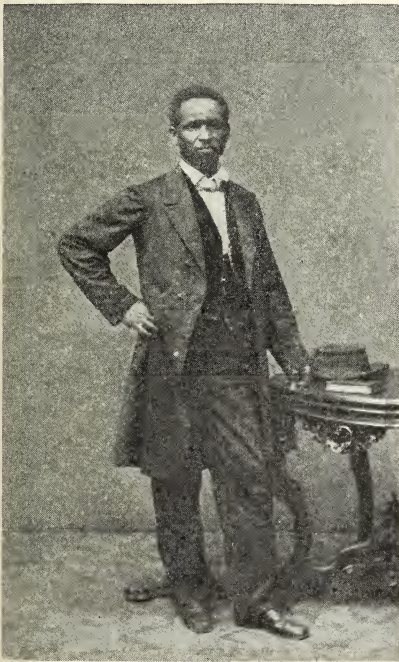


HON. JOSEPH POLAND, AN ANTISLAVERY
EDITOR, WHOSE OFFICE IN MONTPELIER,
VT., WAS A REGULAR STATION

sist the appeals made to them in behalf of oppressed humanity. From the vantage ground of Canada former slaves have since declared that they had been helped to escape by planters who were unwilling to see them suffer at the hands of cruel masters. Robert Purvis reports the case of the son of a slaveholder of Newberne, North Carolina, who frequently sent slaves to the vigilance committee at Philadelphia, by placing them on vessels engaged in the lumber trade. Nor did the running slave often lack the sympathy of fellow-bondsmen. Thus it came about that there were many feeders in the southern states for the channels of escape that led across the northern states to Canada.



THE LATE LEWIS G. CLARK OF BOSTON,
THE ORIGINAL GEORGE HARRIS OF
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"



LEWIS HAYDEN, A FUGITIVE SETTLER IN
MASSACHUSETTS, ABDUCTED FROM
SLAVERY BY CALVIN FAIRBANK

How this informal but vast system—extending over more than one-quarter of the present area of the Union—came to be called the underground railroad can not now be accurately ascertained. According to the tradition that appears most trustworthy, the name came from an incident that occurred in 1831. A Kentucky master closely pursued his escaping slave, Tice Davids, across the Ohio River to Ripley, Ohio, where he suddenly lost sight of him. With a mystified air he declared, "That nigger must have gone off on an underground road." The aptness of the designation gained for it general currency. Steam railroads were beginning to be known in the United States at this time, and their terminology was quickly appropriated. Houses where



ELLEN CRAFT. DISGUISED AS A PLANTER SHE ESCAPED TO BOSTON IN 1848, BRINGING HER HUSBAND AS VALET. PORTRAIT LOANED BY SIMEON DODGE OF MARBLEHEAD, WHO HARBORED HER AND HELPED HER TO GET AWAY TO ENGLAND

fugitives were regularly given refuge were called "stations," their owners "station keepers," those that drove the wagons in which the negroes were conveyed from one place of concealment to the next, or led the way on foot were appropriately called "conductors" or "trainmen" and the little caravans they led were the "trains," while the travellers were described as "passengers," sometimes less considerably as "baggage."

All this heightened the mystery with which the work of running off fugitives was conducted, and indeed the whole method of the service was determined by the need of secrecy. Not only was the safety of the runaways of the first importance, but the

danger to those who were braving the law by their midnight labors aroused no little concern. The pursuit of slaves by parties of slave-catchers became common during the decades from 1840 to 1860 and was by no means unknown before; the abolitionists became more and more subject to surveillance and assault. In view of these facts it is not surprising that numerous artifices were employed by agents of the road, that the fugitives were conducted or transported from station to station generally in the nighttime, that they were kept in hiding during the day, or so disguised as to be unrecognizable. In spite of the great risks they ran, it is the pride of these abolitionists to declare that they rarely lost a passenger. Each man operated in a field more or less limited, he always knew those of his neighbors to whom he dared confide his charges, but not always those that forwarded them to him, for in general he declined to ask of the fugitive whence he came, preferring to be ignorant of as much damaging information as possible. In case of hot pursuit he would leave the usual route and cut across to neighboring stations on other lines. Thus arose the tangle of routes connecting stations, five, ten, twenty, and sometimes even fifty miles apart, all trending in the general direction of Canada, deviating far eastward of the North Star in the routes of Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, and westward in the eastern states. Across Ohio the fugitives found their shortest cut to freedom, scoring the state over with well beaten tracks.

It is doubtful if a formal organi-

zation of these lines would have united them for more effective service. Many local organizations were arranged, it is true; but the leaders of that day had no conception of the vastness of the enterprise in which they were interested. Levi Coffin, for thirty years reputed president of the road, was perhaps more widely known than any other man in the service; his house at Fountain City, Indiana, was a central station for three lines from the Ohio River.

Peter Stewart, of Wilmington, Illinois, was also well known for his hospitality to the fugitive, and by his co-workers was called the president of the road. A limited organization was effected in Philadelphia in 1838 and Robert Purvis was there chosen president. An instance of the deliberate organization of a single route is that which was accomplished through the efforts of John Cross, a Congregational minister and abolitionist, who travelled through northwestern Indiana and Michigan giving anti-slavery lectures. Soon afterwards those whom he discovered trustworthy received a printed letter stating that a line had been formed through their neighborhood and asking them to be "ready to receive visitors at any hour of the night." Mr. W. B. Williams, of La Porte, Indiana, who received one of these messages, says, "We were further informed who kept the next station east of us and where they lived. It did not concern us to know anything more either to the east or west." The line was a prosperous one; for Dr. Thomas, who lived in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, and had received

the same word from John Cross, says that in the twenty years from 1842 to 1862 between one thousand and fifteen hundred fugitives passed through his hands. After the fugitive slave law of 1850 organization was more common. In the large cities like Detroit, New York, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Boston and Springfield, and in a number of smaller places there sprang up in protest against the measure "vigilance committees" to guard the liberty of the black man. John Brown, while visiting his old home in Springfield, Mass., after the passage of the slave law of 1850, organized a band of forty-four colored persons and admonished them to "stand by one another while a drop of blood remains; and be hanged, if you must, but tell no tales out of school." It is not too much to say, however, on the basis of a great mass of testimony concerning the operations of the underground railroad both before and after 1850, that the road was a thing of spontaneous origin and natural growth, striking root, like some gigantic vine, wherever the soil of abolitionism was most nourishing.

As the exigencies of the case decided what particular route was to be taken, so the ingenuity of the wary operators was often put to the test to furnish safe places of hiding for delayed passengers. Garrets, cellars, secret chambers constructed for the purpose, potato holes under loose boards in the floor, barn lofts, hollow hay-ricks with blind entrances, hazel thickets, corn shocks, churches, caves, and in one instance

the antechamber of a masonic lodge, served as places of temporary concealment. When occasion required a station keeper would be notified in advance by special messenger of the approach of a company or he might receive a note adroitly worded. A few such cabalistic messages are extant. The following lines were addressed by Colonel John Stone, an operator of Washington County, Ohio, to a well-known station agent at Point Harmar:

"BELPRE, Friday morning.

DAVID PUTNAM:

Business is arranged for Saturday night, be on the lookout and if practicable let a carriage come to meet the caravan. J. S."

The Hon. Thomas Mitchell, of Mitchellville, near Des Moines, forwarded fugitives to Mr. J. B. Grinnell, of Grinnell, Iowa. The latter gives the following note as a sample of the messages that passed between them:

"DEAR GRINNELL: Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by to-morrow. Send them on to test the market and price, no back charges.

"Yours, HUB."

Thomas Garrett's usual message was, "I send thee two, three or more bags of black wool." From Low Moor, Iowa, May 6, 1859, came the following message:

"DEAR SIR: By to-morrow evening's mail you will receive two volumes of the 'Irrepressible Con-

flict' bound in black. After perusal please forward and oblige,

"Yours truly, G. W. W."

By the peculiar wording of these messages it was intended that the receiver should get a notion of the number of fugitives coming and also their age, sex and complexion.

But in the great number of cases fugitives came unannounced. When far from the slave states they sometimes travelled by day following the directions given them to find the next stopping place. Dr. James H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia University, says that as a boy in the Battenkill Valley, Vermont, he noticed on certain houses that the fourth or fifth row of bricks from the top of the chimney was painted white, and was told that this was one of the secret signs of an underground railroad station. Every one could interpret the signboard that stood at the crossroads ten miles out from Oberlin, Ohio, on which was painted the life-size figure of a runaway speeding northward. From the upper windows of the house of the Rev. John Rankin, which stood on a bluff overlooking the Ohio River, the midnight lamps of some theological students frequently shone as a beacon to fugitives hesitating on the Kentucky shore. Indeed, each locality had its own peculiar landmarks, and every conductor his own sign and signal announcing his approach with a band of fugitives.

Disguises played an important part in many cases of rescue. Paint, powder, wigs and veils, and the generous eclipse produced by the

ample Quaker bonnet of that time, were ready devices. Mr. W. T. S. Manly, of Logansport, Indiana, who kept a station on the old Michigan road, tells an interesting story of a successful ruse accomplished in 1848. He had been hiding a fugitive for several days, his place was being closely watched, and it was necessary to get the man away. Word was sent to the Powell family living ten miles farther north. In response Mrs. Powell came down in an open farm wagon. When the return trip was made the figure that occupied the stiff straight-backed hickory chair in the springless wagon was apparently Mrs. Powell and passed the watchful slave-catcher without a challenge.

Similar stories are told in almost every community where underground centres were maintained. The humor of the situation was not lost on those active in befriending the slave, and they were often witnesses of scenes rich in dramatic interest. In 1858 a mulatto girl about twenty years old, comely in appearance and possessed of some education, reached the home of the father of Mr. Sidney Speed, of Crawfordsville, Indiana. Mr. Speed tells the story of her rescue.

She was secreted in the garret over the old log kitchen, where fugitives were usually kept when there was danger. There she had to remain several days owing to the presence of her pursuers in the neighborhood. Suspicion finally rested on Mr. Speed, and he began to receive visits from strange men, who came to inquire the price of live stock and remained to catch a

glimpse, if possible, of the escaped slave. The girl's place of hiding was seen to be no longer safe, so one dark night she was hurried across lots to a colored family by the name of Patterson, and here she was arrayed "in as fine a costume of silk and ribbons as it was possible to procure at that time;" she was then furnished with a white baby borrowed for the occasion, and thus disguised as a lady, and accompanied by one of the Patterson girls as servant and nurse, she boarded the train at the station. Great was the shock she felt when she found herself in the same car with her master, who having failed to discover her in the neighborhood, was setting out now to watch for her at the end of the line. Her courage and her lady-like composure did not desert her however, and Detroit was reached in safety. Here she boarded the ferry-boat for Canada. As the boat was about to start she sent ashore her pretended maid with the borrowed baby, and just as the gang-plank was being raised, lifted her veil that she might bid her owner good by. The master's display of anger as he gazed at his departing slave was as real as the situation was gratifying to her, and amusing to the bystanders.

Notwithstanding the fact that abolitionists were constantly taking great hazards in violating the law and defying public opinion, the approval of conscience in obeying what they held to be the higher law, and the gratitude of those assisted made full compensation for all toil and danger. For many years Mr. W. D. Schooley was engaged in un-

derground operations at Spiceland, Indiana, a few miles from Newport, the point of convergence of three "trunk lines" from the South. On one occasion he was a guide for a colored man, whom he conducted from the union station at Newport to the house of the Quaker, Levi Coffin. The negro had been compelled to flee suddenly from a brutal master, and had left his wife in the South, but declared that he would return for her after he had learned something about Canada. Two years later Mr. Schooley was making another trip over the same route with several refugees, one of whom was a woman. On arriving at Mr. Coffin's house the fugitives were conducted to an upper room, which could only be entered by means of a ladder and trap-door, and in which other fugitives were hidden at the time. Scarcely had the newcomers disappeared into the secret chamber, when the Coffin household was aroused by a sudden outburst of "crying, screaming and shouting." Conductor Schooley at once mounted the ladder and discovered the woman and a man locked in each other's arms. No sooner did they catch sight of Mr. Schooley than he was seized and hugged between them, and overwhelmed with caresses and explanations: the man was on his way South to steal his wife out of slavery and had unexpectedly met her here. With irrepressible joy he cried out, "This is the man that helped me to liberty," and the woman with equal enthusiasm cried, "Lord bress you, honey, dis am de berry man what brung me here dis day!" Such reunions

are not uncommon in the history of the underground railroad, and are exemplified by the meeting of George and Eliza under the roof of Simeon Halliday in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It was not an unusual thing for underground workers to meet with a slave hastening back on his track after having tasted freedom. It is estimated that not less than five hundred Canadian refugees invaded the southern states every year to lead out of bondage their less fortunate brethren. There were two noted fugitives who counted the number of their rescues by hundreds. Josiah Henson, the founder of Dawn Institute in Canada West, succeeded in abducting more than two hundred of his fellows from the South, and Harriet Tubman*—called by her people Moses—rescued more than three hundred.

Most white persons that engaged in the underground service were opposed to either enticing or abducting slaves from the southern states. There were, however, a few so zealous in their efforts in behalf of the slaves that they carried on their dangerous enterprises south of Mason and Dixon's line. Some of these persons were caught aiding slaves and were made to suffer severe penalties for their interference with the planter's right of ownership. The Rev. Calvin Fairbank and the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, Daniel Drayton and Jonathan Walker, both boat captains, and Gen. William L. Chaplin were among those whose suffering in

* See NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for March, 1836.

southern prisons have given them a place in the list of antislavery martyrs. Mr. Fairbank was instrumental in aiding forty-three persons to escape, while the record of Mr. Torrey included about ten times this number. Among the white abductors that were never proved guilty of "slave-stealing" was the distinguished naturalist, the late Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, Canada, who made a number of excursions into the southern states between 1856 and 1862, for the purpose of inciting slaves to flee to Canada by way of underground stations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

The sweetness of liberty to the fugitive slave was a thing scarcely realized by those who befriended him on his long and laborious journey northward. It was only those who witnessed his entrance into the "Promised Land" who really knew what had been the longing for freedom of these simple-hearted people. The experience of Captain Chapman, who lived at one time near Randolph, Cattaraugus County, New York, is to the point. He was the commander of a vessel engaged in the traffic between Buffalo and other points on Lake Erie. Early one morning in Cleveland harbor, as the captain was starting on a voyage to Buffalo, he noticed a small boat put off from shore for his craft. When the boat came alongside he found her manned by two merchants with whom he was well acquainted. These gentlemen had two negroes in charge, and requested the captain to take them aboard his vessel and land them in Canada. "I knew, of

course," said the captain, "that these men were fugitive slaves, though they were the first that I had ever seen. I had heard it remarked that it was only the smartest niggers that ever got away, and thought I, if these are the smartest, what stupid animals the masses of the slaves must be." The captain sought to draw the negroes into conversation and learn something from them in regard to their adventures, but he gained little from them that was intelligible. That these creatures, who seemed to him almost brutes, should really feel or understand the love of liberty, was an idea that scarcely entered his mind. Before entering Buffalo harbor Captain Chapman ran his vessel in near the Canada shore, manned a boat and landed the negroes on the beach. The rest of the story is best told in his own words: "I then . . . told them that they were free. They said, 'Is this Canada?' I said, 'Yes, there are no slaves in this country.' Then I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. They seemed to be transformed, a new light shone in their eyes, their tongues were loosed, they laughed and cried, prayed and sang praises, fell upon the ground and kissed it over and over, embraced a tree and kissed it, and hugged and kissed each other, crying, 'Bress de Lord! Oh, Ise free befo' I die!'" The transports of joy deeply affected the captain. That two persons without home, friends, or a single bright prospect for the future, could go into ecstasies over the mere thought of being free, was to him a revelation. It is perhaps not remarkable under the cir-

cumstances that thenceforth he should have been a devoted underground operator.

The section of Canada which the majority of fugitives reached was the great peninsular portion of Ontario that appears to crowd itself in like a huge wedge between the eastern shore of Michigan and the western shore of New York. From Georgian Bay to Lake Erie this region was dotted over with settlements and single dwellings of refugees. Especially was this true of the southern trip extending from the Detroit and Huron Rivers to the Niagara River. Detroit, Buffalo, Black Rock and Niagara Falls were favorite crossing places; from Toledo, Sandusky, Erie and Dunkirk, thousands of fugitives were taken directly across Lake Erie and landed at convenient points along the shore.

It is impossible to tell how many refugees were sent from these and other ports to become loyal and self-respecting subjects of the Queen. An estimate based on the only reliable figures we have shows that probably 40,000 slaves escaped into Ohio alone, and it is safe to say that at least half of these went on to Canada. Some persons that visited fugitive settlements in the Dominion made estimates of the total refugee population, but the differences among their figures, which range from 15,000 or 20,000 to 75,000, show that little value can be attached to their guesses. Certain it is, however, that the South lost millions of dollars' worth of slaves through the operations of the underground system.

This loss of valuable property by

mysterious channels, despite constitutional guarantees and fugitive slave bills, was a source of increasing irritation between the two sections of the country through a long period of years. Southern members of Congress preferred public charges of bad faith against the free states, and in so doing voiced the universal discontent of the South. These charges were sometimes accompanied by estimates of the amount of human property lost through the failure of northern men to obey the fugitive slave laws. In 1822, Moore, of Virginia, advocated a new fugitive recovery bill, asserting that his district lost four or five thousand dollars' worth of runaway slaves annually. By 1850 complaints of this sort had become more numerous, and the estimates of losses much larger. Thus, in August, 1850, Atchison, of Missouri, informed the Senate that "depredations to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars are committed upon the people of the border slave states of this Union annually." Pratt, of Maryland, said that not less than \$80,000 worth of slaves was lost every year by citizens of his state. Mason, of Virginia, declared that the losses of his state were already too heavy to be borne, that they were increasing from year to year, and were then in excess of \$100,000 per year. Butler, of South Carolina, reckoned the annual loss of the southern section at \$200,000; and Clingman, of North Carolina, said that the thirty thousand fugitives then reported to be living in the North were worth at current prices little less than \$15,000,000.

In the crisis of 1860-61, the records of the violent debates then in progress in Congress contain evidence that the continued violation of the fugitive slave law was regarded as a most serious accusation by those who made it. In April, 1860, Jones, of Georgia, said in the House: "It is a notorious fact that in a good many of the non-slaveholding states the Republican party have regularly organized societies—underground railroads—for the avowed purpose of stealing the slaves from the border states, and carrying them off to a free state or to Canada. These predatory bands are kept up by private and public subscriptions among the abolitionists; and in many states, I am sorry to say, they receive the sanction and protection of the law. The border states lose annually thousands and millions of dollars' worth of property by this system of larceny that has been carried on for years." Polk, of Missouri, made the same complaint in the Senate in January, 1861. "Underground railroads are established," said he, "stretching from the remotest slaveholding states clear up to Canada. Secret agencies are put to work in the very midst of our slaveholding communities to steal away slaves. The constitutional obligation for the rendition of the fugitive from service is violated. The laws of Congress enacted to carry this provision of the Constitution into effect are not executed. Their execution is prevented. Prevented, first, by hostile and unconstitutional state legislation. Secondly, by a vitiated public sentiment. Thirdly, by the conceal-

ing of the slave, so that the United States law cannot be made to reach him. And when the runaway is arrested under the fugitive slave law—which, however, is seldom the case—he is very often rescued. . . . This lawlessness is felt with special seriousness in the border slave states. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually. And no state loses more heavily than my own. . . . But all these losses and outrages, all this disregard of constitutional obligation and social duty, are as nothing in their bearing upon the Union in comparison with the animus, the intent and purpose of which they are at once the fruit and the evidence."

The noteworthy thing about this long controversy in regard to fugitive slaves is that, unlike the other questions between the sections, it was not subject to compromise. As long as slavery remained in the country, slave owners demanded the restoration of their runaways, and the demand was recognized, first, by the insertion of clauses in the Constitution and the Ordinance of 1787; and, secondly, by the enactment of the fugitive slave laws of 1792 and 1850. But the responsibility thus assumed by the general government could not be met. The operations of the underground railroad were beyond party control. The number of escapes increased rapidly, and hundreds of northern communities were stirred by the affecting sights and stories which the "U. G. R. R." brought to their immediate notice. The free states passed personal liberty laws to protect the fugitive from

capture; vigilance committees were organized by prominent men in many of the larger cities for the same purpose; Harriet Beecher Stowe, herself an underground operator in Cincinnati, wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to portray to the world the runaway's aspirations for liberty; and John Brown proposed to make use of underground methods in carrying out his Harper's Ferry scheme of liberation. When, therefore, the southern states undertook to secede from the Union, they had ample ground for declaring one of their chief reasons to be the bad faith of the North in refusing to surrender fugitives.

"Sweet Memory's Palace of Renewed Delight"

By Mary Lord.

SWEET Memory's palace of renewed delight
 Within my heart uplifts its slender spires.
 Worn with vain strife, thither my soul retires
 To count again its treasures, and the sight
 Enjoy of precious gifts lost in time's flight.
 Within its echoing halls my heart's desires
 Are satisfied,—and long since smothered fires
 Rouse from their ashes, warm me, and give light
 To my dim eyes; faces in dear youth known
 Smile love on me, sweet music never more
 To sound still lingers softly here alone,
 And footsteps long years silent tread the floor.
 Yet all within the palace is mine own,
 And smiling, well content, I close the door.

A Winter Wooing

By Phoebe Willey Bensel

"I'VE jest be'n down sullen, mother, an' my land! that boy don't more'n half do his work — everything throwed around in the most shif'less way you ever see! An', mother, you ain't saved but two barrels of apples fur the winter; an' you didn't make a mite of cider apple sauce, either. You don't cook anything scursely, livin' alone as you do. I'm goin' to bake some pies—you've got a little mince-meat left—an' a cake before I go home."

"Now, Almiry, there ain't no need of your doin' any sech thing; I can cook my own vittles, I guess, if I *be* old," and a decidedly rebellious expression spread over Mrs. Pettingill's face, as she pushed her steel-bowed spectacles up over her forehead, and looked severely at her energetic daughter-in-law.

"Land sakes! I know you can cook, mother," was the younger woman's reply, as she came out of the buttery, with the bread-board and rolling-pin in her hands; depositing these on the kitchen table, she bustled back after the rest of the materials for the purposed pie and cake making. "Don't you s'pose I know you can cook? My gracious! Dave thinks nobody can hold a candle to you. It's mother does this an' mother does that, year in an' year out with him. But 'tain't safe for you to stay here

alone now it's comin' cold weather—you know yourself 'tain't. S'posin' you was took sick? What in the world would you do? Dave says you've got to shet up the house an' come an' stay with us, an' if you git tired of us you can go an' visit Mary Ann an' Sarah, an' you *could* go over to Sam's fur a spell ef you wanted too."

"I must say, Almiry, that you an' Dave seem to be takin' consid'able on your shoulders," began Mrs. Pettingill in an offended tone: "How do you know I *want* to shet up my house an' go to live on my children? I ain't never said I wanted to an' what's more, I don't know's I ever calc'lated to git to a place in my life where I wa'n't capable of takin' care of myself."

"My soul! nobody that I know of thinks you ain't capable of takin' care of yourself, mother, but Dave's all the time frettin' and fumin' because you're livin' here alone; he thinks something'll happen to you, an' last week Mary Ann an' Sarah was over to our house visitin'—it's the first time they've be'n to see me fur pritty near a year—an' they was talkin' about it an' fussin' because you wouldn't come an' live with some of us, an' fur my part, I don't see any earthly reason why you don't." And Almira Pettingill paused more for lack of breath than want of words, and regarded her mother-in-law with cold severity.

"My land!" said old Mrs. Pettingill, wrathfully, "I should think any body with a mite of sense could see why I don't. Do you s'pose any body as old's I be wants to give up her own home, where she's spent the heft of her life, an' go an' sag down on her children?"

"Mercy me, mother!" was the answer, "Don't anybody think you're goin' to sag on 'em, but you know you ain't got a child in the world but what would be tickled most to death to hev you live with 'em."

"Yes, I know they'd like to hev me, but I can take a sight more comfort here than I can anywhere else," and the old face had a wistful, homesick look, at the thought of leaving the little old farmhouse that for the greater part of her life had been a silent witness of its joys and sorrows, of the sunshine and storms that had brought fair weather and foul to her and hers. "No," she continued, "You an' Dave an' the girls mean well, but I'd ruther stay where I be."

"Well, I s'pose I might's well stop talkin' ef you've made up your mind to stay here; but I can't see but father's took jest as much comfort sense he sold his farm an' come to live with Dave an' me, as he ever did; an' I thought you'd be company fur each other—there comes Dave now an' I ain't finished these pies an' I don't s'pose he'll be willin' to wait a minute; it's too bad, mother!—"

"There! there! Almiry!" interrupted the old lady, impatiently; "do put your things on fur I mistrust Dave'll be in a terrible whew, an' won't want to wait a minute. I can finish the pies myself. I guess I ain't forgot how."

The stalwart form of her son just then darkened the door; "Hullo mother!" was his greeting; "When you comin' over to live with us? I thought I'd stop some time next week an' get you—hurry up, Almiry! this hoss don't like to stand—whoa there!—now, mother, you set the day an' I'll be right over after you. Come, come, Almiry, can't you be a little spryer?"

Old Mrs. Pettingill watched her son and his wife drive slowly up the long hill, gradually ascending from the front of her house, until a sudden turn at the top hid them from her view; then, turning, she gave a long, affectionate look at the small, weather-beaten house that had sheltered her through so many years of sunshine and shadow—there it stood, setting well back from the road, its front yard a wild tangle of snow-berries, cinnamon roses, lilac bushes and the old-fashioned flowers, now frost-bitten and wilted, that she had planted every year since she came there, a bright-faced bride so many years ago. A memory of these old days swept over her as she stood there. She could see the joy and gladness that had filled the first few years when love had lightened labor and made all toil seem easy; then had come the heavy burden of sorrow that had left her alone with her four little ones to care for, and her kind old eyes had a look of sorrowful retrospection in their depths as they glanced back along the pathway of years that lay behind her, heavy with their loads of sorrow and care and anxiety. As she thought of all these things, and how she had struggled alone, unaided, except by a brave and dauntless spirit,

and had brought her sons and daughters up good and honest men and women, and at last had sent them forth well-equipped into homes of their own, a flush of pride warmed her faded cheek, and she crossed the threshold of her homely old kitchen, saying to herself, "The old place has been a good home to me all these years an' why should I turn my back on it now? No, here I be, an' here I'm goin' to stay as long's I stay anywhere in this world. Dave an' the rest on 'em's good, but they don't understand how 'tis. No, I couldn't go an' live with anyone else an' take a speck of comfort; they'll hev to git that notion out o' their heads."

She finished the making of the pies and cake, and then set about getting her supper. When it was nearly ready to take from the oven, she turned up the leaf of her table and spread a snowy piece of home-spun linen, which she had woven years before, over it; and placed her food upon it; there was a dish of smoking hot beans with a brown, crisp piece of pork in the middle, a plate of brown bread and another of white and a dish of big red apples baked until, through the cracked skin, the inside showed pinky white.

She looked at it with a new sense of thankfulness, but, before sitting down she filled a saucer with warm milk and placed it on the floor for the big black cat, who sat in a flag-bottomed chair by the kitchen stove, blinking in sleepy content at the warmth and comfort around him.

Mrs. Pettingill was not an old woman who cared unduly for what she ate, but to-night her supper seemed to possess a subtle flavor of

home comfort, of warmth and snugness and shelter, appealing more to her spiritual sense of imagination than to her coarser, more material sense of the palate.

The next week Mrs. Pettingill's son Dave came over to fix a place in the kitchen roof that leaked, and after a great deal of talking, persuaded his mother to spend a week at his house, promising if she did not like it, to bring her back home again for the winter.

The first few days of her visit passed quite pleasantly, for there were grand-children, sturdy little boys, who thought the world of "granny"; and then there were various improvements which David had made on the place, that she must see. And then she must be taken to look at the piece of woodland that had lately been bought. It was a cloudy, damp day with an easterly wind when Mrs. Pettingill went with her son to inspect his new purchase, and the energetic old lady took a heavy cold which threatened to develop into pneumonia, and after this, neither Dave nor Almira would consent to her return to her own home.

Old Mrs. Pettingill insisted, however, on having everything on the old place made ready for winter in her usual way. Every night she longed, with a homesick longing, for her own bed, in the small bedroom opening off the kitchen, where she had slept for so many years. The furnishings of her son's house were luxurious in comparison with her own, but she had lived among her own belongings so many years and loved them so well that they had become idealized, and instead of being inanimate objects to

her, they seemed to almost possess a living, breathing individuality.

Almira's parlor, with its fine upholstered furniture and bright-flowered Brussels carpet, its lace curtains, its tidies and wax flowers and hair wreath, fared ill when contrasted with her own beloved kitchen, with its braided rugs and well-scoured table and yellow chairs, the little light stand between the two windows and the tall old clock in the corner that had told off the hours for so many years. Almira was considered a wonderful house-keeper and famous cook, but the sweet spicy cakes, and rich pastry that came out of her oven were like dry chips to old Mrs. Pettingill, and she longed hungrily for the baked beans and brown bread, for the rye drop-cakes and Indian meal bannocks she used to cook in her own home. Even Tobias, her black cat, who had accompanied his mistress on her visit seemed homesick, and spent his days curled up in Mrs. Pettingill's lap. She looked out of the window and saw the neighbors passing and re-passing, for her son's house was on the main-travelled road. She saw the sunshiny front yard ankle deep with bright-hued autumn leaves, and muttered to herself, "tain't nowhere near's pleasant as 'tis to home." Her only comfort and solace, after the first week, she found in the company of Almira's father, Hiram Mitchell; he had sold his farm and come to live with his daughter because she thought "father was too old to live alone;" but, in spite of his daughter's assertion that "father took just as much comfort as he ever did," the active old man missed the hard labor, and busy life to which he had always been

accustomed, and spent many sorrowful, homesick hours in his daughter's house. Almira's house was almost palatial compared with the little, long low house that had been his home for nearly seventy years, but its plain, homely furnishings seemed more homelike to his partial eyes, than anything his daughter's house contained. He was thirsty for a drink, drawn from the sparkling depths of the old well his grand-father had dug; while no ambrosia of the gods would ever taste so delicious as one of the pound sweetings that grew on the knarled old apple tree that stood in one corner of the yard. He and Mrs. Pettingill had found considerable mournful enjoyment and sober satisfaction in looking back over the years that had flown, and talking over those days so long ago, when life was young and toil a pleasure. Together they recalled the old times and talked in friendly fashion of the life that lay behind them, until one bright pleasant day during the first week of December, David, with Almira and the two boys, had driven over to Ledham, to see Almira's sister and buy a young horse David wanted. The two old people were left alone. It was then a daring thought flashed through Mrs. Pettingill's brain; with a triumphant gleam in her eyes she called Mr. Mitchell in from the barn where he was busily engaged in shelling corn—for the active, alert old man found the days far too long for him unless he could "chore 'round" as he called it. He was like a tough elm that had been transplanted from its native soil and refused to take root in new ground. Mrs. Pettingill's visit had been a great pleasure to him; it

had made a bright spot in his lonely life; for the two had many tastes in common and they enjoyed, as is natural in old people, living in the past. Now he came out of the barn in answer to Mrs. Pettingill's summons, a ruddy-faced, pleasant looking man; "Good land, grandpa!" called the impatient old woman. "What makes you so slow? Do step along a little mite spryer. I declare it does seem's if you was the slowest mortal I ever see!"

"Sho' now, Mis' Pettingill," was the answer, as he came slowly towards the house, "I wouldn't git so excited if I was you. What ye in sich a twitter about? Anything happened?"

"Ain't nothing happened; but I want you to harness the hoss an' take me home as quick's you can," and Mrs. Pettingill's faded blue eyes gleamed as determinedly now, as they ever had in her younger days; "I've stood this jest as long's I can an' I'm goin' home today. It's a good chance fur Dave an' Almiry won't be back 'til late an' Dave'll hev so many chores to do that he can't come after me to-night an' I guess by mornin' he'll be capable o' seein' things as I do; at any rate I'm goin' home! I'll fly 'round an' get my things together an' you see if Tobias is out to the barn. Poor cat! he's as homesick's I be! I'm goin' to put some vittles in a basket an' we'll eat our dinner before you start back. Now hurry, do, fur it seems's if I couldn't wait to get back to my little old house."

Before long Mr. Mitchell drove up to the front gate, and after putting Mrs. Pettingill's various bundles and boxes into the back of the sleigh, he tucked the buffalo robe carefully

around her and with Tobias snugly bestowed in a basket on the seat between them, the two old people jogged contentedly away. It was a pleasant day; and snow sparkled and glistened in the sunlight and the air was cool and crisp.

"Pleasant, ain't it?" queried Mr. Mitchell, inhaling a deep breath. "I declare, weather like this makes a man feel ambitious. I wish I was goin' home to my old farm; kinder breaks a man up to go an' live with his children ef they *be* good to him. He feels lost, so to speak, as ef he didn't hev no place in the world nor no work to do. I snum! I must have be'n an all-fired fool when I sold my farm! But there! it's done an' can't be helped, I s'pose."

"'Tis hard; yes, 'tis hard," assented Mrs. Pettingill soberly; "somehow the children don't seem to sense how bad 'tis fur us after workin' hard all our lives to settle down an' be contented to do nothing, 'tain't natural, an' I feel to be thankful that I've kept my little farm an' still hev a home o' my own. I've got four children an' thank the Lord! they all want me; but I ain't goin' to stay with none of 'em; my home's the best fur me."

"So 'tis, so 'tis," agreed Mr. Mitchell. "You've got a nice place there. But 've thought you hed pretty tough times after Silas died an' left you with all them young ones an' not much to do with."

"Yes, I did so," was Mrs. Pettingill's answer. "But there," and a flash of pride brightened her tired old eyes, "I enjoyed copin' with difficulties an' I hed somethin' to work fur. I think them was my best an' happiest days, fur the children grew so fast an' they

was bright an' smart's anybody's children an' I brought 'em up to be truth-tellin', God-fearin' men an' women."

"That you did, Betsey," was her companion's hearty response, "You done a sight better than some women would in your place."

"Yes, my old house has seen hard struggles an' poor fare, but it's be'n a good home to me, though I don't deny it's kinder lonesome sometimes, 'specially at night when I don't hev nobody fer company but Tobias; an' he's gittin' old; I can't expect to keep him much longer. I must be lookin' 'round fur a likely young kitten fur he's most too old to hunt now. There," as they reached the turn in the road and saw her old home lying at the foot of the hill, "there 'tis, as natural's ever." And long before they had reached the bottom of the hill, her eager spirit had passed through the doorway and entered the familiar rooms, glorifying each homely piece of furnishing with its loving glance. Ah! it was sweet to be coming home once more, and Mrs. Pettingill felt a pang of pity for the downcast old man at her side. "Ain't there no way of buyin' back your old farm, Hiram?" she inquired of her silent companion.

"Lordy, no," was the answer, "I did try once, unbeknownst to Almiry; but it wa'n't no use; the man liked the place too well to sell it. But, see here, Betsey, I've been thinkin'—why can't you an' me strike a bargain? You've got to hev a man to work the farm an' I've got a comfortable little sum out to interest—seems to me we might take solid comfort together. I ain't

hard to get along with an' I used to hev a mighty notion after you when we was young, but I was too darned bashful in them days to let you know it an' then Silas stepped in an' walked off with ye. Come, what do you say to it?" and he edged as near his old friend as the basket containing Tobias, would permit.

"Law, Hiram, what do you s'pose the children would say!" and Mrs. Pettingill's wrinkled face reddened like a girl's. "I don't deny that 'twould be master comfortable; but there, two old folks like us hed orter know better than to talk sech foolishness."

"'Tain't foolishness," stoutly maintained the eager old man. "We're old enough to know what we want, an' I don't know's the children on either side hev any right to say I, yes or no. We've took good care of 'em an' done our best by 'em an' now I guess we've a right to suit ourselves; say yes, *do* Betsey, before we git to the house, an' we'll both feel more to home."

"Well, I don't know," began Mrs. Pettingill, dubiously, as they neared the house, "I s'pose 'twould be good in some ways. Land! yes, I don't know but we might's well."

"Right you are, Betsey," exclaimed the jubilant old lover as he sprang out of the sleigh and lifting Mrs. Pettingill to the ground implanted a hearty smack on her lips. "We ain't goin' to let no grass grow under our feet, neither, to-morrer's jest as good a day's we'll hev an' we'll drive over to old Parson Dexter's an' then we can feel's though we was livin' once more. Lord! but it will seem good to know we are to home agin!"

My Little Lass

By Elvira Sydnor Miller

I HEARD the minstrels play last night
There in the long and lighted hall,
And saw you passing gowned in white,
The star, the splendor of the ball.
Your dusky lovelocks softly blew
About your face in their old way,
And all men's eyes looked love on you—
My little lass of yesterday.

Still in those tender eyes there shone
The April light of childhood fair,
A rose, you seemed too freshly blown
To wither in the ballroom air.
The stately matrons praised your grace,
They eyed you in their worldly way,
They set a price upon your face,
My little lass of yesterday.

The old men, too, as you passed by
Like music wafted on the air,
Heaved many a sad regretful sigh
For vanished loves as sweet as fair.
For radiant eyes and brows of snow
Now veiled by marbles cold and gray,
Alack, the rose of Long Ago,
My little lass of yesterday.

It seems but one short year ago
Since you and I told fairy stories,
And now I sigh and wish to know
If you have quite forgot their glories.
Forgot the fairy prince whose kiss
Should wake you in the old sweet way,
Forgot the lands where sunset is—
My little lass of yesterday.

You smile, you blush, say can it be,
The fairy prince has come to find you,
To lead you back to Arcady
And with Love's golden fetters bind you.
What he! This wrinkled beau who stands
Before you smirking, old and gray,
Too soon the world and you strike hands,
My little lass of yesterday.

The Miracle of Irrigation

By Day Allen Willey

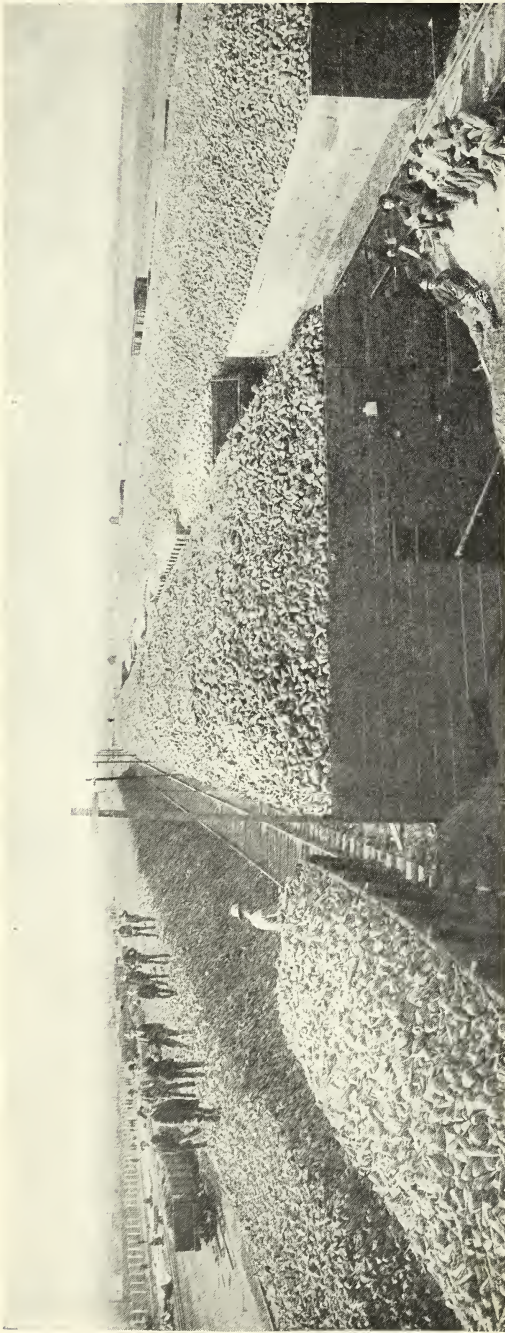
“**D**RAW it till it gets cold,” says the housewife as she hands you the cup and points to the pump beside the doorway, and you do not stop to count the quarts and gallons that flow through the moss-grown trough just for that one drink. Or if you plunge your face into the brimming bucket as it is poised on the well rim she bids you have a care lest any of it fall back into the cool depths, and splash it goes upon the grass beneath, so thick and green from the constant moistening. Water, water everywhere and every drop to drink. How often the Westerner thinks of his old home, every woodland patch with its pool and a spring at every turn of the way gushing forth in a miniature cataract or trickling in a tiny rivulet from rocky crevices. Should the creek run dry in the pasture, the cattle can be driven to the neighboring field where flows another, in which they drink and wade before seeking the shade of the trees by its bank. Not only in the doorway but in the barnyard sometimes there still hangs the “old oaken” or some other kind of bucket from the rusty chain, and the one far away remembers how his father taught him the right twitch to give so as to fill it.

As he looks over the Western land stretching away as far as eye can reach, the vista unbroken by rock or

tree or hillock,—miles and miles with never a brook or well, and weeks and months when not even a cloud the size of a man’s hand drifts across the sky,—this mental picture of the past becomes more vivid and how often and how intensely he covets even the water dashed from the bucket after his thirst was quenched, and what he pumped out to get the drink cool. His horse may carry him a day’s journey over a country every acre of which is his, and its hoofs sink into earth rich in all the elements that bring forth the stalk and the plant, but dried into worthless powder by the rays of the summer sun. The creek which in the spring became a muddy river overflowing its banks far and wide is now a series of pools from which he hauls his water barrels many long miles to the farmhouse where their contents are as carefully preserved as is the store of food. He is grateful for enough to sustain animal life even if all vegetation must wither from lack of moisture. Every schoolboy can define the word *drouth*, but only the child of the prairie knows its meaning; and when with father or mother he is taken back to where “grandpa used to live” and sees the wells and brooks and ponds, small wonder is it that his eyes dilate, for here is indeed a foreign land.

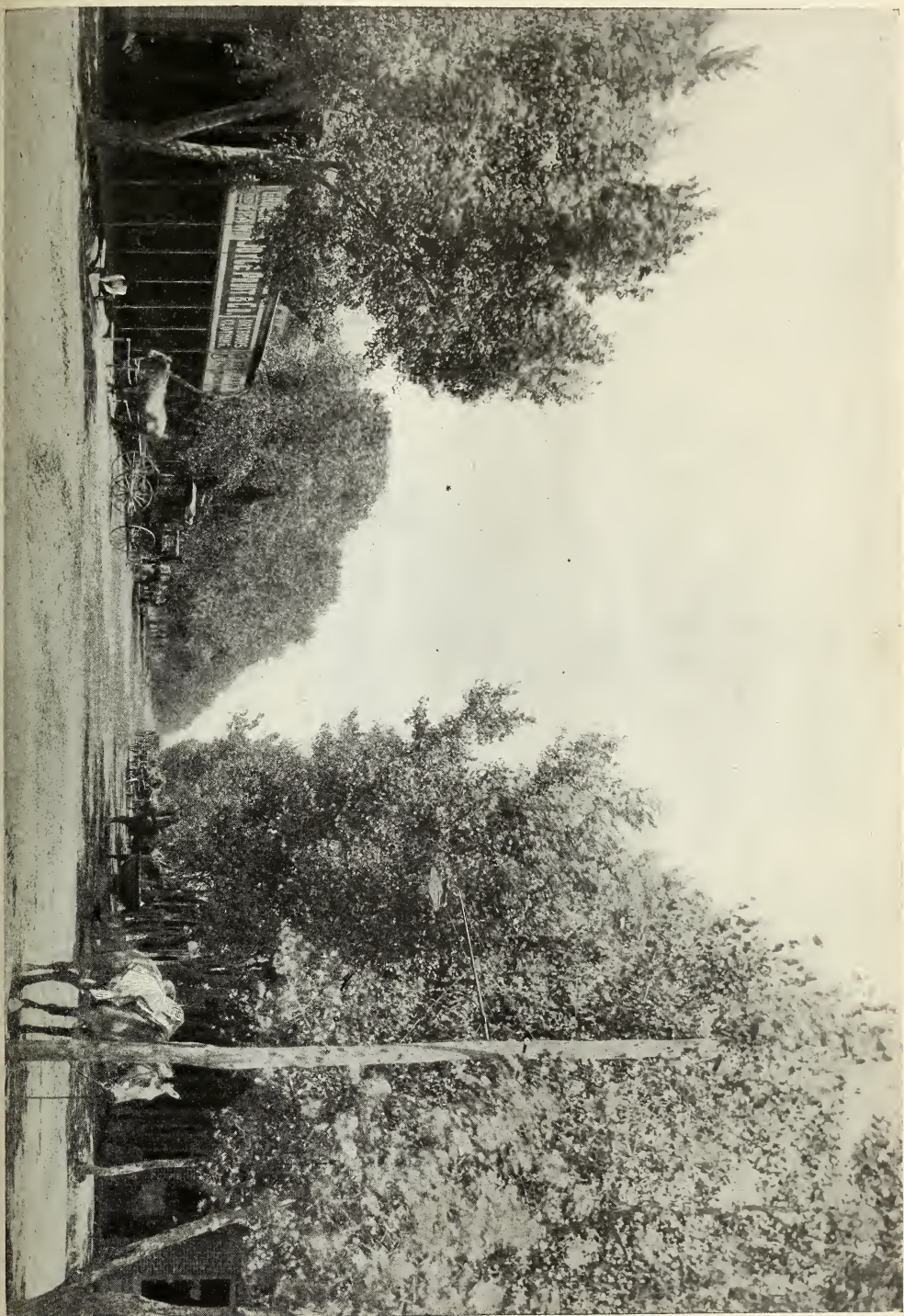
This is not a story of yesterday, but of the present, in spite of all that we





A FEW SUGAR BEETS WAITING SHIPMENT AT
FORT COLLINS, COL. THIS PILE IS 1,200
FEET LONG, 120 FEET WIDE AND 15
FEET DEEP

have heard about irrigation. Such a vast region is thirsting for water that though mile after mile of canals and great artificial lakes has been made, only a few million acres have been reclaimed. How differently the Western farmer regards space! The hundred or two hundred acres that may make a man wealthy in New England are merely a single field to the grower whose corn may cover a thousand acres and who employs scores of laborers to gather his wheat at harvest time. About eight million acres are traversed by the canals big and little, of which 50,000 miles have been dug; the grainfields of all New England contain but 350,000 acres, and adding the rich valleys and plains of New York gives less than 3,000,000. The corn, wheat and oats of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware could be grown in the irrigated territory which is as large as Nebraska and Iowa, the two greatest cornfields on the globe. But there is yet to be conquered a domain stretching away over hill and plain and valley a thousand miles from north to south and fifteen hundred miles from east to west. Of course not all is waste, but the surveyor has travelled through its length and breadth and has mapped out the country which as yet is no man's, merely for lack of nourishment. Great regions will be forever parched as neither river nor lake is near enough to moisten them, but over a hundred million—to be exact 120,000,000—acres can be made to blossom, perhaps not as the rose, but can be converted into a land of plenty when overspread by the waters above and beneath them. It startles one to con-





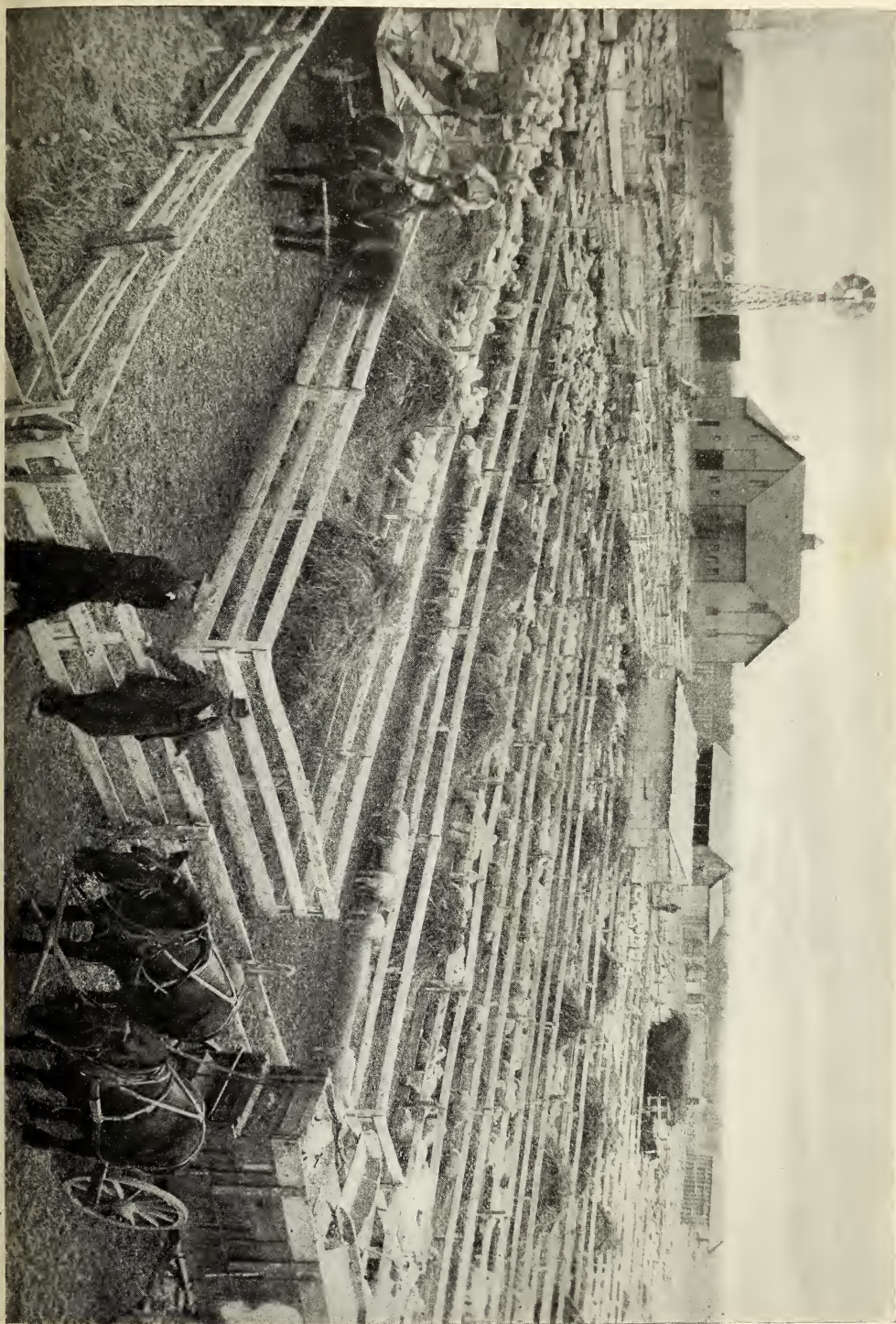
THE DESERT



FIRST STEPS



FOUR CROPS AT ONCE





LAKE AVALON DAM, CARLSBAD, N. M.

temple the possible changes in the United States when the silence of desolation which prevails in this great expanse gives place to the call of the plough boy, the lowing of cattle and the crow and cackle of fowls. A country three time as large as all New England and greater than the far Eastern and Middle States combined, it exceeds any commonwealth in size save that empire in itself—Texas. All of the farmers of Great Britain and Canada could till their present fields within it and space be left for Germany. All of the wheat seed planted in the United States each season could be grown within it and nearly enough room spared to raise our annual oat crop.

These figures are interesting, for they have helped win a battle which has been waging for nearly forty years in the halls of Congress—a struggle to have great national water

works from which the life-giving liquid could be conveyed to the arid lands. Year after year, East and West opposed each other on Capitol Hill. What has been done in the spreading of the waters has shown what can be done when the government itself blocks gorge and valley, forming reservoirs each of which will fertilize a thousand or a million acres.

Strange it is but the scientist has proved it true that when you take a little patch of sand such as is found in some of the deserts of the West and allow water to soak into it, a combination is formed from which the plant or stalk springs more vigorously even than from the dark, rich soil watered by the rainfall and dew. Many of what we call “staple” crops are not as abundant when grown in ground naturally irrigated as when planted in the field or garden rescued from the barrens. When the war of the West and the East was being fought in Con-

gress, an expert from the Department of Agriculture came to the aid of the West with some figures. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are noted for their fertile farms and their abundant harvests. He compared this corner of the country with Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah where the water has been diverted to flow over what was once sterile plain. Each harvest for ten years in this region of irrigation yielded an average of one bushel of wheat more to the acre, two bushels of rye, two bushels of barley, seven and a half bushels of potatoes than did those for the same period in the four states on the other side of the Mississippi. The expert also proved that the farmer who cast his lot on the border of the arid lands had produced one bushel of wheat to the acre, one of oats, two of rye, one of barley and eleven of potatoes more than the average yearly harvest of the whole coun-

try during the same period. He has gone into a desert, in some places as barren as Sahara, making of it field, orchard and garden.

From Dakota and Montana to the Rio Grande and from the Missouri to the Pacific can be seen the oases made by the irrigators. The monotonous vista spotted with patches of chaparral, cactus and sagebush, often extending beyond the horizon bare of any green thing, has here and there given place to prosperity seen in the masses of waving grain, varied by mile after mile of trees laden with fruit interspersed with farm homes and villages, the canals gleaming like silver ribbons in the sunlight. Men are probably living who yet remember urging their wearied horses through the burning sand of eastern Colorado when they followed Fremont in his expedition through this pathless, lifeless region. The gold hunters of '49 struggled through the waterless val-



BIG IRRIGATION FLUME (OVER PECOS RIVER), N. M.

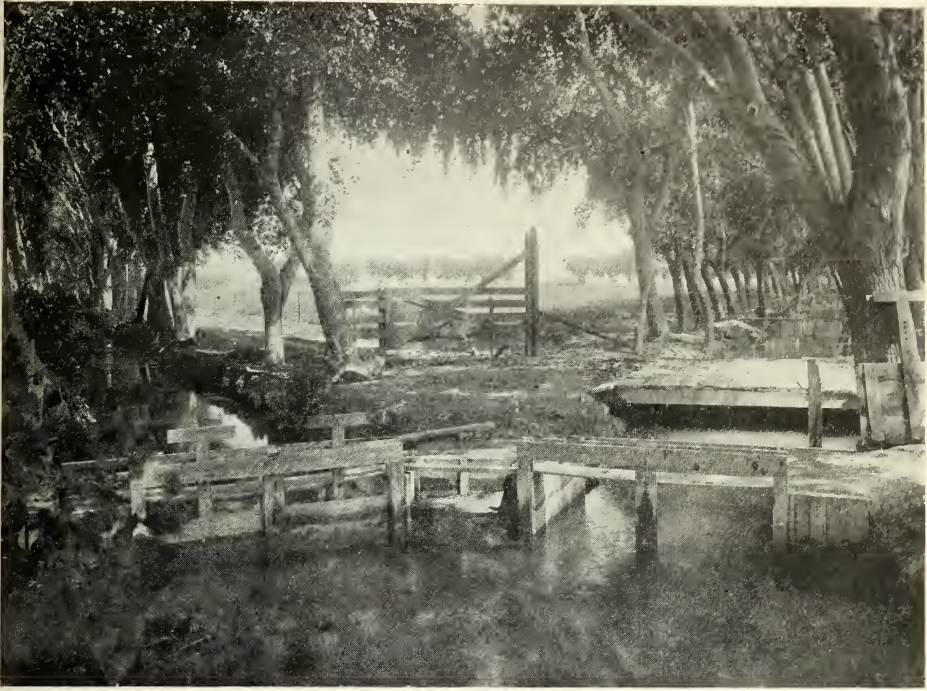
leys of California destitute of everything save sand and rock, some to drop down and die of thirst in sight of the wealth-bearing ledges. In the transcontinental journey there are hours when on the warmest summer day the traveller must close the car window to keep from suffocating in the hot air laden with alkali dust which pours in from the desert he is crossing—a desert strewn with the bones of man and beast for the last fifty years. Yet it is in such a country that water is doing its magical work. Already it has wrought wonders in the Colorado sand hills. The deadly valleys of California have become vineyards and orchards and gardens supplying the tables in far-away New England and New York, and even selling their products in the markets of London and Paris as well. The “Staked Plain” of the South-

west which has taken the life of many a man who has attempted to cross its expanse has become a centre of the new civilization, and its terrors so often described by the traveller and depicted by the historian will soon be only a memory.

Yet the people of the West have merely been following for a quarter of a century what was done ages ago. If one were writing the history of irrigation he must go back to the biblical days. The work of the ancient inhabitants of the world is to be seen in the Nile Valley in walls constructed so solidly that they are still utilized to confine the waters. The plains about Babylon were fertilized from reservoirs, portions of which are pointed out to the tourist; while the Spanish invaders of Mexico were given a lesson by the Aztec engineers who perhaps were the pioneers in America in



LAKE BUILDING, NEAR FORT COLLINS, COL.



DITCHES AND FLOOD GATES IN PECOS VALLEY, N. M.

the artificial application of water to the soil. To-day tribes in Arizona and New Mexico get a scanty subsistence from grain and vegetables springing from the banks of the shallow ditch they have dug through their patches of ground in sight of the yet imposing ruins of the past. Their limited knowledge of irrigation is doubtless inherited, for the scientists admit that the famous Pimas of Arizona were experts in this, as a study of the history which nature has furnished proves. The methods which they, as well as the builders of the Old World, pursued are still followed. The engineer of to-day has his instruments which establish a more accurate grade for the flow of the water; he knows about the geological formation so that

he can build his dam or reservoir on a surer foundation, and the human digger, shoveller and carrier have been replaced to a great extent by labor-saving machines, some of which will do the day's work of a hundred men, but he has not ceased to wonder at the marvellous workmanship displayed in the erection of the massive walls of masonry and the mile after mile of conduit, some of it in the shadow of the Pyramids and some in the heart of Old Mexico.

If the Rocky Mountains could be torn down we might see water as abundant in the West as in New England. As the clouds, laden with moisture, drift in from the Pacific they are caught by the mountain tops and robbed of the nourishment that na-

ture intended for "arid America," but the irrigator is obtaining his revenge by forcing the hills which shut off the rain clouds to aid him in his work.

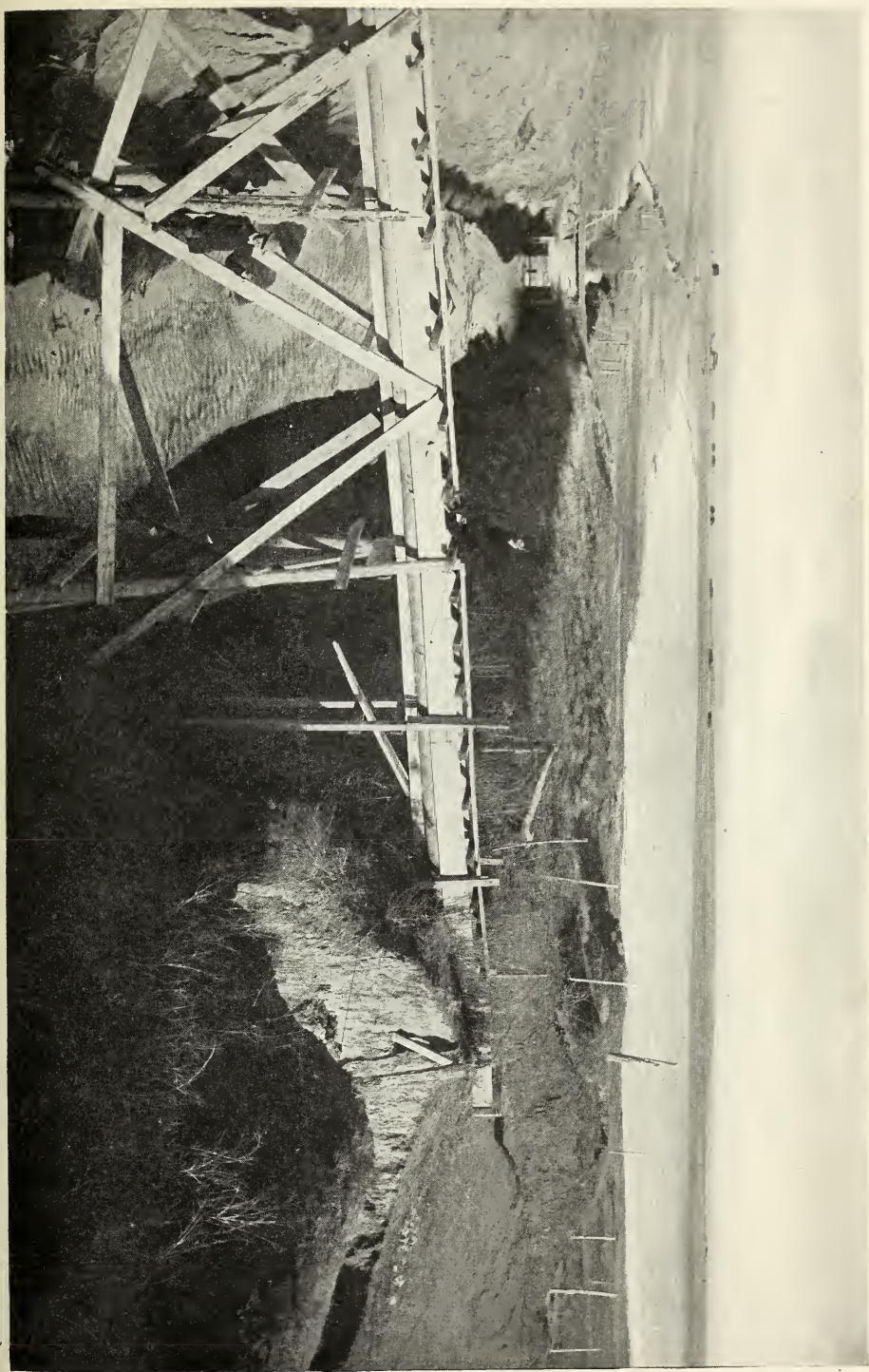
Not so long ago the Poudre River flowed through the valley of that name, at the head merely a range of cliffs rent in twain by a convulsion of long ago, but farther down another natural wall turned aside the stream which forced its way seaward, leaving the remainder of the valley barren. If some way could be found to bring it through the barrier its waters would convert this waste into plenty, and so the men who decided to make the attempt finally succeeded in boring a hole through the granite nearly a thousand feet in length and large enough to allow all of the water even in the freshest season to pass. An aqueduct of stout planks and beams was built against the side of the mountain, supported on wooden stilts high in the

air and in places bound to the cliff by huge iron arms. Other tunnels were constructed, and finally an artificial channel a mile in length was completed. It carried the Poudre to a narrow cleft where its waters could be held in check to be poured into thirteen reservoirs so that as fast as one is filled the surplus of precious liquid is turned into another. This was the birthplace of irrigation in Colorado where two million acres are now nurtured. The conversion of the valley into a series of fertile farms caused other mountain gorges to be walled and the pent up waters to be turned into a network of canals.

From artificial lakes in California flow streams that are rivers in width and depth, some carried high in the air in the "flumes" and discharging their contents fifty and seventy-five miles away upon valley and plain where trees and vines yield almost as much wealth as the gold which first tempted



AT THE GATE OF A CANAL



LAKE, CANAL AND FLUME



HARVESTING ALFALFA

the adventurer to this region. Perhaps nowhere in the world has water so transformed barren desolation into a paradise of fruit and flowers as in the Golden State where one can ride on the banks of canals and branches which would extend 2,000 miles if dug in a straight line. There is the San Luis system, a river made by man 250 miles in length feeding 2,000 miles of canal and ditch which interlace its valley with arteries filled with life-giving fluid. La Junta, 864 miles long, fills its channel from six reservoirs, one of which covers twenty square miles of surface.

The river of the West is indeed capricious. On one day the horseman may ride across its sandy bottom dry shod, to return a week later and find it "bank full" from a cloudburst in the Rockies a hundred miles away. It cuts its way through the prairie like a huge serpent or when it takes a fancy makes a new channel leaving a ragged gap in the soil as a reminder of its former bed, but by degrees it is being tamed and held in bondage. Many a prospector knows by his own experience of the terrors of the American Sahara whose "trails" are too plainly

marked by the skeleton of man and beast and the wreck of the "prairie schooner," but into its edge the waters are working. Down in New Mexico a dark line on the horizon has saved the life of many a fortune seeker struggling through the burning sands of the Pecos valley, for it meant he was nearing the Rio Pecos, coursing between its fringe of trees and bushes, and it gave him hope to push forward to the "precious water" as it has been called. What a change has taken place here! The desert trail is only a memory. In its place is a way of steel along which rushes the locomotive and from the car window the passenger sees the panorama of the farm unfolded—the hay makers in the alfalfa patch, thousands of sheep quietly browsing on the rich herbage, the plough turning over the stubble for the wheat seed, the fruit pickers amid the trees, the houses of the farmers with their ample barns and fodder stacks, while every few miles the train stops at one of the towns or cities scattered throughout the valley, each with its busy, happy people. The visitor finds himself in the centre of a



new civilization. Yet every farm has been created out of the barren waste and the pastures where fatten the sheep and the fields where flourish the grain sustained absolutely nothing but the cactus and sagebush, until the river was forced to help by the work of the irrigator. The two artificial lakes formed by blocking its channel with stone barriers make habitable 300,000 acres which support a hundred thousand people, where formerly not a man could live.

Almost as wonderful is the transformation where the "waters under the earth" have been drawn out and forced over its surface. In some portions of Nebraska and Dakota one sees the windmills like the trees of the forest, so thickly do they stand on the prairie, each moving a mechanical muscle that takes the place of the well windlass and the pump arm. Far away to the south the new Acadia rests on a wonderful subterranean sea. The top of the prairie has been pierced in hundreds of places, but steam engines do the work of the windmills, lifting the water from the reservoir nature has created for the rice growers, and throwing it in cascades into the canals.

In the history of this invasion of the wilderness a variety of themes are offered for the pen of the novelist—stories of failure as well as success—stories of heroism through patient years of suffering ending in failure. Many an opening has been made across the plain and valley through which the water never flowed because some one had blundered, and the abundant harvest which the settler had counted upon as reward of his

toil and waiting has, mirage-like, lured him to his death. The pioneers in the arid country were put to a test perhaps more severe than the men and women who first saw Plymouth Rock, for the Puritans had some sustenance afforded by nature when they reached the western shore, while the wanderers of later times had none, save that borne by their packhorses or carried in their wagons.

The waste places that have been turned into a land of plenty have been so by the sweat of the brow. After the waters have spread over the earth from seedtime until its ripening, every day brings its labor to be performed, sometimes from before the dawn until after dark.

When the new history of the Southwest is written one chapter which it will contain will be the story which is still told of the brothers who guided the plough through the prairie sod to loosen it so they could dig with their own hands the first watercourse of the series which was to turn 350,000 acres into a vast ricefield. The Dusons were of the people who had migrated from the other Land of Evangeline to seek their fortune in the new Acadia, but unlike many of their fellows, poverty had not cast them down. Believing that nature would in the end reward them, day after day they toiled side by side in the trench amid the jeers of their neighbors who were content to harvest their few bushels from the patches moistened by heaven and fitly termed "Providence rice." The weeks became months before the half mile ditch reaching from the Dusons' farm to the water supply was completed, but there came a day

when a few shovelfuls of earth removed the final barrier and the trench became an artery to nourish their grain to maturity. Not a house, not a tree stood thereabouts on the prairie, but the brothers had a vision of a city teeming with life and prosperity. They went to the president of the railroad company whose band of steel crossing the waste was its only connection with the outside world, and asked that a train be stopped by their field. The president laughed, "What is the use? not even a tent stands there."

"We are going to have a town there," said the brothers. The president had heard of the ditch. He had seen the country from his car window and he laughed again. The brothers went away but came back a few days later.

"Will you stop one train a day if we will furnish a depot and pay the salary of an agent?"

The president finally agreed to this and the Dusons went to the nearest settlement and obtained a wooden shed

which they moved on rollers across the country to the town site, and hired an agent. Their capital had been exhausted. They borrowed enough money to pay for surveying the town site—and waited. Meanwhile Nature was doing her work. The shoots in the field sprang up thick and green until the gradual change to gold showed the grain was ready for the reaper in a harvest such as had never been heard of before in the Southwest. It was a magnet that attracted nearby country folk as well as people from the North and West. Houses began to go up about the shed which was called the station, then stores, then rice mills, as other canals were built and other fields irrigated. Crowley developed into a hamlet, then a village and at last the brothers who were so confident that their vision would become a reality saw a city of nearly 7,000 people, the metropolis of the "rice belt," surrounded by mile after mile of fertile fields and in the heart of the 50,000 farms all reclaimed from the desolate prairie.



'Tis an Ill Strike That Does Nobody Good

By George Bloodgood

AS the price of coal went up, the hearts of the trustees of the Home for Aged Women went down. There was barely money enough in its treasury to buy coal at a normal price, for the city was having a reform mayor. Now that is not a terrible thing to have, necessarily; it is not true, as the opposition urges, that nothing else, except the gypsy moth or an automobile runaway, can cut such a swath of desolation in a town. But it is certain that His Honor got into office by promising to reduce taxes, and was therefore obliged to reduce the city appropriations so that various institutions suffered in their special ways. The public library could not afford to buy more than one copy of "The Confessions of a Wife"; the city ambulance grew so badly in need of paint that it was considered adding insult to injury to have to be taken anywhere in it; and the Home for the Aged came to look literally what it was commonly called, the Aged Home.

The trustees of this Home sat in puzzled council one late October day, around a gas-heater which could not dispel the chill produced by the first snow squall without. There were eight directors, one from each ward of the town; they were men and

women, and they were all berating the mayor.

"He says," quoted the senior director, "that you 'can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear'—this institution being the purse and the city treasury the aural appendage, I suppose."

"He says," volunteered the junior director, "that it is no worse to be cold in a Home written with a capital than in a home written with a small letter."

"He says," laughed the cheerful director, "that it is a hard season, and people grumble over their taxes as they never did before. I told him that was so,—never since the year when I was mayor myself."

"He says," snarled the sour director, "that it would be cheaper to close this Home and board the old ladies at the hotel which got its coal last spring."

"Let's do it," remarked the quiet member who had never spoken at a trustee meeting before.

The men had been having their say. Now the women chimed in.

"What a crazy idea, just as we have new furniture coverings and a larger refrigerator," protested the one who always spoke before she thought.

"Couldn't we then dispense with

the services—and the salary—of the matron?" asked the practical one.

"What a lovely interesting change it would make for the old ladies," said the sweet woman who generally was right.

There was silence for a few minutes while the idea took root and grew.

Then the president of the board drew paper and pencil to him and began to figure.

"The mayor is right," he announced. "We should make money by the experiment."

"Oh-h! make money and build a new wing with it," cried the one who always spoke first.

"Make money so that another city department can have more to spend—more coal for the police station so the tramps can sleep warm," muttered the grumbler.

"Sufficient unto the trustees of an institution is the current year thereof," paraphrased the president. "The pros and cons might be summed up like this;" and he gave an able *résumé*.

The directors whiffled as the weather vane outside, but when at sunset the sky cleared and a glow made all things rose-colored, a unanimous vote had been taken, and a look of enterprise, amusement and defiance was on the faces of the board.

After duly notifying the mayor, the city government, the reporters, in fact, everybody who was not vitally interested in the change, the president of the directors assembled the old ladies who had so much at stake, and told them, in what he considered a delicate and reassuring way, that their Home for the coming season would be the best hotel in town. Outside the par-

lor, the sweet woman was waiting to heal the wounds she knew he would make.

"Oh, yes," she said, as the old people streamed forth, dazed, "it *will* cost us less, but you will have lots more fun. You must think of it as if you were just closing your country house for a season."

"What shall we do for church services?" was Mrs. Atkins's first question.

"It will enable me to see more of society," said Miss Abalinda Foss.

"We ought to have died with our husbands," sighed a widow.

But the cripple of them all, Panthea Brown, the one who could least bear transplanting, as her chair was pushed through the doorway, looked into the trustee's face and smilingly said, "Aren't you bright to think of ways and means?"

The scheme met with all sorts of comments from the town at large. It was nearly wrecked by the partisanship of one minister who prayed for the poor souls who were to be dropped from the bar of heaven to the bar of a hotel.

But by Thanksgiving the fourteen old ladies were well settled in the best rooms of the annex which was connected with the hotel by a covered bridge. As November twenty-seventh approached, it was feared that hotel turkey would seem tasteless to those who for years had compared notes as to how they used to mix their own stuffing. The landlord kindly offered to serve a private dinner for the fourteen, but the sweet woman urged to him and to her fellow directors, "No, it is part of the year's plan for them to see and be

seen. The sight of so many nice old ladies will do good to the stray drummers and the homesick bell-boys you will have with you on the day, and if the ladies are served in your usual dining-room, their talk cannot be as sadly reminiscent as if they were in a separate room. And they shall have a guest of honor at their table, any one they like."

Of course they chose her to be this guest, but she declined, having a standing engagement to play the dual rôle of wife and mother on all Thanksgiving days. They quarrelled a little over a second choice, but finally united on inviting the elevator boy who had hurt his hand that morning. Fortunately he was able to eat enough to give each of the fourteen the pleasure in turn of cutting his meat and replenishing his flotilla of side dishes.

The winter weeks sped on in what Miss Abalinda Foss termed a whirl of gayety. Did not theatrical troupes stop at the hotel? Were not eminent lecturers dined there before going to address the Woman's Club? Did not a prima donna practise gloriously in her private suite below their rooms? Each old lady extracted enjoyment in her own way. To Mrs. Atkins the nightly parade of the Salvation Army spoke of abounding religion. The relict, finding herself near the public library, derived much comfort therefrom, and before the winter was over was heard to ask for Fawcett's "Adventures of a Widow." Crippled Panthea Brown, accustomed to take her pleasures vicariously, was rejoiced when her chair was the means of giving Abalinda Foss a treat. The waiter had wheeled the chair upon the

train of a lady entering the dining-room, and a sound of ripping and tearing followed. Panthea cringed before a dreaded look of, Nuisance! in the lady's eyes, but a good-natured face turned to look at the torn flounce and eyed, not so much Panthea, as Abalinda who hurried forward begging to be allowed to repair the damage.

"Please let me sew it on. I used to be a seamstress; I'd like to for my friend's sake," nodding toward Panthea; "and besides," with a candor which charmed the lady, "it is such a lovely dress, I'd like to work on it."

"Why, if you will be so kind," said the lady, who was the great actress she was because she read hearts so well, and divined that the dressy old-fashioned person had never had her fill of finery. "Come to my room, number 2, after dinner."

Abalinda's guileless enjoyment of this world's goods was so evident as she entered sumptuous number 2, that the great tragedienne hastened to say that her maid must accompany her to the matinée, but that if, Miss Foss, was it? cared to take a stitch here and there, she would be extremely obliged; and out upon the bed and chairs, from trunks and wardrobes, were tossed gowns which seemed to Abalinda fit only for queens at coronations. Her search for needed stitches was poorly rewarded, but she had a blissful afternoon handling the exquisite stuffs, and that evening she described the dresses to her circle.

But omitting other intermediate joys, this narrative must move on to Inauguration Day, and recount how Miss Abalinda really entered society. The hotel was directly opposite the

State House, and it was the custom of the newly elected governor to proceed from the one to the other to take his official seat and be duly sworn in. In the big parlors of the hotel were wont to assemble the state dignitaries with their families, and thence, after dinner, they marched, two by two, across the street and up the shaded avenue, and disappeared from vulgar eyes inside the great portal of the State House. Our old ladies were in a flutter over the prospect of seeing the pageant from such a vantage ground. To crippled Panthea Brown had been given the largest chamber in the annex fronting on the main street, and she eagerly offered its windows for the day to her companions.

"I would rather not look myself," she said faintly. "It was trying to peek in on the governor's taking the oath, by climbing up on a statue in the State House yard, that I got my fall, years ago. The Lord sat me down hard for that."

One and all thanked her joyfully for the window privilege, all except Abalinda Foss, who decided in her own mind that she would not stay cooped up in that room on that day. Had she not, when a seamstress, hemmed miles of ruffling to bedeck the belles of inauguration balls? Had she not, as dressmaker, cut high-necked dresses into low-necked ones for these same festivities? Had she not, among her collection of pins and needles,—and she had a remarkable one,—the needle a friend broke in sewing an unflinching back-bone into the gown of a governor's wife? Should she now be so near, and yet so far from an inauguration? No!

as many times as there were pins in a paper, no!

On the eventful morning the old ladies met in Panthea's front room, all, it was noted, in their best array. Good Mrs. Atkins, however, thought to mitigate the frivolity of watching a worldly show by bringing only her near-to spectacles, and leaving her far-off in the bureau drawer.

At noon a bitter disappointment came nearer than they realized. The landlord had suggested that the regular guests be served at a second table to avoid the crowd, but again the sweet woman had interposed. "Not that arrangement for our charges, please; they will want to eat when and what the governor does, and he is just the man to want the flowers sent from his table to theirs."

Consequently our fourteen friends dined simultaneously with the gubernatorial party, and then resumed, all but one, their seats in Panthea's chamber. The street below was an entrancing sight. A menagerie of human beings thronged the sidewalks, beside which were hitched surprisingly varied teams from the rural districts. Every child possessed or was crying for a squeaking toy balloon. There promenaded a woman innocent of any knowledge of hairpins, whose twisted locks were confined by a nail thrust into the coil. Happy couples hand in hand were too frequent to cause comment. Venders of all sorts plied their trade, and the babies sampled everything they sold. Flags flew so numerous as really to obstruct the view. The militia of the state rested arms in front of the hotel, waiting to be reviewed by the governor. His aids, uniformed and

mounted, looked more than mortal men. Everybody was on tiptoe with expectation, Miss Abalinda among the rest. She had come last of the old ladies from the dining-room, and passing by the big parlor, had lingered behind the others and slipped within its folding doors. She was wearing, for some reason best known to herself, her heaviest black cap which much resembled a bonnet, and she carried her mitts. Her face was flushed with her daring resolve to dip into the street, and she looked stately and fair enough to be anybody's elderly relative.

As she glided about, looking at the floral decorations and weighting a sword forgotten on the piano, the dignitaries trooped in from dinner, and instantly all was crowding and hurry. The marshal of the day flew about pairing people for the procession, and after he had the civil and military worthies ranged with wives and daughters for the short march, he saw with dismay an eminent, peculiar and aged lawyer from the north of the state standing like the children in the game, awaiting for a partner. In the next second, with the eye of a general, he espied Miss Abalinda, secreting under the edge of her basque the pin which the governor had tossed down as he withdrew the boutonnière which he fastidiously realized was already wilted.

"Madam," said the marshal, speaking suddenly and peremptorily, "will you favor us by falling into line with Judge Fox?"

He gesticulated the introduction and assigned their place all at once, and Miss Abalinda never drew breath until she laid her mitted hand upon

her escort's arm, and they began to mark time preparatory to following the couples already moving to the inspiring sound of a brass band. Her companion shuffled along as if the music came from a melodeon and said nothing, but Miss Abalinda held her head high and *pranced*. She was not watching the show now; *she was part of it*. Thousands were looking on and cheering. She spent the brief time of the spectacular passage from hotel to State House in planning what she should say to the governor; for her dazzled fancy pictured a scene under the gilded dome very different from the reality of the formal inaugural rites.

These took place in the hall of representatives which had not been opened for two years, and as she sat in the lifeless air, her escort forced for lack of room to stand at a distance, her courage began to wane, and she thought of the harboring chamber across the way. She feared to be seen and misunderstood by the sweet woman who sat with the ladies of the governor's family near the platform. At the first bustle of conclusion of the programme, she rose and fled out into the crowd now picnicking on the grass, down through the files of soldiers, and across the street where she felt that forty centuries looking down upon her would be as nothing to the thirteen aged women above. She reached their door and panting threw it open. They saw her, and they had seen her; their envious or amused faces told her that. Her own quivered in the condemnatory silence; but it was broken by Panthea, and Panthea always spoke kindly.

"You have been in society, dear

Miss Foss. Come in and tell us all about it."

That overture she met grandly, telling with contagious mirth just how it happened, describing photographically the notables, giving an account of what went on within the State House so vividly that they too seemed to see it, and ending with the honest burst, "I kept wishing you all were there!"

"Parts of it make me think of the Old Testament ceremonial," said Mrs. Atkins.

"My husband used to tell me about inaugurations. I guess we are glad

we were frozen out from the Home to get in a day like this, aren't we?" ruminated the widow aloud, speaking almost cheerfully.

The others gave assent in their different ways, all but Miss Abalinda, for whom words were too poor to express the fulness of her content. It had been the most splendid day of her humdrum life—a dream fulfilled. When she came back to earth, she went over to Panthea's chair.

"I hope it hasn't been a hard day for you, calling up so the time of your accident," she said softly.

A New England Cranford

By Elsie Carmichael

January 15.

AT last I have found Cranford. To be sure the village is called Kelmscott, but it is really Cranford disguised under another name. I have been here only two days and have met no one yet, but I expect to find Miss Mattie, and Miss Pole, and sleepy Mrs. Jamieson, and all the other inhabitants of the little town. When I went for a walk this afternoon I found myself looking for Miss Betsey Barker's gray flannel-clad alderney.

Oh, it is such a deliciously quiet, restful place—this home of my great-aunts. Every one at home is pitying me for going down to a little country village in midwinter, but for the first time in months I

feel perfectly happy and free as the wind. They all thought I was on the verge of nervous prostration; as though I would do anything so stupid and conventional! I could not make them believe that all that ailed me was a mad, mad longing for the open sky, and pure air, and simple living. I was sick unto death of society, of the conventionalities necessary to town life. I longed and dreamed of great open spaces, and wide horizons, and the wind, and the sky and all the big things in nature.

I came down here yesterday to visit my father's aunts, whom I had not seen since I was a child. I found a little village clustered about the green, just like all other New England villages, but there is a

charm about the place that is quite different from that of any other little town I know. There is an air of aristocracy about the square white houses under the wide-spreading elms, and if the people are not wealthy, at least the economy they practise is "elegant" like that of the original Cranford.

A hill rises behind the houses on the north side of the green and keeps off the blustering winds, and I am told the spring comes earlier in the gardens of the village than anywhere else for miles around. My aunts' house is square and white like most of the others, and the lawn slopes on the east to a little brook that runs gurgling and rippling over its stones down to the river, beyond the meadows. The old garden with the box-bordered paths lies on the sunny southern side, and yesterday Aunt Mary took me out on the piazza, and showed me where the first jonquils and violets grow, and pointed out the rose garden and the lilac hedge and all her dearest possessions, now masked under a pure white covering of snow. At the far end of the longest, straightest path is a rose arbor, and as we stood at the piazza door and looked down the path she told me, with lowered voice and a faint blush, that down there in the rose arbor my grandfather asked my grandmother to marry him. She looked pensively down the path after she had told me and was in dreamland for quite five minutes. I have already learned that Aunt Mary is the romantic one of the family.

Yesterday I was so busy unpacking, and going all over the ram-

bling old house, and talking over family matters that there was not a moment's time for any outdoor exploring, so early this morning, long before breakfast, when the sun had just showed its head over the hills, I crept downstairs all bundled up in furs, and stole softly out into a very white, still world. It seemed as if Nature were holding her breath. You could almost hear the clouds float by overhead. My footsteps crunched and creaked on the hard frozen snow and I stood still, frightened at disturbing the quiet. The only sound was the faint ripple of the brook under the ice. The snow sparkled in the slanting rays of the early morning sunlight, and the shadows on the distant snow-covered hills were too delicate and dreamy for any painter to catch.

I felt as though I had begun again in a new, fresh world. All the trivial things that had made up my life seemed to have dropped off and I was like a child again. Life was so simple here in this little village nestled in the hills, after the complex turmoil of the world outside.

I wandered about until I was called in to a delicious breakfast in the sunny dining-room, with its big roaring fire, and its cosy round table, set with the aunts' priceless china and silver. I was so hungry, and I never tasted such coffee as I drank that morning out of eggshell cups, and the hot muffins and omelet I devoured like a ravenous child.

January 20.

All the inhabitants of Kelmscott appear to be single women of uncertain age. I believe that there

are one or two men, beside the minister, but they seem to keep themselves well out of the way. All of them assert vociferously that it is such a relief not to have men about; men, who smoke and tramp over one's carpets and talk loudly and get on one's nerves. They are so dear and quaint about it all. Well on the whole I am glad there are no men; it's rather a relief. A man who did not care for the country and for the simple things I love would be sadly out of place in this old maids' paradise.

This afternoon I went up over the fields to the top of the hill behind the village. There is a road somewhere, but I love big open spaces where the wind sweeps and one feels free. The fields were a great, undulating, unbroken expanse of purest white, which I hated to mar with my footprints. There were lavender lights in the bare birch grove and far beyond were great, rolling, blue-white hills, crowned with black pines. The shadows were blue and in one place, where the snow was rippled by the wind it looked like a reflection of the sky with white clouds on it. I felt as free and wild and joyous as the solitary black crows beating up against the wind. As I turned and looked back there was a soft haze on the distant hills; it was so peaceful, so still.

The sun was very low and stained the snow pink as it dropped behind the hills over across the frozen river. It was so glorious it hurt me. I felt as though I should choke; I wanted to throw off some outer garment. I wonder whether it is not

the free spirit struggling with the enveloping flesh. I think that death will be just the shaking one's self free.

January 25.

Already I feel as though I knew these people very, very well. They have taken me in so cordially and seem glad to have a young thing like me—they insist on looking on me as a babe, despite my twenty-four years—come into their quiet life. They do not consider it quiet, however, perish the thought! An occasional high tea, or a church sociable, or a missionary box-packing makes their lives very full and busy. It is such a relief after the strenuous life I have been living, trying to crowd shopping, a lecture, two or three teas, a dinner and a dance into one little day. I have frittered away so many precious hours on so many different things, instead of concentrating on one or two and doing them thoroughly. I had brought a trunk full of books, and had planned to read Italian and German and sociology and a dozen other things, but so far I have not opened them. There are so many interesting places to see and the study of human nature is more absorbing than any other, after all, and I am learning about new phases of life just now.

In the evening, after my long, busy days, we gather about the big open fire in the cosy sitting-room, with the warm red curtains drawn close, shutting out the wind, and the lamps shedding a soft light over the beautiful old furniture and portraits, and then while the dear aunts knit or sit with folded hands and

peaceful faces, I read to them, sometimes from their favorite Wordsworth, sometimes from Miss Edgeworth or Jane Austen.

To-day I went to visit Dr. Briggs, who remembered my father as a little boy, and who wished to see his daughter. He is a quaint old gentleman of the old school, who looks as though he had just stepped out of a portrait; I even glanced about the room to find the empty frame. Dressed in the style of long ago, with his black stock and long old-fashioned coat, he greeted me in the most courtly manner. While I was there to my astonishment a book agent appeared—they always penetrate, where angels fear to tread. Dr. Briggs in his most courteous way dismissed him by telling him that he needed no more books, because ten years before he had bought the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and that he had still a few volumes of that unread, and he thought these would last until his eyesight gave out. I thought it was a joke at first, but afterward Aunt Mary told me that it was true, he had laboriously waded all through those volumes and considered that he had paid all the attention to the Muses that was necessary. I believe it would be better for me if I concentrated on the *encyclopædia*, or perhaps the dictionary.

January 30.

To-day we heard some very thrilling news; it is the one subject of conversation. Miss Jemima Hazelton has broken her arm. The grocer boy came in bursting with im-

portance at being the first to tell us. Then the Dunnings' cook ran over the wide lawn that separates the two houses to talk it over with Aunt Mary's cook. The wind was quite taken out of her sails, when she heard that the grocer boy was ahead.

Then one after another the neighbors dropped in to bring us all the particulars; how Miss Hazelton had been going down the cellar stairs and had slipped and fallen the whole length—there were fifteen steps Miss Pendleton told us. She thought she was carrying a jar of preserves down to the cellar closet, but Miss Jennie Piper was sure it was a pan of cream. She *knew* it was cream, because it had completely ruined Miss Hazelton's dress; fortunately, however, it was her oldest alpaca—so lucky it was not the one she had just bought; but then Jemima always was careful of her clothes and would never have been going down cellar in her new alpaca; not but what her cellar was as clean as her kitchen however, Jemima always did pride herself on the way her cellar looked. They finally got to speaking of Miss Hazelton in as reminiscent a way as though she were already dead.

When the excitement had calmed down a bit, Aunt Agatha begged me to go and inquire for Miss Hazelton and take her a jar of preserved ginger—ginger was so comforting. So in the afternoon I went down the street, rejoicing in just being out in the glad sunshine. Everything was so sparkling and brilliant, and an intensely blue sky bent lovingly down, almost touch-

ing the giant elms. The air was like wine, and I had difficulty to keep from skipping like a child. I made up my mind to come home cross lots, so I could run and let out some of my superfluous energy. I found Miss Hazelton sitting before her window gazing out over the snowy fields and hills with a peaceful, far away look in her eyes. When I came in she looked up in her bright cheerful way and except for the white sling I should never have dreamed she was in pain.

"Dear Miss Hazelton," I cried, "I am so sorry about your poor arm. You are so brave and good about it. I know I should be the weakest of cowards if it were I."

"Oh, no, you would not be that, Constance," she said. "Besides it is not so bad, my dear. Think how infinitely worse it would be if it were my limb." (The ladies in Kelsmscott are very particular about that word.) "Then I could not have moved for weeks and weeks, and now I can go about, and shall learn to do a great deal with one hand."

After we had talked about many things, she turned back to the window and sat a moment looking out, with that same far away, dreamy look; then she said in a low tone:

"Constance, do you see that high snow-covered mountain over there beyond the lower hills, with the sunset light on it? I like to pretend that it is the Jungfrau, and that the cottages on the hillsides are Swiss chalets. You look surprised, my dear. I sit here often and dream. You know I have always longed to see the beautiful

things in the world. As a girl I dreamed that some day I should go to—Europe." She said the word in a low hushed tone, as though it were something sacred. "But now it is too late. There are many beautiful things all about me, though, here in our own little village; there always are if you look for them, and I like to pretend. As a child I used to pretend all sorts of things, and I have never gotten over it."

The tears blinded my eyes, as I went away leaving dear Miss Hazelton pretending. Who knows all the tragedy that has been going on in that patient heart? All the longings for a larger life, for broader horizons. I can imagine how she wanted to see the whole beautiful world long ago in her youth, and how she must have crushed all those desires, and instead of growing bitter and narrow as so many would, she has grown sweeter and more patient and unselfish every day, and has kept her childlike dreams and they have brightened her whole life.

February 3.

I have just come home from the Robertsons. Mr. Robertson is the minister and he and his wife are very charming people, who have travelled much and know the world and men, and sometimes when I have a little longing for the world, the flesh and the devil I go to see them. When I told them that today they teased me unmercifully about calling them such horrid names. Mrs. Robertson and I are becoming the best of friends, and I often go over there and read with

her, and we sew together, and I play by the hour with Gladys, who has the honor of being the only baby in Cranford. I, who adore babies, would be very lonely without Gladys, who is the dearest, sunniest mite that ever smiled and cooed her way into any one's heart.

Mrs. Robertson told me to-day that a college friend of her husband, Mr. Dexter, is coming to spend a Sunday very soon and she wants me to help them entertain him. I do not feel very much interested in Mr. Dexter, though they talk about him a great deal; a man will be so out of place in Cranford.

I went home the longest way as usual, over the fields and hills. The wind was howling, the snow drifting, and the crows were cawing harshly, and I was under the spell of a wild, brilliantly beautiful day. The air was so pure and cold and had swept down from the north over so many leagues of ice and snow, that it was filled with the nameless ecstasy of the Viking-land. I was no longer Constance Randolph, living in a New England village, but a wild, free Norse maiden. My flesh can hardly contain my spirit on such a day. I must be out fighting against the wind, flying against it, like those same strong, broad-winged crows that are circling against the cloudless blue sky.

As I plodded along through the deep snow, feeling too happy and exhilarated for words, I met old John Benjamin, a farmer in the neighborhood, who called out from his wagon, "Good day, Miss Randolph. This is dretful healthy weather, ain't it?"

I nodded back, speechless, as the wind, sweeping over the meadow, brought a mist of soft, powdery snow that enveloped and blinded me, while the setting sun turned it to a golden and rose-colored veil. Then the sun dropped behind the hills and all around the horizon floated rose-pink clouds, touched with gold, while above the sky was still blue and the meadows were white, and so was the whole world, except the black woods. The pines were bending and swaying and sighing like the sea, and through them the western sky was like a stained window, seen through cathedral columns, and all the time the fierce north wind was blowing me homeward, and I felt wild and free and loved it all so passionately.

All this evening, however, I have been suffering from a reaction. I think I am a little tired perhaps. I have such a vague, mad longing for something, I do not know quite what. I think like Siegfried I begin to feel the need of a comrade-heart; some one with whom I could share all this joy. How I wish I had some congenial friend, who would feel it all and love it all as I do, even if we never, never spoke of it, if we had only a silent understanding! There are some doors in us we must keep shut to every one. There are some friends to be sure who are so much a part of us that we can open many of them, but the older we grow the more we lock some doors to all the world, even our nearest and dearest are shut out. It seems to be a very hard thing to find real sympathy and understanding in this old world, where we all have to

stand alone, with Matthew Arnold's islands, with the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" flowing between us.

February 6.

I went over to the Robertsons this morning, feeling a little lonely. They were both out but I found Gladys in the sitting-room, playing all by herself in the sun. Her little tousled head looked as though it were covered with spun gold, and she lifted the biggest, bluest, happiest eyes and welcomed me with a rapturous hug. We had such a beautiful romp first, and then we sat down on the rug, before the big crackling fire and proceeded to build a castle of blocks.

We had reached the topmost turret of the castle, when I heard a step in the hall and thinking it was Anna Robertson, I called out, without looking up: "Don't you dare speak or Gladys and I will have a castle in ruins."

There was such a portentous silence that I glanced up. There in the doorway stood a big broad-shouldered man with the merriest eyes in the world and a charming smile. I must have been a most dishevelled looking creature, for Gladys had tried to pull down my hair, and had otherwise injured the immaculate toilet on which I prided myself.

"Bunkie, Bunkie," she cried, rapturously, and ran off with tumbling, tripping steps to throw herself into the arms of the strange young man. I felt forlorn, deserted, and very much provoked to be caught sitting there ungracefully on the floor, building a castle of blocks. But he

came swiftly forward after embracing Gladys in a hurried way and helped me up.

"I am Ralph Dexter," he said, shaking hands. "And you are Miss Randolph, I am sure, of whom I have heard so much. You have been a great comfort to my friends. It's rather dull here at Kelmscott for them, I should imagine. That's one reason I ran down to-day unexpectedly. Do you suppose I shall be very inconvenient?"

He asked it so boyishly and frankly that I liked him at once, and when Anna came in a few minutes later we already felt like old friends.

February 8.

It had been snowing for twenty-four hours, great, soft flakes that wrapped us in a white gloom, and made the library, with its roaring fire, seem very cosy and secluded. I loved to watch the storm from the bay-window. All the harsh outlines of walls and roofs were softened by the clinging coverlet. The garden looked as though some giant sculptor had been at work overnight. Here and there white statues gleamed, where tall shrubs were draped in snow. Even the low box hedges were turned to marble balustrades. Where roads and paths had been, now there was but one vast expanse of purest white.

No one stirred out of the close-shut houses. There is no business done in Cranford, except at the one store, put as far out of sight as possible to make the dear Cranfordites forget that there is such a sordid thing in the world as barter. Once

or twice a milkman in a sleigh jingled down the street, but the marks of his runners were soon obliterated by the fast-falling snow.

I stayed in the house all the morning, but when afternoon came I could endure it no longer. The wild longing seized me to go out of doors to breathe the pure, snow-washed air, to plunge into the soft banks and break paths for myself through this undulating sea of white. The aunts remonstrated with me mildly, but they have grown accustomed to my ways, and watched me put on my jersey and Eton jacket resignedly.

Then I opened the front door, against which the snow had drifted in a great fleecy bank, and ploughed my way to the gate. The crisp air and the exercise made the blood flow faster. I was filled with all the passion for the winds and open sky, and the exhilaration that only Nature at her wildest can bring.

Down the street I slowly broke my path, all oblivious at first that a head appeared at each window as I passed. Not until I reached Miss Piper's did I realize that I was an object of interest to the dear women of Kelmscott. Then I was startled out of my dreaming by her shrill voice at her open window.

"Constance, Constance Randolph," she shrieked across the buried garden. "Who's sick?"

"Nobody," I called back, surprised. "I am just out for a walk."

"For the land sakes," she cried, consternation in her tone. "Are you clean out of your mind, child? Going for a walk in this snow?" I cannot describe the utter disgust in

her tone. She evidently thought I was eccentric to the last degree.

"It's glorious," I called back, and went on my way, conscious now that I was the cynosure of all eyes, for as I approached each house I would see the curtain pulled back, and the shade raised, and other members of the family would appear at other windows, as in the alarm was spread through the house.

I had broken my way through the drifts as far as the end of the village, and was hesitating which road to take out into the open country, when I heard some one coming behind me in a great hurry.

"Oh, Miss Randolph," he called, and I turned to find Mr. Dexter, looking most picturesque in high boots and jersey, and a scarlet toboggan cap on his dark head. "Good morning," he cried, struggling with the clinging cap. "Are you out for one of your little strolls?"

"Yes," I called back. "Isn't it glorious?"

"I have been trying to persuade Robertson to come for a walk, but he has some of those old-fashioned ideas about ploughing through snow banks that most people have, so I determined to risk being lost in a strange country and come alone. I was mighty glad to see you. You won't let me get lost, will you?"

I could not help approving of Mr. Dexter at once. It was such a strange and delightful thing to find some one who would not jeer at my love for the wildness of the day, or think I was entirely mad. We went on like two children, sometimes al-

most disappearing in the drifts and scrambling out again, with a jolly laughing enjoyment of it all. I forgot I had never seen Mr. Dexter but once before. We felt like old, old friends, when he left me at the house, after planning a snow-shoeing expedition for the next day.

May 10.

I have neglected my diary for many weeks. I have been far too busy watching the spring come to open a book of any kind, for it is the very first time in all my life that I have seen the coming of spring. Think of the Aprils and Mays I have wasted among brick walls and pavements, when all this wonderful miracle is being wrought, out in the woods and fields.

First there came a vague, intangible, suggestive freshness in the wind, the ground grew soft, and I found pussy willows in sunny spots, and then one marvellous day I heard a bluebird sing, and knew that spring was really coming. Gradually she came a little nearer every day and I found traces of her footsteps in sheltered corners of the woods,—arbutus and the shy hepatica, and bloodroots and anemones. Towards the last of April the ground was blue-white with houstonia and dandelions starred the lawn. Aunt Mary's garden has been a perfect delight from the first fresh smell of newly turned earth to its perfection now, with its beds of tulips and jonquils and hyacinths.

Part of the time Mr. Dexter has been here, and helped me to enjoy it more, for it is so nice to have a comrade, who understands and

loves it all, too, as he does. He comes now nearly every Sunday to see the Robertsons. The friendship between those two men is really very beautiful. In the winter time we skated and tobogganed and went snow-shoeing, and Kelmscott was all upset by our many mad doings. Such a thing as a toboggan or a snow-shoe had never appeared before in the village, and they were looked on as curiosities from some far distant sphere of life, unknown to this quiet little corner of the world.

Just now I am up on the hill on the edge of the woods. I have been lying on the moss, watching the clouds and the sun shining through the delicate new leaves of the oaks, that are traced like lace against the sky. The slow clouds float past like sloops, with sails white in the sunlight, drifting under a faint breeze on a blue sea. There are perfumes of resinous pine and damp moss, and from the gardens below me rises the heavy fragrance of wistaria, and lilac, and newly mown grass. The wind flutters the leaves of my neglected book lying beside me, and fills me with a wild ecstasy. It is talking to the trees that are bending and swaying towards each other, and I love to listen to it.

Poised on the tiniest of swaying branches a robin is pouring out his heart secrets, and a grosbeak flits about, a bright spot of color. Now, like a dream, a scarlet tanager drops on a swaying bough and swings there against the blue sky.

Oh, why do we live in houses, when we might always live out under the sky, where life is so simple

and all the conventionalities and elaborate machinery of living are forgotten?

May 14.

I have made up my mind to buy a house in Cranford, where I can come when the life in the city becomes more than I can bear. I think it would be selfish to spend all my life out close to nature; I must put my time and money to some good use in helping along the world a bit, but when one of my uncontrollable longings comes to feel the grass under my feet and the blue sky over my head, then I can slip away to this restful country, and like Antæus become renewed by coming in close contact with nature.

I have found such a charming abandoned farm—a wide hospitable house set back from the road, where the village street wanders out into the country. Two giant elms stand guard at the gate and beyond are horse-chestnuts, and a climbing rose riots over the wide veranda. A flagged walk between box hedges leads to the front door, where a fan light and a brass knocker complete my enchantment.

I took Ralph Dexter to-day to explore my abandoned farm. We walked up the uneven, sunken stone path, while the horse-chestnut trees dropped their heavily scented blossoms on our shoulders. There was a front door bell which jangled disconsolately through the empty house; I only rang it to startle the ghosts that I am sure wander through the wide rooms.

"When I own the house," I said,

"I shall take this away at once. Think of pulling a commonplace door-bell, when you can use a cherub's head as a knocker."

We walked down the piazza, pushed aside the overhanging bushes that inquisitively crowded up to the very rail and then went around the house, along another little stone-paved walk through the shrubbery. The air was heavy with all sorts of old-fashioned scents from the garden with its stiff little box hedges and hardy flowers blossoming at their own sweet will. Beyond the garden were cool woods of pine and oak and at one side the meadows sloped to the river.

"I shall leave it all just as it is," I said half to myself. "Just let the flowers riot away all they want. I won't have a gardener digging them up and planting them in stiff rows. The dear things shall be just as free and happy as I shall. We will play in the sunshine together—the flowers and I." I had forgotten all about Ralph Dexter and I knelt down on the grassy path and threw my arms around a dear lilac bush and buried my face in its fragrance. Then I remembered him and sprang up. He was looking at me in such a strange way that I felt a little embarrassed. I did not know quite why, because he is always so good about understanding my erratic ways. He is one of the few people before whom I can be my real true self—not the conventional Miss Randolph that the world knows.

He turned away without saying anything and we walked back silent-

ly. He is one of those rare people with whom you can be silent.

May 16.

I was in one of my wild, lonely moods, when I felt that there was no one in all the wide world who really knew or understood me—the real, true Constance. After tea I climbed the hill behind the village to see the sun set. I had to get away from people into the great silence and solitude of the hill-top. I was feeling rebellious and heart-sick. Life seemed so hard to understand. I had not found exactly what I was put into the world for.

I sat down on the old stone wall at the top of the hill and looked down at the valley below me. An apple orchard sloped down the hill, and over the pink and white bower I could see the river winding through the valley like a ribbon. The square church tower of Kelmscott rose from a cluster of trees, and here and there the mossy roofs of the quaint old houses of the village peeped out under the great protecting elms, that make the little town famous. There were fresh perfumes rising from the hayfields, and the apple blossoms floated down around me and filled the air with penetrating sweetness. The birds were singing their evening songs, and there was a great hush and peace over the whole fresh dewy world.

Over in the west the clouds hung in great masses and changed from

blue to heliotrope and then, as I watched, they deepened and glowed as though reflecting some great fire that I could not see. The sky between the clouds was pale green, and large and silvery the crescent moon shone through the misty rose-color. I forgot the world—it was heavenly.

In the midst of my rapture, as I sat motionless, spellbound, I heard a step near by and saw Ralph Dexter coming. For a moment I was angry; I wanted to be alone. I knew that if he broke the silence I should hate him. Then I looked back at the sky, waiting. I felt as though my friendship for him hung in the balance. He came up quietly and stood with bared head beside the wall. I stole a glance at him, and he was gazing off into the west with a solemn look on his face, as though he were in a holy place.

From gold and orange to rose and scarlet the sky changed; deeper and deeper it glowed until the heart could not contain the pain of the beauty of it. Then on a sudden the fire went out, and cold and blue hung the masses of heavy clouds and I woke up to find myself sitting on a tumble-down stone wall, with Ralph Dexter standing beside me. I gave a long sigh and turned to him, although I knew my eyes were full of tears, but for some strange reason I did not mind. He reached out his hand and laid it for a moment on mine on the hard granite wall. Then in the twilight we silently wandered down the hill.



FERRYLAND, WHERE LORD BALTIMORE FIRST ESTABLISHED HIS COLONY

The First American Colony

By P. T. McGrath

NEWFOUNDLAND enjoys not alone the distinction of being the oldest overseas possession of the British Crown, but also that of being the first American colony—the initial settlement of the English people in the New World. United States readers will find it hard to credit that the nursery of their peerless nation was the rocky coast of the “new isle,” that here were first established those colonies and plantations which later spread from Massachusetts to the Carolinas, and that it was mainly the wealth of the fishing banks which tempted Pilgrims and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, to cross the stormy ocean and root themselves on un-

familiar soil. But, amazing though this may seem, the fact still remains that a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, this Terra Nova, “*ye new founde lande*,” was the common resort of the daring Devonshire voyagers—half pirate, half merchant—who braved the dangers of the unknown west, to garner the harvest from the waters which wash the rugged shores of the land of cod. And history also proves that from here the plantations were carried to the mainland beyond; from here were obtained the ideas which served to successfully found the little seaboard settlements in Virginia and elsewhere; from here were acquired the methods which en-



A PLANTER'S STATION

abled the development of these plantations to outreach the wildest imaginings of the men who established them.

The word "planter" is still current in the insular vocabulary, and the "supplying system" still prevails, the solitary links which connect us with those historic bygone days. A "planter," in Newfoundland parlance, is a fish trader in a large way of business—the middleman between the merchant who ships the cod to market and the fisher who hauls it from the water. "Plantations" are yet interwoven with local tradition, and shown on the ancient maps and charts. The tenure of some has never been broken; the names and locations of others are perpetuated in the existing fishing hamlets which dot the shore line. The "supplying sys-

tem" is that which prevailed so largely in the southern states before the Civil War and which still obtains to a lesser degree—the merchants and planters "supply" the masses at the opening of the spring with all the essentials necessary for their adequate prosecution of the staple industry, and when the season ends take over their produce against the advances they had received six months before. The "merchants" are the descendants of the early "merchant adventurers" who exploited the newly founded colony. Like their forefathers, they still import practically all that the colonists eat and wear and use, and export all the fish that they catch. Twenty of these merchants monopolize the trade of the island to-day as completely as their forefathers did two or three centuries ago, or as the

"merchants" of pre-Revolutionary days controlled the imports and exports of the continental colonies.

Fascinating as any romance is the story of the early settlement of Newfoundland, and of its subsequent connection with the American colonies. From 1516, when the fishing records open, until 1620, when the Pilgrims occupied Plymouth, the "new isle" was the sole foothold of the English in the western hemisphere, the one spot of ground they claimed outside the British kingdom. In this lonely island our common tongue was first spoken amid cisatlantic surroundings, the English flag first floated above an alien province, the English race first set itself to the task

of subduing the wilderness. The lessons of empire were learned on its shores, the viking spirit was nurtured by its breezes, the mastery of the seas was acquired by battling with its billows, the vast colonial territories which have since girdled the globe had their origin in the few fishing settlements or plantations, established around its stormy seaboard. The genesis of the imperialism of later days, the instinct of expansion as we now see it, took shape in this solitary rock amid the wide Atlantic.

Yet, sad to say, her fate has been that of many other pioneers of the world's progress. She was the nursery of the colonial conception; the precursor of the American Re-



FISHING COVE

public, the Canadian Dominion, the Australian Commonwealth, and of the South African Federacy that is to be, not to speak of the minor territories "beyond the seas" where the civilizing genius of the Anglo-Saxon race finds an outlet for its energies. But the stern and rugged climate and characteristics of Newfoundland prejudiced her when fairer fields of fortune were opened up. Until sixty or seventy years ago there was a steady stream of immigration to the island, but latterly the tide has passed her by; the American prairies and Canadian farmsteads have drawn the current to themselves, and Newfoundland, which had virtually made an ancient history for herself before the thirteen colonies threw off the yoke of George III, sits isolated and forlorn to-day with a bare fringe of coast line peopled and an interior practically unknown—just as she was three centuries ago.

In 1492 Columbus made his first great voyage of discovery. Five years later John Cabot sailed from Bristol, being equipped for a cruise of exploration by some "venturers" of that port, and on this voyage he discovered Newfoundland. He returned to tell them of its teeming fisheries, and they speedily despatched vessels to follow him and harvest this ocean wealth. The Bretons, Basques, Biscayans and others also voyaged there, but from the very outset the English enforced their supremacy over all the fleets that came. As early as 1523 Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was surveying its coast, and he captured

in that year a French ship of Rouen, returning home from the fishery. Hawkins, the explorer and freebooter, visited the island in 1565, and Sir Francis Drake also harbored in St. John's on his expedition to Nombre de Dios. Other equally famous worthies of that age were also to be found in its waters, and these freebooters preyed so much on French and Spanish fishery commerce that these nations had to send out and bring back their fisher-boats under convoy.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 1583, on his second voyage to St. John's, formally annexed the island for Queen Elizabeth. His narrative tells how he was received by the English, French, Spanish and Portuguese vessels in the port, and how he was hospitably entertained by the English merchants and planters at their summer garden. Just think of a "summer garden" in Newfoundland thirty years before the Dutch occupied New York! It was on his return home from this voyage that Gilbert was lost, in the little *Squirrel*, when he declared, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." His half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, now obtained a grant for a large plantation near St. John's and partly settled it. But afterwards he centred all his interests in the colony which he founded at Roanoke, in Virginia. Robert Cecil, Lord Baltimore, also established a plantation at Verulam (now Ferryland), forty miles from St. John's, where traces of his occupation are still to be seen. He, too, transferred his settlers to his plantation on the



THE GIANT'S CAVE, NEAR BONAVISTA



PLACENTIA, FORMER FRENCH CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Chesapeake, which he named Maryland, and where the city of Baltimore perpetuates his memory to this day. Lord Bacon and other eminent Englishmen of the period identified themselves with the colonizing of an island whose fisheries, Raleigh declared, "were the mainstay of the West of England," and when the Spaniards, in retaliation for the wrongs done their ships, threatened to cut off the Devon fleet as it returned in the autumn after the close of the fishery, he said this was the greatest calamity which could befall the Kingdom. For these were stirring times for England on the seas, and here she was laying the foundation of her naval greatness. The eastern seaboard of the new isle had several colonies, hundreds of stanch crafts rode in its ports every summer, and thousands of quintals of cod were shipped to every country in western Europe, while yet

the Indians lighted their campfires along the Massachusetts shore. The English fishing fleet alone numbered 350 ships in 1603, and their catch for that year was estimated as being worth one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to two million dollars at the present day. Queen Elizabeth established a "Protestant Lent," enacting that throughout England fish should be eaten every Wednesday and Saturday; rations of it were supplied to the soldiers in their campaigns; cod came to be esteemed a great luxury and fetched goodly prices in England, Ireland, the Channel Islands and France; and to this very day many of these connections are maintained and regular sales effected, precisely as they were three hundred years ago.

In 1620 came the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the founding of a colony on the mainland. After the



LANDING CODFISH AT ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

Plymouth settlement was established the connection between "Ter-ranova" and Massachusetts became specially close. The Pilgrim colonists themselves embarked in the fishery. Cape Cod is an eloquent proof of the vocations of those who named it, and the "sacred codfish" even now hangs in the legislative chamber in Boston in testimony of what an important place that industry had in the building up of that region. The Massachusetts fishery to this day is one of the greatest in America, and there is as close an intercourse with Newfoundland as there was at any time in the past. She was prompt to help the *May-flower* settlers; she sent them expert codmen three years after they landed, and two years later purchased their first cargo of the fish. Being one hundred years their senior, she may be said to have been the guardian of the New England-

ers, she trained them, bought from them and helped materially to build up their trade. In the same way, when the Dutch projected a whale fishery off New York, it was from Newfoundland they obtained the skilled boatmen who carried on the work, and this island came in time to be regarded as the halfway-house between England and her North American colonies, where shipping harbored when eastward or westward bound. And when, in the fulness of occasion, the American patriots proclaimed their independence, hundreds of Newfoundland volunteers left their homes to join them, being enclosed in fish casks to escape the searching inquiries which the British were then making.

When the Cromwellian rule in England overturned the Stuart bureaucracy and the rule of titled favorites, a complete change in the

administrative methods applied to Newfoundland took place. The grants to noted cavaliers were cancelled and the "venturers," or merchants, acquired undisputed sway. These men, the prototypes of the East Indian Company, the Hudson Bay Company, and more recently, the South African Company, first put into practice the policy of promoting England's material progress by independent trading ventures. They formed companies and secured the most eligible harbors, until they acquired a virtual monopoly of the entire seaboard, and gathered the whole control of the fishing into their own hands. Concurrent with this they devised a plan of discouraging and eventually preventing any permanent settlement there, so that the old-time emigration made its way to the American mainland. The venturers never regarded Newfoundland as better than a mere fishing station to be utilized during the summer months and not otherwise. The idea of peopling it was most repugnant to them, because it was only by keeping the magnificent fisheries in their own hands that they could extract the largest profits therefrom. The enactments of which they procured the passage were barbarous. It was illegal for a man to winter on the island or to build a permanent house there. If he did he could be imprisoned and his erection destroyed. Every shipmaster had to bring back in the fall, or satisfactorily account for, each man he took out in the spring, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. All fishery

requisites, except salt, had to be procured in England, and it was a capital offence to bring a woman to the island. There was no regularly constituted form of government, no judiciary or code of laws. Justice, so called, was dispensed by "fishing admirals." In British history there is surely nothing so extraordinary as this makeshift expedient of ruling a colony from the quarter-deck of a fishing schooner. The law ran that the captain of the first vessel arriving in a harbor became admiral for the season, the second vice-admiral, and the third rear-admiral. The sort of justice these rough, ignorant seamen administered in the interests of their masters, the venturers, can easily be imagined; yet their *régime* endured for 150 years.

In the days of their waning power a war ship captain found one of them presiding in a case in which he was himself concerned.

"How dare you, sir, attempt to give a decision in your own favor?" demanded the irate naval officer.

"Who has a better right to do it?" replied the fishing admiral, in no way abashed.

These "admirals" adjusted all cases arising out of the fisheries, and until the close of the eighteenth century, when the naval commanders were endowed with superior authority, there was no appeal from their decisions. They were specially zealous in preventing settlement of the coast; they harried the run-away fisher-folk, burnt their huts and destroyed their few effects. This in many cases compelled the victims to surrender, or remove in



DRYING COD, HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

friendly crafts to New England, for the venturers controlled the coast and the interior was impossible, between the Boethik aborigines and the difficulty of obtaining sustenance. But some settlers defied oppression and retired into the fastnesses, returning in the fall to apply torch and axe to the fish houses of their prosecutors. As the years passed it was seen that fire and sword and persecution alike were powerless to stop the residential movement, and later enactments, if equally oppressive, recognized this fact. They forbade settlement within six miles of the coast; they required offenders to be tried in England; they created "surrogates," or land justices, to play the same part among the "landmen" as the "admirals" did among the seafarers, and Charles II signed an edict in 1665 for the deporting of all the settlers to America.

This brutal order was, it is true, not enforced, because of its difficulty, but it was the means of influencing hundreds to migrate to New England, fearing forcible expulsion.

These penal laws continued to exist, even down to modern days, for it was not until 1820 that the last of them was repealed, which obliged a resident to obtain a license from the governor before he could build a house. By some strange and perverse dispensation, England pursued a similar policy towards her oldest colony in other respects. She treated her as a veritable Cinderella, one who was, as Lord Salisbury recently put it, "the spot of historic misfortune." For three centuries Newfoundland's history has been one of bloodshed and oppression, of neglect, if not cruelty, at the hands of the mother country. England has been anything but kind or consid-



SORTING CODFISH

erate in her treatment of the province, and a grim reckoning is now being enacted. One-third of the coast line of Newfoundland was ceded to France for fishery purposes and forms the basis of the famous "French Shore Question," which is such a thorn in England's side to-day. The Catholic religion was proscribed in Newfoundland until a hundred years ago. The first school was started only in 1800, the first road (eighteen miles long) in 1811,



SWAYED DOWN, TO PAINT

the first white man crossed the island in 1843, there was not a mile of railroad built until 1882, the electric light did not come until 1890, and although the colony is the senior in point of age, it is by far the youngest in point of awakening to progress and development. For when British statesmen were endowing a college in the neighboring province of Nova Scotia, it was a penal offence to plant a potato in Newfoundland. The evil effects of these cruel enactments and no less pernicious neglects are felt down to the present time. There is not to-day a settlement in the island three miles from the sea; the whole vast interior—as large as the state of New York—is practically unexplored; while the entire population of 220,000 beings is scattered in almost innumerable coves and creeks around a coast line 3,000 miles in extent. The island is unique in this, that it has no internal settlement, though the railway line recently built and bisecting the interior is expected to promote settlement as the years go by.

To-day, as in olden time, the island is best known for its fogs, dogs, bogs and codfish; and the large share it had in the founding of the American nation is a forgotten tale of a vanished past. The growth of the colony was desperately slow. The early settlers endured incredible hardships, and at the opening of the last century the total population was less than 20,000. The Irish rebellion of 1798 forced thousands of young men to flee that country, and a goodly number of them came to

Newfoundland. As most of them were unmarried and there were comparatively few marriageable females in the island to meet this demand, eligible women were promptly bespoken. There is an authentic case of a widow being approached with an offer she had to decline, as she had the previous night accepted the proposal of another swain who was attending the "wake" of her deceased husband. Eventually, however, this disproportion of the sexes adjusted



HAULING THE NETS

passed; quick-witted, nimble-handed and resourceful to a degree almost beyond belief.

The fame of the island's unrivalled codfishery is world-wide. This is the staple industry. The catching, curing and exporting of cod represent the principal monetary labor. Men, women and children are employed in it, the former doing the fishing itself, while the women and children salt and dry the catch. Upon this fishery the prosperity of the whole people is indubitably based, and it is as sensitive a trade



ENTERING THE NARROWS

itself, the settlements grew more numerous and the people enfolded themselves with their surroundings, their descendants, in most cases, occupying the same harbors to-day. The visitor, as he cruises past the rugged shore and sees the neat white houses perched among the cliffs, and the hardy fishermen in the offing, tossing about in their frail boats as they haul their lines and nets, must marvel at the courage and resolution required to maintain an existence there; but no nobler, honester or more hospitable people exists than these simple coast folk. They are industrious, adventurous, competent seamen, who cannot be sur-



A FREQUENT MENACE

barometer as is the wheat crop to the western farmer. Here it may be well to explain that in Newfoundland, when you say "fish" you mean "cod." Other minor fisheries there are—for salmon, herring, lobster, etc.—but these are always specialized when meant, and the general term "fishery" stands for the cod-fishery. The colonial Supreme Court has so decided, in an important written judgment, and the usage of four centuries has an even more binding effect than a judicial pronouncement. The stranger in the island finds this very curious; a visitor at a local hotel last summer seeing "salmon" on the menu, observed "fish" to the waitress, and on inquiring the cause of her non-return, after a long delay, was surprised to learn that she was endeavoring to procure some "fish" (cod) for him.

The codfish frequent the coast in unnumbered millions and are to be found there the whole year round, affording employment for the sturdy settlers who ply this perilous vocation. But the main industry which occupies the annual energies of the great bulk of the operative population lasts from April to October, the coast line being blocked with ice during the winter, except on the south. Since the dawn of the island's history this pursuit has been carried on uninterruptedly, and generations of codmen have come and gone, while the growth of the industry has been co-equal with the increase in population and spread of settlement. In the olden times men were as venturesome and as eager

for pelf as the men of the present day, and their ships, gear and outfits were much ruder and less satisfactory than those now in use. But they did not fish so early in the spring or so late in the fall, nor did they venture far from land, as is now done, so that the fishery is probably more dangerous than ever to-day.

But the fish must be had if the people are to live. Cod is the universal medium of business, the bulwark underlying every form of commercial endeavor. You see it everywhere, hear of it in every conversation, read of it in the papers, smell its pungent odor on all sides. Even in St. John's, the capital and only town in the island, the water front is occupied by stores filled with cod, the wharves hold scores of vessels loading or transferring the fish; the coves, roof-tops, hillsides and other places with a strong sunlight are covered every fine day with the flat, gleaming slabs of cod, salt-white in the glare. The fishery meets the needs and insures the prosperity of all classes. The census shows that out of a total population of 220,000 last year, 80,000 were directly engaged in this pursuit, while as many more find a livelihood in the subsidiary occupations connected with it. The ubiquitous cod liquidates all obligations, for in the remoter hamlets the people rarely see a coin or bank note, and fish can be transmuted into every commodity they require. It pays the clergyman his tithes, the doctor his fees and the schoolmaster his stipend. A quintal (112 pounds) of cod usually purchases a barrel of flour; it takes



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, OCCUPYING THE SITE WHERE SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT
ANNOUNCED HIS ANNEXATION OF THE ISLAND

three quintals to obtain a butt of pork or a chest of tea, ten quintals will provide a fishing net, and so on through the whole list of essentials to existence.

The legislation of the colony for centuries has dealt with the fishery; the politician addresses his appeals to "the fishermen of Newfoundland," and a policy of "developing our fisheries" is always an effective vote-getter. Stealing cod is an offence more severely punished than embezzlement; deserting from the fishery entails six months' imprisonment; improper disposal of the catch against the supplier's interest carries a two years' sentence. Formerly the fishers were hired as "winter men" and "summer men." The lat-

ter merely shipped for one season and received a third of his catch. The other signed for "two summers and a winter," the special remuneration for the snow-term being "five pounds (\$25) and a pair of boots." Nowadays the engagements are all made for six months, from May 1 to October 31, and the codmen, known as "sharemen," because they get a one-third share of the voyage, joyously celebrate "settling day," when they are paid off with a goodly assortment of bags and barrels of food and requisites, to be conveyed home for use during the long and unproductive winter season.

The whole population is of English and Irish stock, with very small blending of Scotch. The last of the

aborigines perished about eighty years since, and there are practically no settlers of other nationality. The coast folk are hard working and courageous, their disregard for danger being the characteristic of the race from which they sprung. Born within sight and sound of the sea, they are adepts in all the arts and operations of their maritime pursuit. The boys usually go out when twelve years old and fish with the men. At twenty the lads are as active and expert seamen as the world can produce. Lack of education is their greatest drawback. The children rarely get beyond the rudimentary stages, for when they grow old enough to be of use in the fisheries they can only go to school in winter; while in the smallest hamlets there are no schools at all. But this want of learning does not militate against them so seriously in this isolated region as it would in the great world abroad, and some of the most successful fish killers are men who cannot read or write.

Some amusing stories are told of illiterate shopkeepers, even in very recent days. One of these kept his accounts by the simple process of devoting a page in a copybook to each family in the harbor. On this he scrawled hieroglyphics with pencil, designed to represent the articles purchased. Towards Christmas each year he would have the schoolmaster make out these accounts from his dictation, and bills would be formally presented to the debtors. One of these found himself charged with a cheese and went to the shopman to remonstrate.

"Mr. H——," he said, "there is a mistake in my account. We never had a cheese in our house, as you ought to know yourself."

"That's true, John, but didn't you have something round?" (consulting his book).

"Round? The only thing round I ever had from you was a grindstone."

"That was it, John. I forgot to mark the hole in the middle."

He had drawn a circle to represent the grindstone, and forgetting to "mark the hole," concluded later that it stood for a cheese.

The fishermen go into the forests, cut the timber for their vessels and float it down the rivers, build the crafts, rig and sail them; kill loads of fish to freight them, cure these draughts and convey them to market; sail the vessels to Labrador, the Great Banks, the Maritime Provinces and to foreign ports, and sometimes, as a waggish legislator once observed, lose their vessels, to the disgust of the insurance companies. The story is authentic of one shipowner, who being wired by the captain of one of his vessels that had gone ashore, promptly cabled back this unique direction: "Take no unlawful means to get her off." Another equally remarkable communication was that received only a few years ago from the skipper of a vessel, which had come to misfortune by his agent in St. John's: "*Emmeline* ashore Blackhead. Likely total loss. Try and insure her."

The merits of the men as sailors have won the attention of the British Admiralty, and the Royal Naval Re-

serve has been extended to the island and several hundred volunteers enrolled, this being the only colony of the empire so distinguished; and so capable have the men of two contingents, taken for training cruises in the war ship *Charybdis*, proved themselves, that they have beaten the English recruits in learning the elementary work, and outclassed the regular "jackies" in steering, boat sailing, rowing and other features, which have been the ordinary occupation of the islanders since boyhood. The dreary, lonesome, isolated existence of a winter in the coast hamlets has made the young men welcome this reserve movement, the more so as the Admiralty has arranged to have the training cruise made every winter and the West Indies the location, so that there is no interference with legitimate industry, and the reservists at the same time enjoy the advantages of an agreeable diversion. There are thousands of Newfoundlanders also engaged in the New England fisheries to-day, the connection being as close and the friendship as keen between them as it was between their forefathers three hundred years ago.

Stern and dreary though the life is, it has certain compensations. The people combine land culture to a limited extent with their primary occupation. They have free land, they build their own houses and therefore pay no rents; they enjoy unrestricted access to the forests without fee or charge; they hunt and trap birds and caribou for food, and by these means they greatly

lessen the burdens which they must otherwise meet. They pay no taxes except those which, as import duties, are incorporated in the price of such articles of foreign growth or manufacture as they choose to buy. They subsist on fish and a few staple articles of diet; sugar, milk and butter are luxuries, and fresh meat, except of deer or hares, is rarely enjoyed. They are simple and frugal in their habits and their wants are few. But they thrive all the more for this and their healthful outdoor exercises. All are strong and ruddy, bearing the glow of an active and vigorous life in their cheeks.

The great thing is that they love their calling, and though toil and tribulation are their portion, they bravely face its discomforts, and are happier, probably, in their unsophisticated way, than their more aggressive and striving fellows in larger communities. Daily they face the storm and stress of the ocean, without flinching or demur, eager to secure the wherewithal to feed wife and family, and meeting fog and gale, ice and blizzard, with the same sublime unconcern. They are untainted with modern selfishness; if bad fisheries prevail the least poor will help their more destitute neighbors, until all are reduced to a common level of misery. In good times they will give generously to those in distress or to charitable objects, and their churches and allied institutions are surprisingly fine for a people whose average earnings for a family do not exceed \$300 a year. The fisher-folk are more devoted ad-

herents to their religion than most people in this matter-of-fact age. I have known of Catholic fishermen sailing schooners over one hundred miles in the teeth of a gale to bring a priest to administer the last sacraments to a dying comrade.

The Newfoundland fisherman's highest ambition in life is to be the skipper, and, if possible, owner of his schooner, which is to him home, castle, warehouse and workshop all in one. No mortal can be prouder of material advancement than is the Newfoundlander who becomes a "schooner holder." In this craft he can carry on the fishery, freight goods to and from St. John's, convey herring to Nova Scotia and produce back to his home and utilize her for every need that besets a man living by the sea, for, as the experience of hundreds of years attests, it pays the settlers better to catch fish than grow foodstuffs or venture into manufacturing. Even if the fisher-folk do not always own their crafts wholly, they do so in part, and in a corporate capacity own all the vessels and plants engaged in the fishery all around the island; so that the men are in perpetual possession of all the essentials of life and living. For this reason they are, in connection with the other natural advantages of their situation, among the most independent class of workers in the world. Thus independent, in the possession of their homes, gardens, schooners and nets, these seafarers are individually no less independent. Deprive one of them of a schooner to-morrow and he would simply revert to the

use of a skiff and lines, with which he would secure a fare of cod for the season sufficient to satisfy his family's wants, if not to do better. But as every man aims at having a craft of his own, all energies are directed thereto, and thus it happens that, as a rule, he is never in possession of accumulated property of any other description. The property of an inalienable kind which he has includes all the essentials of his regular usual vocation; and as with these he is content, it is difficult to say how the storms of adversity, as far as material interests are concerned, can much affect him. The very fact that his habits are frugal and wants few invests him with a position of almost absolute security, from his personal standpoint. Then as to his distinctive industry and the fruits of it, these also, to a large extent, are self-insuring. Speaking generally, the Newfoundland fishery insures itself.

It is so varied, is spread over such a large extent of coast, and is prosecuted under such a diversity of conditions, that the fishermen as a class must encounter a very phenomenal year indeed in its misfortunes to deprive them of an average sea harvest. The money value of the crop of codfish and its varied products amounts to about \$6,000,000 annually. With this, and a yield of about \$2,500,000 a year from the other fisheries, the minerals, the timber and the minor products, the colony has maintained a very creditable standard of prosperity. She has built a ten-million dollar railway through the interior, provided an ef-

ficient autonomous administration shown a higher centesimal increase in all its branches—legislative and of population the past ten years executive—and without the aid of than the neighboring Dominion of any immigration whatever has Canada.

Parting

By Charles Hanson Towne

LEAVE me some fragment of your love,
Some remnant of our bliss,
That I may drink the joy thereof
Through days more bleak than this.

When Summer fares forth on the wind,
Do all her blossoms go?
Nay! some white flower she leaves behind,
To still the Autumn's woe;

And all her dear remembered grace
Lives on because of this;
So of our love leave me one trace,—
One last and deathless kiss!

A New Englander in China

By Fred A. Gannon

OF General Frederick Townsend Ward, a New Englander, the hero-worshipping American public knows very little, although he was idolized by the Chinese. Born, a Puritan, in Salem, Massachusetts, December 29, 1831, he died, a mandarin and admiral-general of China, at Ningbo, October 23, 1862, of wounds received in battle.

Ward's boyhood ambition was to go to West Point, and while it was not fulfilled, fortune, which guided him capriciously, trained him in the school of warfare: the practical. He fought with the French in the Crimea and with Garibaldi in South America, joined the Walker filibusters in Nicaragua, and plotted for land grants in Sonora. Returning to New York, the peaceful occupation of a ship broker, which he attempted, did not suit his daring spirit, and he crossed the continent on horseback, alone, and shipped at San Francisco for China.

He arrived in Shanghai in the fall of 1859, when the imperial government, powerless to oppose the Tae Ping rebels, hordes of whom were devastating the country and slaughtering the people, was being forced to its knees by the European allies. In this war-racked country, antipodal from the scene of his early struggle, the adventurous New

England found the reward which fortune ever holds for the brave. The Shanghai merchants, through Tae Kee, the banker, offered \$200,000 reward to any one who would and could protect their city. Ward, who thus arrived on the scene at the very nick of time, raised a company of dare-devils, and beat the rebels in a bloody battle at Sang Keang. On this city, which was surrounded by a massive wall, he made two attacks. After breaking open the outer gates by artillery fire, he blew up the inner ones by piling gunpowder against them, placing himself under a perfect hailstorm of bullets, and stormed the stronghold, defended by four thousand fanatics. So fierce was the struggle that of Ward's 500 men, only 128 survived and but twenty-seven of these escaped unwounded. This was the first great victory of Ward's life, although afterward he led similar forlorn hopes as recklessly.

The wonderful success of the Yankee aroused the envy and fear of the English. They declared him a dangerous freebooter, and arrested him upon a flimsy pretext. He claimed that he was a Chinese subject, but the English only locked him up in a cabin of Admiral Hope's flagship, from which he escaped by leaping at night through the window.

In a few short weeks Ward had organized an army, routed a vastly greater body of rebels, and returned to the trembling city of Shanghai, a hero and a power in China. He was made a mandarin of the red button, and Tae Kee added a splendid estate to the promised reward. He afterwards married the daughter of an influential Chinaman. He planned to capture the rebel stronghold at Nankin, and was ambitious to overthrow the Tartar dynasty and become a prince of royal blood. Had he been spared to realize this dream, which was one of the boldest ever conceived by an American, China to-day might have been a progressive nation, rather than the prey of others.

But Ward was not destined to accomplish his ambition. Critics condemn him, because the Tae Pings, whom he crushed, were Christians,



GEN. FREDERICK T. WARD FROM PORTRAIT IN
ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM



GEN. WARD'S CHINESE WIFE

led by Wang, a missionary convert. In this sense he blocked a Christian movement. But, although Christians, they were fanatics, and Ward defended the peaceable from their fury.

Ward strengthened his army, placed it under iron discipline, taught it the tactics he had learned of the French and of Garibaldi, and led it with marvellous skill and courage. His campaign against the Tae Pings was one of the most sanguinary of modern history, the Chinese, as usual, fighting with utter disregard of life. The rebels were routed from stronghold after stronghold, and so continuously successful was Ward that the Chinese, in admiration, called his army the "Ever Victorious."

As the sun of fortune smiled upon Ward in the Orient, clouds gathered over his native land. The Civil War broke out, and he yearned to offer his sword to Lincoln, but being unable to do so, so greatly was he needed in China, he sent \$10,000 for the war fund of the North. A similar amount has recently been bequeathed to the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, to found a Chinese library in his memory.

At Tae Ki he was very severely wounded while directing the movements of his army. He refused to leave the field until the battle was won, when he was taken to Ningpo, where he died the next day, October 23, 1862. The Chinese laid his remains to rest in the Confucian temple at Sang Keang, the very spot where he had established his headquarters after his first great victory, and to this day they burn incense before his tomb.

The Island Miller

By Harriet A. Nash

THE autumn sunshine of 1799 flooded the wide valley of the Kennebec, and the crisp air was full of invigorating life. A traveller, who from earliest dawn had followed the river road, pressing each hour farther into what to him was an unknown wilderness, rode swiftly past the scattered dwellings that formed the earliest, Bloomfield settlement, and on toward the newer settlement above, where prophecy already foretold a growing town. His dress was that of a city youth; his bearing that of one to whom fate has ever turned a smiling face. And indeed Sylvester Trent, though possessing naught of worldly wealth save the clothes upon his back and the noble horse beneath him, was a youth whom many another might have envied. For was he not young,

strong and full of courage for the future? Still more, was there not stored away beneath his foppishly curled locks the fruit of a full course at America's greatest institution of learning, and folded in his pocket the tangible evidence of these years of study, in the sheepskin document which admitted him to the practice of his chosen profession in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? It was little to him that the overcrowded ranks had forced him to seek a field of labor far from his native town of Boston. There he might have toiled for years before achieving the fame he meant to win. Here, he argued with the egotism of youth, it must lie ready to his hand, compelled in no small degree by the veneration in which these sturdy Maine settlers would hold his educational advantages. A phy-

sician, whose diploma bore the magic name of Harvard, need have no fear of ill success. Somewhere along this fragrant valley he would make his home; far and wide among these sun-crowned hills he would go on his errands of healing. A wife and family? He dismissed the thought as unimportant. Years hence perhaps, when success was his, some city maiden might be persuaded to share his exile. Yet his profession must ever be first. He was burning with impatience to put his well taught lessons into practice; and there were certain methods of his own, differing somewhat from the teachings, which he had a daring eagerness to try.

He rode swiftly down the long hill, and paused where an opening in the trees gave a glimpse of Bloomfield Island, crowned now with russet and green. The waters of the south channel rippled leisurely along their rocky bed, in contrast to the leaping falls upon the other side. Beyond it all lay the hills of Milburn. Sylvester Trent took off his hat. "On that island shall be my home," he said. He rode across the dusky bridge and paused again where a group of children were gathering acorns, to inquire where lodging for man and beast might be obtained, for the hour of noon was near. The children gazed shyly at the stranger and forgot to answer. But an older maiden came forward from the shelter of the trees. "My father would perhaps accommodate you, sir," she said blushing. "His mill is just behind that cluster of pines, and the house near by."

Her hair matched the brown glistening leaves of the oaks, and her eyes the deep color of the sky. To Sylvester Trent she seemed the embodiment of the day itself. He dismounted, suddenly conscious that he had never noticed a woman before, and felt a deep desire to prolong the interview. Yet no word came to his lips. The elegant city gentleman was, for the first time in his life, thoroughly embarrassed. The maiden turned away. The man stammered his thanks, and moved on walking beside his horse, his train of thought broken, and his well formed plans scattered to the winds. Success no doubt awaited him—it could not be otherwise—but a keener desire possessed him now, and he congratulated himself as he went that he had in his attainments so promising a passport to her father's favor.

The earlier settlers of Bloomfield had laughed in derision, when Friend Taylor, years before, planted his gristmill at the head of Bloomfield Island. And Friend Taylor never quite forgave the laughter, though the rapidly changing course of events proved his judgment to have been correct. Through all the passing years he had lived among the people of the town, but never of them. True, he laid aside the faith of his Quaker ancestors, and worshipped each Sabbath in the village church at the old settlement. But his air of religious toleration was irritating both to pastor and church fathers, and the early death of his beloved wife was held to have been a judgment for his arrogance.

He stood before his mill as the

traveller approached,—a sturdy figure in gray clothes, rendered grayer by his morning's work,—and even Sylvester Trent's sanguine nature could not fail to perceive that he had chosen an inopportune moment for his introduction. A finely built man upon a black horse was riding away, and the miller looked after him, shaking with rage and muttering beneath his breath. Nor was his wrath appeased when Sylvester, with a nearly fatal blunder, opened the conversation by asking the other's name and commenting upon his fine physique. "Finé indeed," roared the miller, "had there been brains enough put with it to do a man's work in the world. Instead thee sees the pitiful sight of a man's strength wasted in an old woman's work; brewing of herbs and humoring the superstitious notions of sick folks. Physician indeed! Would that the whole race of them were where they are only too ready to help others."

The youth's face fell. About his ears seemed tumbling the wonderful castle his hopes had reared. Yet a thought of his beloved diploma gave him courage. "His ignorance of medicine may be at fault," he suggested anxiously.

The miller raged again. "He boasts more learning than the minister," he shouted. "And that very learning is the undoing of the foolish ones who put their lives in his hands. An ignorant man might be content with brewing herbs and setting bones. He dabbles in notions of his own, very kin to the black arts. But enough of him and his

kind," he added, surveying the young man keenly. "Has thee business with me?"

Friend Taylor's hospitable nature gave ready consent to the young stranger's request for a few days' lodging, and he showed much interest when Sylvester announced his intention of settling in Bloomfield. "What is thy occupation?" he inquired.

The young man hesitated. "I—I am looking for employment," he answered, forgetting in a moment all his hopes and plans and remembering only the blue-eyed girl in homespun gown.

He strolled about the mill, and accompanied his host to dinner with a growing self-contempt. Even Hester Taylor's grace as she poured the tea and prepared the potatoes for her younger brothers and sister seemed to reproach him for dishonesty. He went to his chamber after dinner, filled with sudden determination. He would carry his diploma to Friend Taylor, confess the truth, and then in honest competition with the older physician, begin his struggle for success. But he uttered an exclamation of dismay as he thrust his hand in the coat pocket. The sheepskin document was gone, and a long rent in the lining left no room for doubt as to how his diploma was lost. Without it he could never hope to practise his profession.

Bloomfield felt deep interest in Friend Taylor's new apprentice. A youth so comely of face and graceful in manner could not fail to win attention even though he occupy the

humble position of a miller's apprentice. There were many who shook their heads ominously and lamented Friend Taylor's rashness in admitting a stranger to his family circle. But the miller was not a man to accept advice, and having pronounced his satisfaction in his assistant, he gave the matter no further concern, save to take thrifty precautions that the young man give full value in work for the wages paid him. As for the youth himself as he swung heavy bags of corn from the laden farm horses, or watched the yellow meal sift in a golden shower from the hopper, he wondered if he were indeed the same youth who had ridden triumphantly up the valley of the Kennebec, striving to determine what particular locality should be favored by the bestowal of his talents. By this time he had thought to be well settled in his practice and to have his name passed from house to house as the most skilful practitioner of all the region about. Instead he toiled in the busy mill, in homespun clothing white with dust, and Dr. Seabury, whom the miller would not serve himself, patronizingly called him "my lad." Yet he was not unhappy. For he was living under the same roof with Hester Taylor, whose character seemed to unfold new graces each day. And though Friend Taylor informed him, in the early days of their acquaintance, that Hester was destined to spinsterhood, which had ever been the fate of the eldest daughter in his family, Sylvester, with the hopefulness which was his by nature, did

not hesitate deep in his own heart to lay other plans for her.

Friend Taylor came into the warm kitchen, shaking the snow from his garments, and being a man somewhat given to interfering in domestic concerns, opened the brick oven with no little clattering of the iron door. A look of displeasure crossed his face.

"What does this mean, Hester?" he asked severely. "Where are thy preparations for the Lord's day?"

Hester looked bewildered and made some mental calculations, counting off events upon her fingers. "Why, father, surely this is but the sixth day," she answered.

Friend Taylor's displeasure deepened. "I tell thee it is seventh day," he insisted with dignity. "Thee is becoming light headed, Hester. I foretold harm would come of it, when I permitted the scarlet ribbon on thy winter bonnet. Thee may remove it as soon as the Lord's day is past. And if thee cannot conduct my household affairs with more propriety, I shall send for thy aunt Deborah to come and oversee thee."

Hester looked meekly downward, but Sylvester Trent, who had entered behind the miller, spoke bravely, though with due respect.

"You are surely wrong, sir," he said. "To-morrow will be Saturday."

"Silence, sir," commanded the miller. "Am I to be disputed under my own roof? To-morrow is the Lord's day and as such we will keep it, though we suffer with hunger,"

The morrow brought heavy winds and deepening snow drifts. There could be no thought of church. The head of the household read aloud from a book of sermons, while Hester used every art to keep the children quiet, and Sylvester watched Hester, and thought about his lost diploma. It was the last Sabbath of the year, and Friend Taylor took advantage of the occasion to make personal application of the sermon to each of his young hearers, chiding with impartial candor Hester's love of gayety, the young apprentice's pride of manner, and little Nathaniel's tendency to untruthfulness.

For three days the roads were impassable until on the third the wheels of the mill lay idle for want of grist. On that day, at breakfast, the miller, with some importance, announced the approach of the new year, which was to be the closing year of the century, and discoursed at some length on the privilege and duty of making the next twelve months a fitting climax to a century which had seen given to the world such wondrous manifestations of the power of right, and the majesty of freedom.

"He seems to think he arranged it all himself," thought Sylvester, who had not forgotten the experiences of the Sabbath.

"I have never yet failed to watch the arrival of the new year," the miller assured him; and though the apprentice inwardly argued that the new year was not due for another twenty-four hours, he refrained, with an effort, from expressing his conviction.

After the early evening meal the family seated themselves in solemn state before the kitchen fire, and the silence of a true Quaker meeting fell upon them. The hours wore away. Hester noiselessly withdrew to the long settle, and pillowed a sleepy little head on each arm. Sylvester looked longingly in her direction, but Friend Taylor sat between. Another hour passed before an unmistakable sound came from the miller's armchair. He was sleeping. Sylvester rose and in silence drew nearer to the wooden settle. It might be weeks, he reflected, before another opportunity of uninterrupted speech were his. Beyond question, the hour had come for making known to Hester his hopes and desires. He hesitated a little when at last his cautious steps paused before her. Hester glanced shyly up at him, then dropped her long lashes in some confusion. The look was encouraging, but it offered to Sylvester no suggestion as to his next procedure. He reflected for a moment, twisting the top button on his waistcoat, as he had been wont to do in preparation for a brilliant recitation, and all at once regretted that his busy student life had left him neither time nor inclination for the cultivation of woman's society or the knowledge of woman's heart. All at once, as if in answer to his regret, came a memory of his childhood,—a picture on the parlor wall at home of an ardent suitor kneeling in supplication at the feet of a pale young woman, in green dress and blue slippers, with long flowing hair.

Sylvester knelt. The result was not displeasing, since it enabled him to look upward into Hester's eyes. They were still encouraging, and with growing confidence he spoke softly, marvelling that what had seemed so difficult should prove so easy. When, a half hour later, the tall clock in the corner rang out twelve lingering strokes, merging the thirtieth of December, 1799, into the thirty-first, he was kneeling still, but holding Hester's hand in his, and counting diploma, profession and worldly success well lost for gain of her.

The armchair creaked and Friend Taylor's eyes opened wide upon the group. Sylvester rose in some confusion, but Hester's voice said smoothly, "Thee is correct, Friend Trent. Nathaniel's shoes are badly in need of repair, but methinks the hour of the new year were better spent in meditation than in such worldly considerations."

Friend Taylor's eyes rested upon his daughter with unwonted approval. To this one at least of his family the season had brought its lesson of unworldliness. He longed to add his own word of reproof, but a guilty consciousness that he had been asleep deterred him.

The next night found the miller's family early at rest. For roads again were open and the day had been a busy one. But scarcely had the silence of slumber settled upon the house when a sharp knocking at the front door sounded above the river's ever present voice. Friend Taylor, hastily dressing, descended the steep stairs, candle in hand. Hester, already before him, was

ushering into the chilly fore room an imposing trio—Parson Whithers, Dr. Seabury and Deacon Platt.

"We have come," began the minister gravely, and in a tone which left no doubt that his host was under the pastoral displeasure, "upon an errand of much distaste. We came in the expectation of finding you watching the arrival of the new year, with a heart softened to receive well merited rebuke. Instead we find you slumbering away the precious hours that should be spent in self-examination and repentance. It thus becomes doubly our duty to censure you for your unrighteous conduct in turning the wheels of your mill during the whole of last Sabbath day." He paused.

Over Friend Taylor there rushed a vivid realization of his error. Explain it? Never. Rather would he be pronounced guilty of every sin in the decalogue than stoop to the humiliation of admitting himself mistaken. "Well," he said defiantly. "And suppose my mill did turn upon the Sabbath day? What are you three that you should presume to come and censure an honest man whose only sin is against the Lord and to be judged by him alone. Were I guilty of a sin against my brother man, like thee, Deacon Platt, who cheats his neighbor of his honest due; or thee, Dr. Seabury, who wastes a man's strength in an old woman's work and brings to the grave many an innocent one whom nature alone might cure; or thee, Parson Whithers, who lets the weeds grow among his corn, until his patient wife is

hard put to it to feed her children's hungry mouths, then, indeed, it might be a matter for man's interference."

Three voices mingled in rapid response; the parson's in stern condemnation, Dr. Seabury's in keen sarcasm, and Deacon Platt's in the merely wrathful tones of a very angry man. But above them all rose the calm accents of Friend Taylor, whose anger was too deep for rage.

"Go home, neighbors, and get the beams out of thine own eyes," he commanded. "I'll make my affairs right with a higher and a wiser Judge."

As Friend Taylor bolted the front door behind the departing trio, Hester came timidly from the lighted kitchen. "Shall I get the children up, father?" she inquired. "It is yet an hour to the stroke of twelve."

Friend Taylor started for the stairs. "No," he said shortly. "The Lord gave the night time for sleep in preparation for the morrow's labors. We will go to bed."

Bloomfield stirred with wonder when on the first day of the new year 1800, workmen were seen clearing away the snow from a small plot on the main road across the island. They wondered more when a cellar was dug in the rock and frozen earth, and exclaimed loudly when a building rose thereon which was neither house nor barn, but bore certain resemblances to each. When some weeks later it was completed, there could be no doubt of the building's purpose. Friend Taylor had built a church wherein he might worship

according to his own faith and undisturbed by stern allusions from pulpit or scornful glances from pew. There, Sabbath after Sabbath, the Taylor family spent hours of silent meditation. The head of the family on a high seat he had built for himself in the rear, the others on low benches. Sylvester and the two little boys on one side, while Hester, in her drab bonnet, from which the scarlet ribbon had disappeared, sat with little Susan on the other.

The months wore on. The frozen river waked to life and raged a foaming yellow flood about the old mill, for many days, before it reluctantly settled back to its usual course. Spring found her slow way up the valley of the Kennebec and summer followed swiftly. To Sylvester Trent, toiling through the long days in the dusty mill, spending his evenings in the family circle, of which Hester was to him the central figure, and seizing every opportunity for a moment's low-toned conversation with her, it came to seem that he had never known another life than this. The pangs of regret with which he had recalled his youthful hopes grew fainter. It was fast becoming a matter of course to his thought that he should spend his days upon this spot, serving the miller faithfully and marrying Hester by and by, when he should win the paternal consent, which as yet he dared not ask.

The miller, since the new year, had seemed a different man. The bursts of anger in which he had been wont to indulge were rigidly

controlled. In the family circle he grew more severe and exacting each day, and among his townsmen bore himself with a silent dignity as became one who occupied a high seat in the meeting. Early in the summer he rebuilt his seat, making it higher by several inches, and a few weeks later, when he had one day so far controlled himself as to serve his enemy, Dr. Seabury, with silent courtesy, he raised it higher still, so that a long flight of steps was necessary to reach it. It was this very seat that caused his undoing at last. For on an August Sabbath, when the meeting had been long drawn out, until the younger members of the family were restless to the verge of rebellion, the miller, in descending the steps, slipped and fell. There was a heavy crash and the meeting broke up in confusion, as the others sprang to his assistance. Friend Taylor, with a broken limb, lay groaning among the ruins of his lofty seat.

It was the apprentice who quieted the children, reassured Hester, and himself brought a cart filled with straw to convey the injured man home. Then, without asking permission, he despatched Nathaniel for Dr. Seabury. Nathaniel returned alone.

"He said any old woman would do as well," sobbed the child, angry at the rebuff and terrified at his father's condition.

Sylvester brought out his own gray horse and mounted, the little fellow upon it. "The parson has good knowledge of broken bones," he said. "You must go for him,

my lad." There was a weary interval of waiting, in which the apprentice paced nervously about the yard. Too well he knew the danger of delay, and the limb was swelling. Again the boy returned alone. For Parson Withers had not hesitated to pronounce the accident a righteous visitation, and declared he dared not interfere with the decrees of Providence.

Sylvester stood beside the great high post bed, upon which the miller lay, groaning now with apprehension rather than with pain. "I am crippled for life," he reiterated.

"If you dared but trust me, sir," began the apprentice in a tone that trembled with eagerness. "I am the seventh son of a seventh son and have some small knowledge of surgery."

Friend Taylor hesitated. "Thee can but murder me," he said grimly at last. "And rather would I be dead than crippled."

There was great astonishment throughout Bloomfield when it became known that Friend Taylor's apprentice, alone and unaided, had set a broken limb. And there were many who did not hesitate to predict that the miller would never walk again. Later, when Friend Taylor appeared once more upon the streets with firm, unhalting steps, there were some—Dr. Seabury among them—who declared the limb had never been broken; but Bloomfield, ever lenient to the young and ready to advance their fortunes, had become interested in this seventh son of a seventh son. The week following Friend Tay-

lor's recovery a man who had a difference of opinion with Dr. Seabury called at the mill with a poisoned hand. A week later there was a boy with a broken arm, whose parents, being people of progressive minds and abundant faith in Providence, intrusted him to the young man's care. Following this there were thrust upon his attention several cases of quinsy. Yet throughout it all, conscious of the miller's watchful eye, Sylvester was careful to neglect no duty at the mill and to serve his exacting employer with even more scrupulous faithfulness than before.

The Taylor family went no more to the Quaker church. For in the autumn Parson Whithers decided that school teaching in a coast town offered more abundant remuneration than his present occupation, and his successor proved to have been a boyhood friend of Friend Taylor's in a Massachusetts town, a man of peace, who held the winning of Heaven a lesser duty than living on earth with a spirit of brotherly love toward one's fellow men.

"Has thee spoken to my father yet?" Hester inquired anxiously one autumn day.

Sylvester shook his head. "The hour is not yet ripe," he said. "At new year's time it will be a year since you first promised me. Then, whatever his mood, I will tell him all."

"He will never forgive the deception," returned Hester despondently. "Yet it seems he is not so bitter against thy profession as he once was."

But long before the new year, Friend Taylor sought his apprentice one day, in a quiet corner of the old mill.

"Am I correct," he asked abruptly, "in believing thee has affection for my daughter Hester? I had other plans," he said slowly, interrupting the young man's eager torrent of words. "But the heart of the child follows not after the plans of the parent. Thee is an honest lad and has within thee the making of a good miller. I have written my sister Deborah to come and care for my house. Thee may become my son-in-law at the new year."

Sylvester hesitated, longing to confess the whole truth to the kind old man. But a fear lest the happiness so near his grasp be swept away deterred him. And after all, without his lost diploma, he could never hope to take the stand in his profession which alone would satisfy him. In a brief moment he made his choice and settled the matter in his own heart for all time. He would marry Hester and be to the end of life the island miller, only serving his neighbors when called upon by what they believed his magic birthright.

Events moved busily with Friend Taylor at the helm. The Quaker church was built into a dwelling for the young couple, and the miller went himself to the Hook for furniture, which with his own hands he placed in the completed house. "Thee shall see it first when thee enters there a bride," he said to his daughter.

It was a simple wedding, as be-

came a modest Quaker maid. And after the ceremony the whole wedding party accompanied the young couple, over the crisp snow, beneath the pine trees, to their new home. On one side the wide hall was the parlor, into which the guests poured with admiring exclamations. But Friend Taylor unlocked the opposite door and placed the key in the bridegroom's hand.

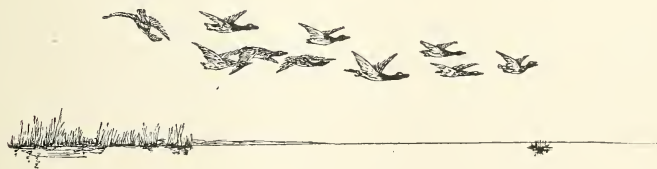
"Take it, my lad; thee has earned it," he said genially. "This year and more of humble toil has taught thee many needed lessons in simplicity and self-control. Thee is a good miller. But the seventh son of a seventh son must not waste his birthright."

Sylvester stared. The room was scantily furnished, yet each article sent a thrill of delight to his heart. There was a high mahogany desk

and a few chairs. Long shelves upon the walls were filled with empty bottles, and in the farthest corner hung a skeleton, which the young man greeted with the rapture of one long parted from his kind. Over the mantel there hung—Sylvester rubbed his eyes and looked again; yes, it was—his long-lost diploma.

"Thee's a smart lad," the miller chuckled in delight. "But thee never fooled the old man for an hour. I found it in a measure of meal before thee had been a half hour in my mill."

The new clock in the hall began to strike in measured solemn tones. The bride slipped her hand in her husband's as they stood side by side before the fireplace. And silence fell upon the group as the lingering strokes announced the birth of a century.



New Year's Eve in the Woodlands

By Alice D'Alcho

STRIPT of their glory—desolate and bare
Stand the tall elms beneath the lowering skies;
Lifting their arms to heaven in voiceless prayer,
While round their feet their fallen vesture lies.

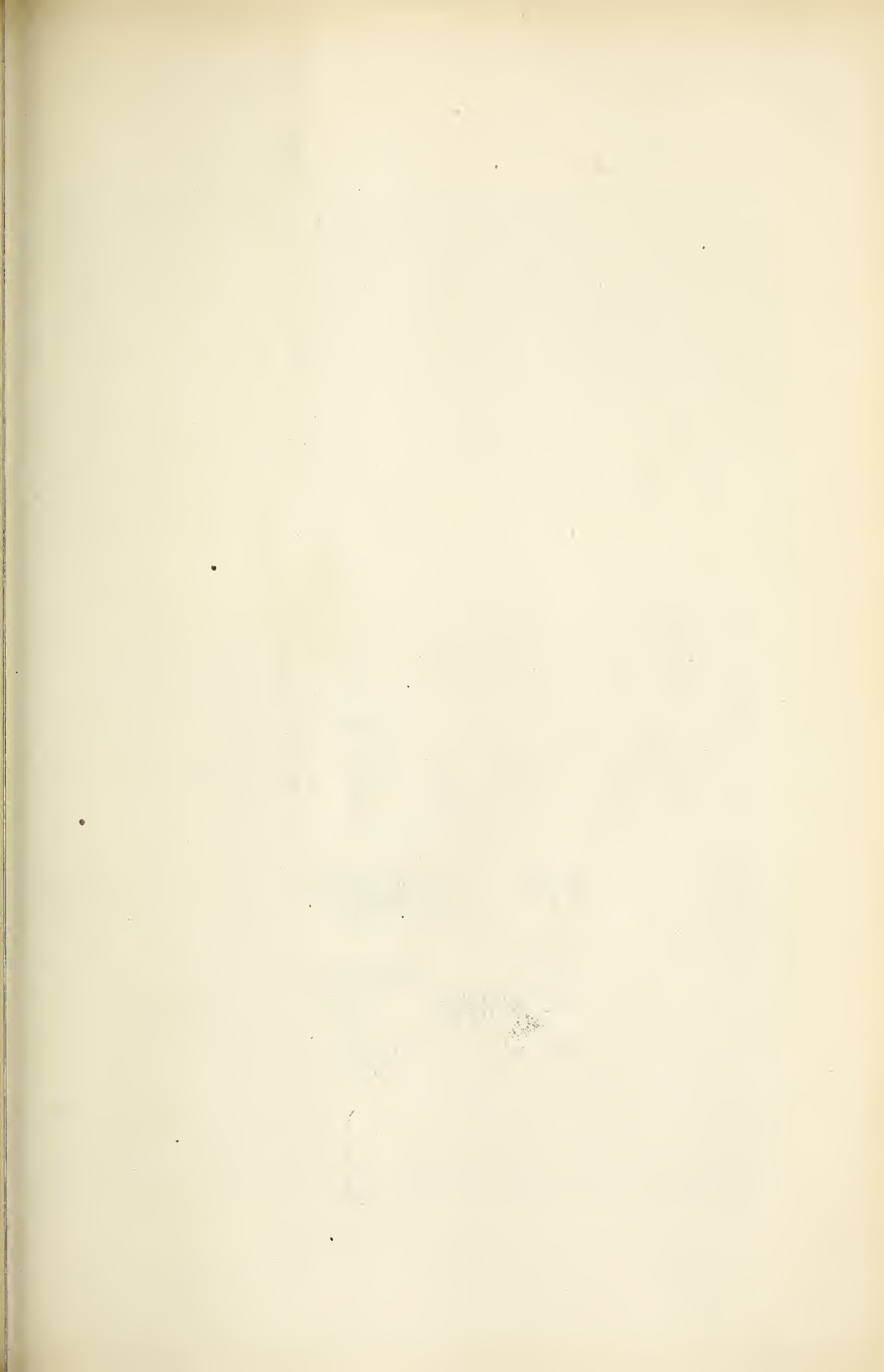
Yet, 'neath the mouldering leaves, green blades are springing,
With lowly faith in what the days are bringing;
So, life with death—ruin with promise blending—
Cometh the new year, with the year now ending!

Not one faint ripple stirs the lake's dull breast—
Glassy and still, it lies in deathlike sleep;
Sad drooping reeds around its margin's crest,
With dark-robed pines, a solemn vigil keep.

Yet, far below are warmer currents springing—
With lowly faith in what the days are bringing;
So, life with death—ruin with promise blending—
Cometh the new year, with the year now ending!

Hushed is the music—empty nests and cold
Cry for the singers of the summer days;
Vanished all happy things, of hues untold—
And silence reigns through all the woodland ways.

Yet our hearts know how soon they'll back be winging
With the bright days new hope and gladness bringing;
So life with death—ruin with promise blending—
Cometh the new year, with the year now ending!





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THE STATE CAPITOL, HARTFORD

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

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The City of Hartford

By William De Loss Love

THOUSANDS of travelers between New York and Boston have a bowing acquaintance with Hartford, the half-way city; but nothing more. The train makes a serpentine curve through its centre, circling its manufactories and suddenly brings into view the State Capitol, with gilded dome towering high above a vast pile of spotless stone. Before it slopes its ample grounds, facing the more extensive lawns, fountains, trees and flowers of a park, which owes its existence and name to a distinguished citizen, Horace Bushnell.* Before the train stops one may catch a passing view of Asylum Street,

leading eastward to the business centre and City Hall Square, amid lofty buildings, or glance westward toward the hill, on which are located the best private residences.

Hurried as is the traveler's vision it after all includes this considerable number of things that are fairly representative of the city, which has been called the "Gem of New England." Bushnell Park is an example of its extensive park system, comprising twelve hundred acres,—the largest of any in the United States in proportion to the city's population. On "the hill," should the traveler stroll along its avenues, would be found many beautiful homes. And as for men and women whose names are famous in literature, sci-

* See Editor's Table of *New England Magazine*, December, 1899 and January, 1900.



BUSHNELL PARK



From photographs loaned by R. S. Peck & Co.

THE GORGE, KENY PARK

THE HARTFORD PARKS



POPE PARK



From photographs loaned by R. S. Peck & Co.

RIVERSIDE PARK

THE HARTFORD PARKS



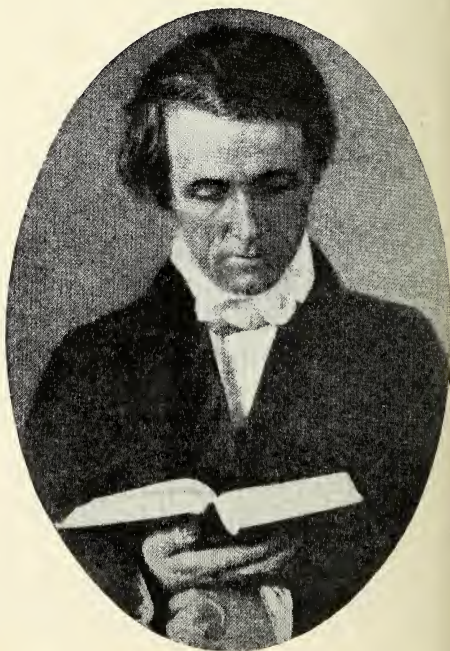
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WALTERMERE, KENY PARK

ence, theology and business, Hartford has had her full share. The high buildings fitly represent the insurance companies which have here their home offices and do business in all sections of the country; and the numerous factories indicate the many thrifty companies engaged in the manufacture of bicycles, electric vehicles, guns, tools and machines for which the city has wide reputation. In the Capitol there is a suggestion of the place which Hartford holds in the history of the state, for here the commonwealth was born and many notable events have here since transpired.

In the year 1614 Adriaen Block, the Dutch adventurer, while exploring Long Island Sound, sailed up the Connecticut River in a small vessel called the *Onrust* (Restless) which he had built at New Amsterdam. He noticed that the tide did not follow him far,

and so he gave the river the name "Fresh," but the Indians called it Quonehtacut and the English settlers did likewise. The Dutch found at Suckiaug (Black-earth), where Indians of that tribe were located and where Hartford was afterwards built, an expanse of cleared and fertile meadow land, and they naturally thought it would be a good place to establish a trading post. So at the mouth of the Little River, emptying into the Connecticut from the west, they made a beginning in 1623, and ten years later they had there a fort, surrounded with twenty-five acres of "bouwerie" or tilled land, which they called the "House of Hope." Until 1633, their claim to this ground was based on rights of discovery. In that year they bought from a Pequot sachem, to whom the Suckiaug Indians were supposed to be tributary, most of the tract



HORACE BUSHNELL



HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES



THE SENATE CHAMBER

now covered by the city. The English, when they came in 1636, obtained their title from Sequassen, chief of the latter tribe, who were the actual possessors of the land. In consequence of this conflict of rights the Dutch and English did not live as peaceful neighbors. The later comers were more numerous and crowded out the pioneers. Finally in 1653, when England and Holland were at war, the colony confiscated the fort, and this was the last of the Dutch at Hartford.

The reputation of these fertile river lands spread abroad among the colonists of Massachusetts. It found its way to many in Watertown, Dorchester and Newtowne (Cambridge) who wanted to remove to "some convenient place" and were quite willing to get outside the jurisdiction of that colony, without being questioned as to their reasons. Among these the Rev. Thomas Hooker, pastor of the Newtowne church, will always be considered the leader. His opinions were more democratic in matters of church and state than those then prevailing among the ministers, and were naturally shared by some of the most intelligent laymen. So it happened that three river plantations were established,—Wethersfield by inhabitants of Watertown, Windsor by the removal of the Dorchester church, which had been organized at Plymouth, England, in 1630, and Hartford by the church of Newtowne, formed there in 1632. Hooker's company came in 1636, traversing the intervening wilderness with their flocks, and carrying the pastor's wife in a palanquin. The town they founded was called Hartford in honor of the English birthplace of Rev. Samuel Stone, the teacher of their

church. Thomas Hooker was born probably in 1586 at Marfield, Leicestershire, England. He was graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and had been a minister at Chelmsford in Essex. Many of his company were friends from that region. He left about two dozen volumes of his Puritan theology, which, without disrespect, the present generation would be glad to exchange for a few pages of early Connecticut history from his pen. However his opinions are clearly manifest in what transpired. These colonists had removed from Massachusetts under a commission granted by that government to order their affairs for one year. This period expired and they were left to look out for themselves. They doubtless welcomed the chance. It was suspected that the Massachusetts line ran north of them and they were free to establish their own government. This they did in the Hartford meeting-house January 14, 1639, by the adoption of the "Fundamental Orders"—"The first example in history of a written constitution, a distinct organic law, constituting a government and defining its powers." Thus Connecticut democracy was born. A government was founded in which the authority was a divine right belonging to the people,—a principle which has been very effectively proclaimed at sundry times in American history.

The "Fundamental Orders" constituted a federation of the three river towns with equal rights to each and the supreme power vested in a General Court. So long as these and the new towns presented no striking differences in population—all being farming communities for many years—no injustice

was apparent, and thus the system which now gives town and city the same number of representatives was developed. The clause in their constitution which provided that the representation of new towns should be "a reasonable proportion to the number of freemen that are in the said towns," seems to have died in infancy and been buried in a forgotten grave. To this evident injustice, however, was due the Constitutional Convention which recently made Hartford conspicuous and whose revised constitution was rejected by the people.

The founders of Hartford were an industrious, intelligent and religious company of about two hundred persons, including women and children. In civil affairs John Haynes was foremost. He had been the governor of Massachusetts in 1635 and was the first governor of Connecticut. William Goodwin was the ruling elder of their church and Andrew Warner and Edward Stebbins were deacons. The

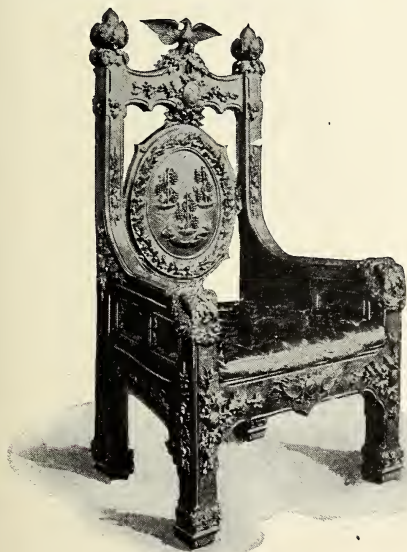


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CENTER CHURCH

earliest handwriting in their town records is that of William Spencer, who had been their town clerk in Massachusetts. In 1639 he was succeeded by John Steele. Others of their prominent men were George Wyllys, Edward Hopkins, Thomas Welles, John Webster, William Whiting, Matthew Allyn and John Talcott. The Ancient Burying-ground has in its centre a brownstone monument which was erected in 1837 "in memory of the first settlers of Hartford," and has most of their names upon it.

Fully three-fourths of the founders of Hartford have descendants in the city today. The following names are familiar: Adams, Allyn, Andrews, Bacon, Barnard, Bidwell, Bull, Bunce, Burr, Butler, Church, Clark, Day, Ely, Goodwin, Hills, Hooker, Hopkins,



CHARTER OAK CHAIR

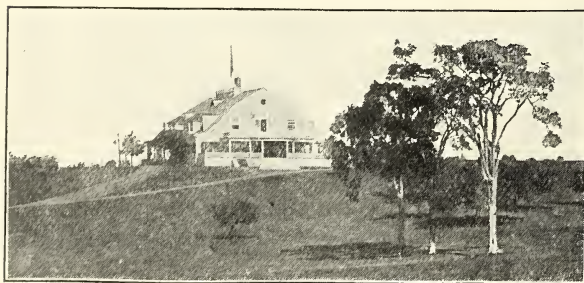
Hosmer, Lord, Lyman, Olcott, Olmsted, Pratt, Seymour, Spencer, Stanley, Steele, Talcott, Wadsworth, Ward, Welles, Whiting and Wyllys. The founders built their first meeting-house—a simple log structure, replaced by another in 1639—on a common, of which the present City Hall Square is the remnant. It stood near the site of the present Post Office and their early burials were north of it. They had a market, a jail, stocks and a whipping-post near by. A more extensive burying-ground, where now the fathers sleep, was soon located. Through the efforts of the Ruth Wyllys chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, this has been recently improved. An alley on the south has been widened into Gold Street, the gravestones have been repaired and a substantial iron fence has been erected. Its graceful gateway is a memorial of Governor John Haynes, erected by two of his descendants, and is so marked with appropriate bronze tablets. In 1737 the First Church of Christ removed from its old location to the southeast corner of the burying-ground, erecting a new edifice. In the same place its present house of worship was built in 1806.

Meanwhile the Second Church had

been organized and about 1670 had built a meeting-house south of the Little River. It stood near the residence of the late Hon. Henry C. Robinson. This was succeeded by another edifice in 1752, which stood north of the present house of worship, built in 1825.

The first war in which Hartford bore a part was in 1637 against the Pequot Indians. Thomas Bull was its chief warrior. The town's quota was forty-two out of the ninety soldiers engaged and it backed them up with a goodly supply of corn. Samuel Stone went as their chaplain and cheered them on, as Joshua did his heroes. Some of the present generation have severely criticised the fathers for this cruel conflict, but Captain Underhill, who was one of them, wrote, "We had sufficient light from the Word of God for our proceedings." This war resulted in the downfall of an enemy which might easily have overwhelmed the settlement. The town rewarded its soldiers with an allotment of land to each. The tract was afterwards known as the "Soldiers' Field," and lies west of the meadow creek near Riverside Park. It is thought to have been the first instance of a bounty paid to American soldiers.

The hiding of the colonial charter in the famous oak tree at Hartford is a familiar story. On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros demanded its surrender. It was Halloween night and the spirits were abroad in full force. A conference was held in the Assembly chamber, the upper room



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THE GOLF CLUB



From the only photograph extant, by courtesy of F. G. Whitmore, Esq., Secretary of the Hartford Board of Park Commissioners

THE CHARTER OAK

of the meeting-house. Trumbull says, "The lights were instantly extinguished and one Captain Wadsworth of Hartford, in the most silent and secret manner, carried off the charter and secreted it in a hollow tree." This tree stood near the Wyllys mansion. It was "esteemed sacred" as far back as 1780. Governor

Roger Wolcott, who was nine years old when the event occurred, wrote in his memoir, "They ordered the charters to be set on the table, and unhappily or happily, all the candles were snuffed out at once, and when they were lighted the charters were gone." All historians agree that Connecticut's charter was probably hidden in the



From a photograph loaned by R. S. Peck & Co.

MEMORIAL ARCH

oak, but when this happened and whether it was the original or the duplicate is an unsettled point. These Hartford patriots did not suppose they were thus saving their liberties, but only themselves from the disgrace of a surrender. In 1715 Captain Wadsworth was rewarded by the Assembly for his "faithful and good service" in securing the duplicate charter in that "very troublesome season." This document is now preserved at the Capitol in a frame made from the Charter Oak. The tree, said to have been eight hundred years old, fell August 21, 1856. Its hollow trunk and a fragment of the original charter—rescued

from an old-time bonnet maker—with the box in which it was brought from England, are in the museum of the Connecticut Historical Society. A scion of the charter oak, now over fifty years old, is growing in the eastern section of Bushnell Park.

The later colonial history of Hartford is uneventful. It was only an agricultural town, having 1,200 inhabitants in 1687, 3,027 in 1756 and 5,031 in 1774. The population so late even as 1830 was only 9,789. By the last census it was eighty thousand.

In all the wars with the French and Indians the town bore a generous and valiant part, though its situation protected it from invasion. Indeed a hostile army never set foot within its borders. The influence of its people, however, was always patriotic. Many companies of soldiers went out from Hartford to Canada and to Albany in the early French wars. Colonel William Whiting was conspicuous in these military affairs, and in successive years led forth the town's troops. Colonel Samuel Talcott was afterwards their leader. In 1757, some of the neutral French refugees were quartered in Hartford, the town erecting or hiring a house for their use.

During the Revolutionary conflict, Hartford was very active, sending forth four companies of troops at the first alarm under Captains Jonathan Welles, Timothy Cheney, Abraham Sedgwick and George Pitkin. It gathered supplies, bred sedition and drank beer, instead of tea like all good people. The temper of the Hartford Daughters of the Revolution is well illustrated by their action in 1786, when they took "into serious consid-



HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL

eration the unhappy situation of their country," which they attributed in part to their extravagances, and decided to reform their customs of dress, hoping to set a fashion for the state. They resolved not to purchase any "gauze, ribands, lace, feathers, beaver hats, silk, muslins or chintze except for weddings or mourning." This was very good of them. It is a matter of record that the town of Hartford was a stronghold of influence, supporting "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, to whom Washington looked often for help. The surprise of Fort Ticonderoga was first planned at Hartford by men who pledged their own estates to it and saw it well carried out by Ethan Allen. Many of the prisoners taken at various times were very well fed and housed in the town, but a few of them went off without returning their thanks.

The location of Hartford made it an important place. Being on the high-

way of travel messengers were continually going and coming and many distinguished persons stopped at its inn. John Hancock, Paul Revere, John Paul Jones and the Marquis de Lafayette visited the town. Twice the army of French allies passed through it. On the 21st of September, 1780, General Washington and Count Rochambeau met at the house of Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth in a war conference. The Wadsworth Athenæum now stands on the site of the Wadsworth mansion, where this conference was held, and an ancient elm tree is marked by a bronze tablet in memory of the event.

There is no doubt that the freedom from disaster which Hartford enjoyed during the Revolution contributed greatly to its subsequent prosperity. Its ancient homes were undisturbed, and their families were not impoverished or scattered. Visitors regarded it as a comfortable old town and a good place in which to live. A certain



From a photograph, copyright 1899, by Herbert O. Warner

WADSWORTH ATHENÆUM

Scotchman named John Gerrond, who traveled much and considers his poetical and prose works worthy to be printed, came to Hartford in 1798. He returned home and wrote of the town as follows:

"I went to Hartford [from Boston] by land, where I stopped about two months. . . . Hartford is a new city, and stands on the side of a beautiful river; in my opinion it is the best place of all America to live in, for they seem a very friendly people. How this State of Connecticut got the name of Yanky I cannot tell, but I observed no poor people among them at all, and they seemed well pleased at seeing their neighbors thrive. Here is the largest and best oxen I ever saw; the ploughing is all performed by them, and they sell for from eight to twelve pounds sterling; the price of a horse is from ten to twenty pounds. Hog river runs along the south side of the town, which obtained its name from being always red and muddy. Many beautiful ladies here want their foreteeth, I believe from eating so much fruit. Provisions of all kinds are plentiful and cheap, and the inhabitants live well. Every tradesman lays in a stock of cyder for the winter; at a cyder mill here I saw the largest heap of apples I ever looked on, about six hundred bushels. In this city there is a quaker meetinghouse, and English and Presbyterian church. The goal, which has the courthouse on the top of it, is the most elegant building in the city."

This Scotchman wrote very truthfully in some respects. He did the cider business full justice and uttered the eternal truth about Park River and very properly complimented the new State capitol building, now the City

Hall, but he might have written more judiciously of the "beautiful ladies" who have always been a cause of the town's pride. Still, he was a visitor from abroad and must be pardoned.

The city of Hartford was incorporated in 1784, its western boundary then being about where the railroad now is. In 1853, and later in 1859, 1871 and 1873 its borders were extended. The original city seal represented an old man displaying the riches of the Connecticut River, but in 1852 this was replaced by another on which a hart is seen crossing a ford. Hon. Thomas Seymour was the first mayor and held the office for twenty-eight years. The present mayor is Hon. Alexander Habisson. The city has gradually added the features incident to modern municipal government, with police, fire, street, water, health, park and charity commissions. In 1879 the old State House, which had been used since 1796 and was the historic meeting place of the Hartford Convention in 1814, was made the City Hall. It shares the square with the government building.

One of the distinctive features of Hartford is its extensive insurance



OLD STATE HOUSE

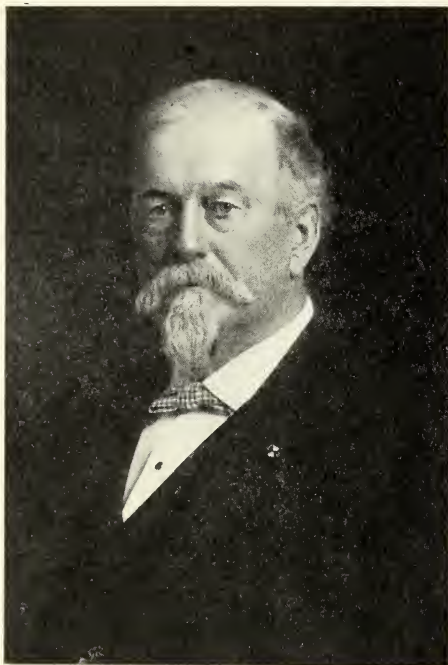
and banking interests. Its shipping business on the river led to the incorporation, in 1803, of the Hartford Marine Insurance Company, but as early as 1794 policies were issued for the Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the corporation of that name was chartered in 1810. It now has a capital of \$1,250,000, and assets of over \$11,000,000. The president, Mr. George L. Chase, was elected in 1867. The *Ætna* Insurance Company was chartered in 1819 and now has a capital of \$4,000,000, and assets of over \$14,000,000. Mr. William B. Clark is the president. Other companies have followed in the line of fire insurance,—the *Phoenix*, *Connecticut*, *National*, *Orient* and *Hartford County Mutual*. Hartford was the first city in the United States to make a decided success of life insurance. In 1846 the *Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company* was chartered and it is at the present time one of the largest, with assets of \$65,000,000. Colonel Jacob L. Greene was elected president in 1878. The *Ætna Life Insurance Company* was organized in 1850 and incorporated in 1853. Hon. Eliphalet A. Bulkeley, who had been the first president of the *Connecticut Mutual*, was its founder and his son, Ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley, has been the president since 1879. Its assets are over \$61,000,000. There are other large companies in this business at Hartford—the *Phoenix Mutual Life*, of which Mr. Jonathan B. Bunce is president, with assets of over \$14,000,000; the *Travelers*, whose assets are over \$37,000,000, and of which the late Mr. James G. Batterson was for many years, and Mr. Sylvester C. Dunham is now, the presi-

dent; the *Connecticut General Life* and the *Hartford*, besides general agencies of other companies. The *Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company*, of which Mr. J. M. Allen is president, is located here. The total assets of Hartford insurance companies are estimated to exceed \$215,000,000. Most of them have large and attractive buildings near the central square.

It is largely due to these interests that the city has so many prosperous banks, of which there are more than a dozen, with a total capital of over \$6,000,000, and a surplus of about half that sum. Among them, the *Hartford Bank* is the oldest, chartered in 1792, and having an interesting history. Others, with the dates of organization, are as follows: *Phoenix* 1814, *Connecticut River* 1825, *Farmers and Mechanics* 1833, *National Exchange* 1834, *State* 1847, *City* 1851, *American National* 1852, *Charter Oak* 1853, *Ætna* 1857, *First National* 1857 and *United States* 1872.

To these may be added the *Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Company*, the *Hartford Trust Company*, the *Security Company*, the *Society for Savings*, the *Mechanics*, *State*, *Dime* and other savings banks.

Manufacturing may be said to have begun at Hartford in 1788, when the first broadcloth mill in the country was erected, but it never became particularly identified abroad with the city until 1856, when the *Colt's Patent Fire-Arms Manufacturing Company* was incorporated. Colonel Samuel Colt was a native of Hartford and began to manufacture his revolvers in



From a photograph by Christopher Johnstone

HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY

1848. This soon became a great industry. An extensive tract in the south meadows was reclaimed by a dike and a large factory was built. The civil war brought fire-arms into urgent demand and the business thrived. Since the death of Colonel Colt in 1862, others have managed it, among them General William B. Franklin. Here was made the famous Gatling gun, the invention of Mr. Richard J. Gatling, for years a well-known resident. In 1821, Hartford parties began to build engines and in 1853 the Woodruff Iron Works entered into a large business. So from time to time other manufacturing companies have been established.

The Jewell Belting Company was founded in 1849 by Mr. Pliny Jewell. His son Pliny is now the president and another son was the lamented Marshall

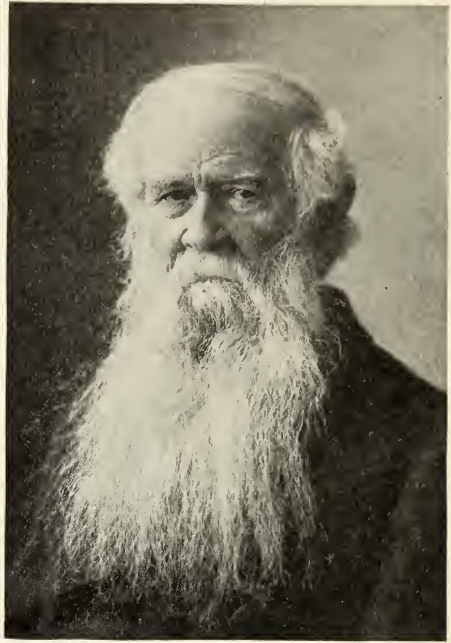
Jewell, Governor of Connecticut and Postmaster General in President Grant's cabinet.

Colonel Albert A. Pope more recently introduced the manufacture of the Columbia bicycle, building extensive factories for the purpose. The very names of a number of corporations will testify in behalf of the city's manufactures: Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford Machine Screw Co., Pratt and Cady Co., Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford Rubber Works Co., National Machine Co., Hartford Woven Wire Mattress Co., Sigourney Tool Co., Capewell Horse Nail Co., Johns-Pratt Co., Cushman Chuck Co., Dwight Slate Machine Co., Plimpton Manufacturing Co. and Billings and Spencer Co. Many of these are located along the Park River in commodious factories.

The first printing press in Hartford was set up in 1764 by Thomas Green. Ever since, the city has had more than its share of a business now represented by the Case, Lockwood and Brainard Company, of which the late Leverett Brainard was the president. Thomas Green was the founder of the *Connecticut Courant*, which is now the oldest newspaper in the United States. Its present editor is Mr. Charles Hopkins Clark, Hartford's delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and Senator Joseph R. Hawley and Charles Dudley Warner have both been associated with it. The *Hartford Times* was established in 1817. It has owed its development largely to the late Hon. Alfred E. Burr, who was in charge from 1839 until his death. The other daily papers are the *Post* and the *Telegram*. Among others who, as editors, have spoken in times past through Hartford newspapers are:

William H. Burleigh, Joel Barlow, Theodore Dwight, secretary and historian of the Hartford Convention, Colonel William L. Stone the historian, George D. Prentice, afterwards editor of the *Louisville Journal*, John G. Whittier, the poet, John M. Niles, Hon. Gideon Welles, distinguished in President Lincoln's cabinet, and Samuel Langhorn Clemens, best known to his readers by his pseudonym, "Mark Twain."

In educational matters the city of Hartford has held an honorable place. The late Hon. Henry Barnard, to whom the public school system of the country is greatly indebted, was one of its citizens. Governor Edward Hopkins, dying in London in 1658, made the first bequest, £400, to public education in Hartford. Out of this arose eventually the Hopkins Grammar School, well known in its day, and now merged in the Hartford Public High School. This trust is intact and amounts to \$50,000.



HENRY BARNARD

In 1823 the Hartford Female Seminary was established by Miss Catherine E. Beecher. It continued its work for over sixty years. One of the high-



From a photograph, copyright 1899, by Herbert O. Warner

BIRTHPLACE OF NOAH WEBSTER



TRINITY COLLEGE

er educational institutions of Hartford is Trinity College. It was incorporated as Washington College in 1823, in response to the efforts of Rev. Thomas C. Brownell, bishop of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, who became its first president and whose statue now adorns its ample campus. On the present site of the Capitol two brownstone buildings were erected the following year. Here it prosecuted its work until 1878 when its location passed into the hands of the city. The name of this institution was changed to Trinity College in 1844. The traveller, approaching Hartford from New

York, notices its commanding buildings on the bluff southwest of the city. Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith is the president of the college, and in recent years its facilities have been greatly increased and its standards raised. Revs. George W. Doane, Horatio Potter, Samuel F. Jarvis and John Williams have all been connected with this institution and have become bishops of the Episcopal Church. Indeed the churches of that denomination in Hartford have had as rectors no less than seven men who have become bishops,—Philander Chase, A. Cleveland Coxe, W. C. Doane, Thomas M. Clark, George Burgess, Jonathan M. Wainwright and William F. Nichols.

The Pastoral Union of Connecticut was organized in 1833 as the controlling body of the Theological Institute of Connecticut, which was chartered the year following and established at East Windsor. This institution was removed to Hartford in 1865, occupying buildings on Prospect Street. The munificence of James B. Hosmer made it possible later to erect its present extensive edifice on Broad Street, known as Hosmer Hall. Rev. Dr. William Thompson was for many years the dean of its faculty and was succeeded by President Chester D. Hartranft. It now bears the name Hartford Theo-



REV. GEO. WILLIAMSON SMITH,
PRESIDENT OF TRINITY COLLEGE

logical Seminary and, with its thirteen regular professors besides various stated lecturers, has an extensive influence among the Congregational churches of the country. In connection with it is the Case Memorial Library, containing 80,000 volumes, founded by the late Newton Case.

Hartford is a city of churches. In addition to the First and Second already mentioned, there are ten of the Congregational order. The Third or North Church was organized in 1824 and of this church Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell was the pastor from 1833 to 1859. It is now the Park Church. The Asylum Hill and Farmington Avenue churches are located in the western and newer section of the city and the Fourth is an institutional church situated on North Main Street. Of the Baptist denomination, the First, South and Asylum Avenue churches are prominent, and among the Methodists

the First, South Park and North churches. Christ Church is the oldest Episcopal body in Hartford, dating from 1786, and its dignified structure on Main Street was consecrated in 1829. Saint John's Church was organized in 1841 and Trinity Church, located on the hill, in 1859. Hartford became the Episcopal see of the Roman Catholic Church of Connecticut in 1843. The Right Rev. William Tyler was the first bishop. There are now five parishes in the city. Saint Joseph's Cathedral on Farmington Avenue, built of brownstone, was dedicated in 1878 and it is a conspicuous and impressive edifice. Right Rev. Michael Tierney is the highly esteemed bishop of Hartford. Probably no city of its size in the country has been so free from religious dissensions and has manifested greater liberality in its Christian fellowship.



HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



MRS. STOWE

Some one has said that if every kind of beneficent institution is not to be found in Hartford, a mistake has been made. There are certainly more than a dozen buildings, some of them quite extensive, engaged in various forms of philanthropy and receiving the benevolent support of the townspeople. A legacy to any one of them would be well placed, so good are their aims and so ably are they managed. In the southern section of the city is the Hartford Hospital, occupying an entire block, with various wards, a training school for nurses and the recently erected Eliza Trumbull Robinson Children's Hospital. Near at hand and under the same management is the Old People's Home. The Retreat for the Insane has a spacious building, and grounds beautifully laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead, in the same neighborhood. This institution was founded in 1824 through the efforts of the Connecticut Medical Society,

when there were only two institutions of the kind in this country. Its moving spirit was Dr. Eli Todd. In 1865 the Hartford Orphan Asylum was incorporated, being a union of the Female Beneficent Society, organized in 1809, and an asylum for boys organized in 1829. Its home is in a fine new building facing Pope Park in the southwestern section of the city. The Watkinson Farm School, which was formerly near the Orphan Asylum, now has a farm and buildings on Albany Avenue, where it trains deserving boys to useful manhood. Associated with it are the Handicraft Schools.

The city has several Widows' Homes and kindred institutions for the needy. Its relief work for the poor is largely intrusted to the Union for Home Work, which has a well



MRS. SIGOURNEY

(Bust in Connecticut Historical Rooms)

equipped plant in the heart of the poorer district, though much is done through the almoners of the Larabee and Niles funds. A thriving mission work is carried on by the City Missionary Society, the agency of the Congregational churches and the Open Hearth is devoted to rescue work. One of the buildings which always attracts the visitor's attention is that of the Young Men's Christian Association, near the Memorial Arch and facing Bushnell Park. The Women's Christian Association also has a building on Church Street, and the Good Will

usually has the central offices of several societies, such as the Connecticut Humane Society and the Missionary Society of Connecticut.



MRS. STOWE'S



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S



MARK TWAIN'S



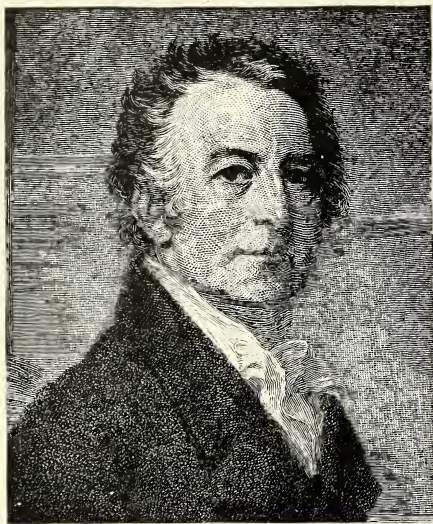
MRS. SIGOURNEY'S (IN 1840)

(Connecticut Historical Society Rooms)

Club is the successor of the Hartford Female Seminary on Pratt Street. As the capital of the state, Hartford nat-

The American School for the Deaf and Dumb is an institution of national fame. In consequence of its former name, the district where it is located was called Asylum Hill. Incorporated in 1815 and financially assisted by the state and national governments, this school has carried on its work successfully for the greater part of a century. It has witnessed vast improvements in such education since Thomas H. Gallaudet and Abbé Sicard's pupil, Laurent Clerc, entered the field.

The Wadsworth Athenæum is the



JOHN TRUMBULL

depository of Hartford's art, literary and historic treasures. In 1842, through the efforts of Daniel Wadsworth, a corporation was formed for the purpose of providing an art gallery

and at the same time furnishing rooms for the Young Men's Institute and the Connecticut Historical Society which had been chartered in 1825. Two years later the present building was completed. It has recently been enlarged and now this corporation embraces in its care the Art Gallery, the Public Library with its reading room, the Watkinson Library of Reference, where the rarest and most costly works in many departments of learning may be consulted, and the Connecticut Historical Society whose invaluable collections attract students and whose hall is often the auditorium of the lecturer in history. The art gallery contains some fine paintings—it is hoped, the nucleus of a larger collection in the future. There are portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn, Bartholomeus Van Der Helst, Thomas Sully, John S. Copley, John Trumbull and Jared B. Flagg. Here



BATTLE OF PRINCETON, BY JOHN TRUMBULL, IN THE WADSWORTH ATHENÆUM

is Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait of Benjamin West, and facing it across the gallery is West's painting, the "Raising of Lazarus," which was until recently the altar piece of Winchester Cathedral and was presented to the Athenæum by one of its distinguished friends, J. Pierpont Morgan of New York. Col. John Trumbull's enlargements of his historical paintings are in this gallery,—the "Declaration of Independence," "Battle of Bunker Hill," "Death of General Montgomery," "Battle of Trenton" and "Battle of Princeton." Among the other pictures are Inness's "Autumn Gold," Constable's "The Ripe Cornfield," Corrot's "Landscape with Figure," and Gainsborough's "The Broken Egg."

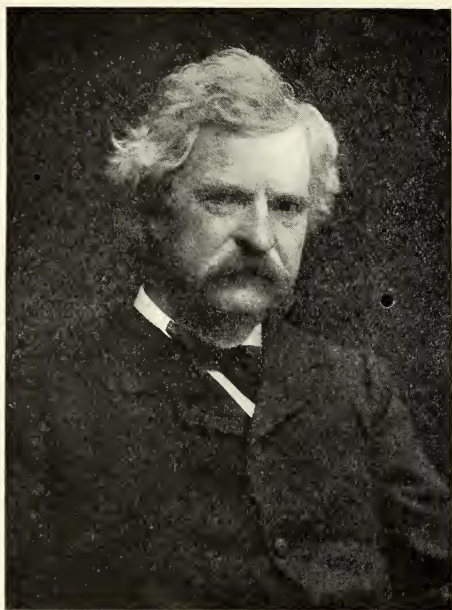
It is not presumed that the military history of Hartford is more glorious than that of other cities, but it has a story to tell of heroes, reaching back to Captain Thomas Bull, who fought in the Pequot war and refused to hear Sir Edmund Andros's proclamation at Saybrook. The militia of the town in the olden time were usually so equipped as to be ready to drill a little and fight hard, if necessary. In all the colonial wars, as in the Revolution, a large part of the active force came from these troops. But soldiers had other uses in those days, and the Governor's Foot Guard was organized in 1772, with Samuel Wyllys for its captain, to perform fitting escort duty on state occasions. From that time to the present, this company has had a continuous existence and through successive generations it has turned out in its Grenadier uniforms to honor "Brother Jonathan," Washington, Knox, Lafayette, Rochambeau and a long line of Presidents who have visited



Photograph loaned by R. S. Peck & Co.

KENEY TOWER

Hartford, as it will for any great men yet to come. Since 1788 the city has also been able to add the escort of the Governor's Horse Guard, and since 1858 that of the Putnam Phalanx in their continental buff and blue. When the call of the Civil War came, there was a goodly degree of military spirit to draw on. But the city's first volunteer was a young man in the editorial chair of the *Evening Press*—since well known in war and peace, General Joseph R. Hawley. Many were ready to follow his example and within five days of the firing on Fort Sumter, the Hartford bankers offered the state a loan of half a million. The Hartford City Guard furnished the first three years' company which was accepted by the government—The First Heavy Artillery—to whom a monument surmounted by a famous mortar, the "Petersburg Express,"



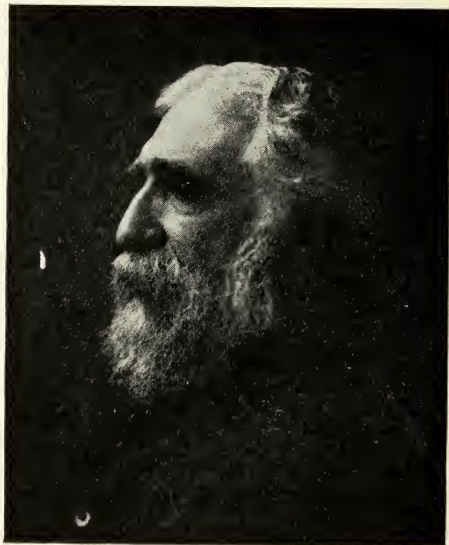
Copyright 1900, by Rockwood
MARK TWAIN

has been recently erected on the Capitol grounds. More than four thousand men enlisted from the town—a number beyond its quota. This roll contains such names as General Griffin A. Stedman, whose statue is now seen in the Campfield Monument, Major Henry W. Camp, whose life story has been told by Chaplain Henry Clay Trumbull in "The Knightly Soldier," Colonels George S. Burnham, Levi Woodhouse, George D. Chapman, Henry C. Deming, Theodore G. Ellis, Frank Beach, George P. Bissell and Lieut.-Colonel Daniel C. Rodman. In the navy Hartford was represented by Commanders Edward Terry and James H. Ward and by the late Admiral Francis M. Bunce, who returned to rest among the friends of his native town. Of these, and many others, the city is not forgetful, as the Memorial Arch will testify.

Any one who becomes acquainted

with the city of Hartford will be impressed with two facts which have had much to do with its outward adornment, the esteem in which the people hold their prominent citizens and the royal munificence of those citizens to their town. The beautiful area of forty-two acres in the city's centre, which bears the name of Horace Bushnell, proclaims an appreciation of that citizen who was the mover in reclaiming it from a condition of slum and waste. In its eastern section is Bartlett's statue of Dr. Horace Wells who, in 1844, submitting to an operation, discovered anæsthesia; in the western part is the Corning fountain designed by J. Massee Rhind, with its figures in bronze telling the story of the Indian's relations with the white man and on its top a portrayal of the city's seal, the hart crossing a ford. This was the gift of Mr. John J. Corning.

Along the northern boundary of the city is Keney Park having six hundred and sixty-five acres of forest and



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

meadow land. This is a legacy from Mr. Henry Keney and the old home where he and his brother Walter lived has been marked by the Keney tower. At the extreme western end is Elizabeth Park comprising one hundred acres, so called in memory of Elizabeth Pond, the wife of the donor, Hon. Charles M. Pond.

Near the manufacturing district Colonel Albert A. Pope has given Pope Park, a tract of ninety acres, which is well provided with tennis courts and a ball ground, and that part lying along the river's bank is shaded by an ancient grove. Farther to the south, with its entrance opposite the Cedar Hill Cemetery—Hartford's beautiful necropolis, unexcelled in situation and rich in monumental art—is Goodwin Park of two hundred acres, appropriately named in honor of Rev. Francis Goodwin, to whom more than any other man the city's park system is indebted. Among smaller areas, Sigourney Square perpetuates the memory of Mrs. Sigourney and Barnard Park that of Hon. Henry Barnard. Riverside Park of eighty acres is located on the banks of the Connecticut River, conveniently near the populous tenement district, and is provided with play grounds, bath houses and a summer school conducted by the Civic Club.

Every city which is well supplied with good citizens is rich. Hartford thinks more of such men than of any reputation it may have abroad of being the richest city of its size in the United States. It has had of such many able judges, four generations of William Pitkins, William W. Ellsworth, Thomas S. Williams, Dwight W. Pardee and Elisha Carpenter, and it still

has a worthy coterie of the living, among them Hon. Nathaniel Shipman of the U. S. District Court recently retired. Well-known lawyers, such as Thomas C. Perkins, Richard D. Hubbard and Henry C. Robinson, have made Hartford their home. Among its business men were once numbered Governor Edwin D. Morgan, Junius S. Morgan and Anson G. Phelps. So in other spheres Hartford has cherished traditions of those who once walked its streets. John Fiske, Frederick Law Olmsted, Edmund Clarence Stedman and Dudley Buck were natives of the town, as was Noah Webster the lexicographer, who was educated in its schools. Hither John Trumbull came in 1781 to practise law and do some other things, and the year following he issued the first of more than thirty editions of "McFingal," which was famous in that day. Here, also, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins as one of the circle of "Hartford wits," which included Trumbull, Humphreys and Barlow and produced the "Anarchiad," did most of his literary work. Joel Barlow's "Vision of Columbus" was largely written while he was editing the *American Mercury* in Hartford, and there it was first published. Political visions were popular then. Columbus's vision was rather wearisome and he must have been refreshed when

"Thy parent stream, fair Hartford, met his eye,
Far lessening upward to the northern sky;
No watery gleams through happier valleys shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

For eleven years Samuel G. Good-

rich, "Peter Parley," was a resident of this city, to which he came in 1811 and where he found, as he afterwards wrote in his "Recollections," "a high tone of general intelligence and social respectability." He contributed something in that direction himself as a bookseller. John G. Whittier did some of his earlier work while here and John G. C. Brainard was also among the city's literary editors.

Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, a descendant of Thomas Hooker and widely read as an educational writer, was for a time a resident. Until the history of Catherine Beecher's school is written no one will know what genius was bred among her pupils. Sarah Payson Willis, "Fanny Fern," was among them, so was Harriet Beecher, of later fame, and Rose Terry Cooke. Hartford has abounded in historians and none has been so worthy of the title as Dr. James Hammond Trumbull, whose home was on Asylum Avenue, next to that of his gifted sister Annie Trumbull Slosson.

As for homes, indeed, which are held in reverence among the town's people because of those who have lived in them, there are some which every schoolboy could point out. Overlooking the busy city and within sight of the rushing trains, is that where Lydia Huntley Sigourney spent many years.

Its colonial glories are waning now and it will soon be gone; but it is not needed to preserve the traditions of that gracious lady who reigned among the literati of her day as few have since. Out to the westward, concealed in the woodland he was so fond of, is the home of Charles Dudley Warner, an author too well known to need comment, but a citizen who loved his town and was honored by it above all as a man. Near at hand is the cottage from which the University of Minnesota stole Richard Burton to the regret of many in Hartford. Then on the same shaded street there is that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose life work may have been done elsewhere, but whose memory is peculiarly in the affectionate keeping of the neighbors and friends who knew her in maturer years.

So at last we come to the most widely known home in the city, that of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," half hidden among the trees and behind its kitchen annex, which he once called "an afterthought," but interesting to all who have laughed at his bidding and been blessed. It is a good place to stop for the house is tenantless. Still the people who pass by are saying, "The world may listen to him, New York may banquet him, but Hartford will love him for aye."



A Charity Case

By Julia Truitt Bishop

BEFORE he had spoken half a dozen words, Dr. Allen Murdock knew that he had made a mistake; and unconsciously his voice took on a calmer tone, and he straightened up a little.

"I see it is hopeless," he explained. "I had really not meant to speak at all. Of course I might have known that I could have no chance. King is far the better man. It is as it should be. A man who has put away so little money in his profession has no right—"

And then Miss Lederley flashed out at him.

"Has he any right to assume that I would look down on poverty?" she cried; "I, who have been so poor? Dr. Murdock—I thought you were at least my friend!"

He bowed over her hand contritely.

"I *am* your friend," he said.

And then, as he was not a man of many words, he went back to his office, a dull heartache with him. He would try to take up the broken threads where he had laid them down, he said to himself bitterly, but it would be in a different way. From this time on he would give himself over to the making of money, as other men did. It filled him with resentment, in that bitter hour, to know that he had practised for four or five years, and had been successful, so that he might have made a

name for himself, as well as money, yet he was still living in rented rooms, and had almost nothing beyond his books and instruments. It was easy to know why. From the first his practice had seemed to fall to a large extent among the poor, and he had given himself up to it heart and soul. No matter—he would seek a different class of patients from this time on. At any rate, he would plunge into work—thank God for work!

He smiled grimly to observe that the first call which lay on his desk was a charity call—to see some one in the Home for the Homeless. The most marvellous cures, performed by a doctor who goes along dank alleyways and up rotting stairs to do them, have an unpleasant way of bringing in nothing in the way either of money or general reputation, only more charity practice, said Dr. Murdock to himself, as he put on his coat. But the Home for the Homeless! Bad enough to be there, without being sick too.

There was no infirmary in the Home,—sick men were not expected there, the manager told him with an injured air. Indeed, this man had no business there at all, for the Home was for men who could work—and look at him! And yet, he came to the door and asked, and what were you going to do? Turn him away?

But for him to be that way *and* sick! The manager was always manifesting softness of heart in emergencies and regret on deliberation.

Dr. Murdock sat down beside one of the beds in the common dormitory and looked at a strange, scarred, wrinkled face, with two bright eyes twinkling up at him with a laugh in them.

"I dunno whether you'll think it's worth while, Doc," he said. "The' ain't much of me left now."

There was a wheeze and a cough that belied the twinkle in his eyes. When Dr. Murdock reached under the cover and drew out one of the hands, he found that it, too, was scarred, and three of the fingers were bent down to the palm and could not straighten. When he turned back the ragged sleeve he saw that a long, white scar ploughed up the thin arm. When he touched the laboring chest he found it projecting and misshapen.

"You've been through a good deal," he said, with that something in his voice that made the maimed and the halt and the blind cling to him so tenderly. "How did it happen?"

"Railroad accident," said the patient, with an odd twist in his face. "I was skimming across the country in my palace car—"

"Of course!" said the doctor with a smile. He was feeling very tenderly across the broken breast.

"An' we had a collision, an' I come out of it pretty badly disfigured. Though I wasn't a beauty before," he hastened to explain with a new twinkle of the eyes. His first mistrust of a strange face had faded away. Dr. Murdock was handling him as gently as a woman.

"You know you shouldn't be here," the doctor said, glancing around the comfortless dormitory. "Shall I ring up the ambulance and have you taken to the hospital? They can take so much better care of you there."

The patient began to turn back the cover, as preparing to arise. Murdock's gentle hand on his chest forced him down again, and the doctor drew the cover back over the thin shoulders.

"What is it now?" he asked.

"Well, I was in a hospital once, for a good long time," he said between the pauses of a cough. "I don't mind dying myself, but I hate to see so many other folks die. I've always thought it oughtn't to be made so public. If you'll let me I'll just go on here an' die comfortable; or I'll go out an' find an empty box-car—or slip out o' sight in one of the parks—"

There was a ring of whimsical determination in the wheezy voice. The doctor had a sudden, pathetic vision of the hospital patients lying in their straight iron beds and seeing so many other people die. With the vision came the memory of the little unused room back of his.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said cheerily. "I've got a little room that I don't use—right next to mine. I'll fix you up in there. It'll be company for me. It'll take an hour or two, I suppose. Can you wait?"

The twisted face on the pillow grew very solemn, and the eyes grew very bright indeed. It was as though the body of the man had been killed, once upon a time, and nothing but the eyes had survived.

"I can wait," he said. "I've done a lot of waitin' in my time. The's times I've thought that was all I was made for."

In less than the time he had allowed himself the doctor was back with a carriage and blankets, and he himself wrapped up the battered something and carried it down. It was not difficult. As the man himself had said, there wasn't much left of him. A little later he was installed in comfort in the unused room; and then for the first time Dr. Murdock thought to ask his name.

"Smith," said the patient with unmoved countenance. "John Smith. Don't know any of the others. No kin to any of 'em."

And then for the next week Dr. Murdock brought all his professional skill to the aid of this unknown and unrelated John Smith, who lay and jested through it all. It was this undaunted spirit that would not die that made it hard to see him sinking away. Dr. Murdock watched and worked with an eagerness difficult to understand. Perhaps he did not understand it himself. Perhaps if he had given a little calm reasoning to the matter he would have seen that it were better to let the poor, bruised body sink to rest now, while it could do so naturally and painlessly, rather than stretch it out longer on the rough rack of this world. But Dr. Murdock was not thinking of that. He was thinking, perhaps, that he must save this one life which seemed to have been given into his charge, so that he could forget Ruth Lederley.

"You needn't worry so much about it," said John Smith, watching him

with the eyes that had survived so much. "I ain't hardly worth patchin' up. It 'ud be like tryin' to mend a beggar's rags, pretty much. Between what the railroads mashed and what the doctors couldn't find when they was puttin' me together again, I ain't much but a job lot."

But Dr. Murdock worked over him as he had never worked before. It had been two weeks since he had come into the unused room, and he could hobble crookedly across the floor, Murdock supporting him, and sit by the fire in the doctor's bedroom. They sat thus in the dusk, sometimes, when Dr. Murdock was not called out. It came to him with a pathetic sense of loneliness that he was glad to have this poor, broken creature near him, even when they did not speak a word, because he knew the preparations for the wedding were going forward, and Ruth would soon be lost even to his imaginings. When that thought crowded in, his face grew very white, and his lips were set. The sharp eyes that twinkled through the dusk took cognizance of this

"Well, you're a good doctor! I'm glad you're not crippled, any way," said John Smith musingly one evening. Dr. Murdock started and roused himself from his own selfish communings.

"You have never told me how it came about," he suggested kindly.

John Smith was looking at the fire. That odd twist came over his face again, and that was the only sign of emotion.

"Got out of work," he said, in brief and broken speech. "Couldn't get anything to do—finally got out of

money, too—wife supportin' me and the girl—couldn't stand that—so started out to tramp or beat my way to some other place. Beatin' my way on a freight when collision came—got mashed and scalded both. They gathered up what was left of me an' took me to a New York hospital. I came out o' there like this. That was ten years ago. I've been all this time just driftin' an' driftin' back this way. I was six years in a poor-house, an' wanted to die there,—but it took a long time to die, an' I couldn't stand it out to the end."

"And what has become of your family?" asked Murdock, startled. "Do they know of your condition?"

The eyes that had been looking into the fire suddenly flashed at him.

"You don't suppose I'd go back—like this—for a woman to take care of all her days?" he asked, with a voice that sent a thrill to the listener's heart. "You don't think I'd even let her know I was alive? No, no—I managed that long ago. She was a brave woman—Mary was—she brought up the girl splendid—and educated her—an' then Mary died. Mary's sister's with Ruth—an' I suppose she's a big girl now—almost a young lady."

A note of something like horror and amazement was in Dr. Murdock's sudden question:

"Ruth? Ruth! Man, what is your daughter's name?"

"You'll never tell," said the patient, whose eyes were on the fire again. "Her name's Ruth Lederley. She's been independent, an' has took care of herself and her mother, too, for a while; but thank God she's never

had to support this little old battered wreck sittin' here!"

Dr. Murdock's eyes had begun to burn and his throat to ache. He moved a little closer and changed the position of a pillow in the easy-chair. "You don't know that Ruth—that Miss Lederley has been very rich for two years," he said. "A grandmother—or some one—left her everything."

"Yes, I heard," said Lederley. "I'm gettin' a little tired—I believe I'll lie down. I didn't go to her in her poverty—an' I'll never go now—as if I'd come to hang on her when I foun' she had a little money. The only thing I could do for my girl was to keep out of her way—an' I've done that."

Dr. Murdock supported the crippled figure to the bed and covered it from the cold, but he stood by it in the darkness.

"Do you mean to say," he cried, "that you could have gone home to your wife and daughter any time these ten years—and been taken care of—and loved—yet you have beaten around in box-cars—and poor-houses—and Homes for the Homeless—"

The doctor's Scotch ancestry had denied him the gift of speech, and the little he had to say was only eloquent in its broken crescendo of horrors.

"Go away, boy," said a calm voice from the bed. "You are young, yet. Some day you'll love a woman that much yourself."

And having told his story he was weak, and lay very languid or asleep for more days than the doctor liked to count. The burden that Dr. Mur-

dock carried through them was not an easy one. The wedding was at hand, and brave arrangements were toward, as he knew. Should he tell the happy bride in the midst of her preparations that her father, a pauper and worse for ten long years, lay slowly dying in that little room, dependent, unknown, unrecognized in his martyrdom? For the moment he had forgotten his own sorrow. His passion of heartache for the broken man at his fireside sent him one day to her very door, but he did not go in. Instead he went back, accepting this charge as his alone until the end should come.

That evening he sat down by the couch and laid his over that other pitiful hand underneath the cover.

"Lederley," he said, "there's going to be a fine church wedding to-morrow—palms and ferns and music and all the rest of it. Do you think you could go? Suppose we smuggle ourselves up into the organ loft and look on!"

The eyes flashed up with sudden, pleased interest.

"I should like to," he said simply. "I've always wanted to see a real fine weddin'. Mine an' Mary's was about as plain as it could be; but you know, if you love a girl you ain't thinkin' much about the kind o' weddin' you' goin' to have."

"We'll go," said the doctor bravely. "I'll wrap you up in my overcoat and get you in before many of the people come."

The prospect seemed to put unexpected strength into the weakening body. He went to sleep that night talking of it; and Murdock heard him whisper in his sleep,—

"We didn't care—did we, Mary?"

With tireless patience the doctor got him ready, and into the carriage, and into the organ loft. There he rallied and looked down with a kind of wistful pleasure on the bowery altar and the expectant throng. When the wedding march sounded, Murdock, whose face was white but whose voice was steady, laid an arm over the crooked shoulders.

"She is coming, Lederley," he said, with a thrill. "Look, there she is—all in white!"

The voice of the minister became a subdued murmur up in that remote nook. At the organ some one was sending a song like a dream through the marble arches. Everything else was silence. Lederley leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Look!—she is coming back!" whispered a voice in his ear. "Can't you give her a good wish, Lederley? Can't you say, 'God bless you, little bride'?"

"God bless you, little bride!" cried Lederley obediently. His voice had risen unexpectedly loud and clear, and it pierced even through the happy pulses that dulled her ears to mere earthly sounds. She looked up and saw the grave, white face of Dr. Murdock, and another face with shining eyes beside it, and smiled at them, and was gone.

From that moment Lederley grew very weak, and sleep came upon him with little warning. Murdock, getting him once more into bed, found it difficult to arouse him, but at last he looked up.

"Lederley," Murdock was saying with great tenderness, "that was Ruth who was married a little while

ago. Listen—you have seen your little girl married! I wanted you to know."

A pleased smile flashed into the eyes.

"Ruth," he murmured "Little Ruth! Strong an' fine—an' straight! An' all in white. I'll tell Mary! An' I might 'a' spoiled her life for her if I'd 'a' come back. Even with the money—he might not 'a' wanted to have me around."

"I think he would have been proud to have you—for he is a gentleman," said Murdock loyally.

"I wish it had been you," he murmured drowsily. "There's not many gentlemen—like you."

After a long time the hand that had been clasping Dr. Murdock's relaxed. The doctor kissed it before he laid it down on the broken breast.

The Fall of Rome

By Arthur Chamberlain

ROME ruled in all her matchless pride,
Queen of the world, an empire-state;
Her eagles conquered far and wide;
Her word was law, her will was fate.

Within her immemorial walls
The temples of the gods looked down;
Her Forum echoed with the calls
To greater conquest and renown.

All wealth, all splendor, and all might
The world could give, before her lay;
She dreamed not there could come a night
To dim the glory of her day.

Rome perished: Legions could not save,
Nor wealth, nor might, nor majesty;—
The Roman had become a slave,
But the Barbarian was free!

New England Editors in the South

By George Frederick Mellen

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in his life of Thomas H. Benton, speaking of the fact that Benton was prepared for the University of North Carolina by a New Englander of "good ability," says: "Indeed, school teachers and peddlers were, on the whole, the chief contributions made by the Northeast to the new Southwest." This is the partial statement of a striking fact in a characteristic way. In this limited view, one who has given much study to the history of the South will notice the omission of jurists, lawyers, physicians and journalists, who, born in New England, gave distinguished honor and service to their adopted section, and imparted a reflected glory to that of their birth.

The remark of Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, gives a very inadequate idea of the work and influence of the New Englander in the South, such as were manifest in ante-bellum days. The truth is, from the dawn of the republic up to the time of Lincoln's election, when the South's voice was a dominant note in the councils of the nation, when its political principles and policy controlled largely the trend of public events, the permanent value of the New Englander's contribution to its development and welfare is almost altogether ignored in estimating the formative and guiding influences of this brilliant and thrilling period of

national history. It is safe to say that in the forces that stood for moral culture, intellectual development, high civic ideals and political purity, no leaven worked in the mass of human thought and activity with more potent and salutary effects. True, it was a period of bartering in human flesh and blood, of private brawls and dueling escapades, of personal defamation and vindictive vituperation, and in these the New Englander had his full share; but that era knew no such things as ballot box stuffing, defalcations in office, and bribery and intimidation of voters, the demoralizing blight of which brings the blush of shame to the patriot's cheek and threatens the life of the republic.

Of occupations, that indicated by the then synonymous terms, printer, editor and journalist, was represented by a coterie worthy of unstinted honor and lasting praise. It is difficult to note the hardships endured and the success achieved by these men without indulging in eulogy. In some of the states they were the pioneers of the "art preservative;" in many they were called in great emergencies or for special purposes; in all they left an abiding impression. They illustrated uniformly the zeal, enterprise, intelligence, and enduring qualities of New England. To-day, looking over the list of influential journals in the South and marking their longevity, one finds

this striking fact: While the great organs which continued the oracles of their respective parties for a generation or more, founded by native-born Southerners and by foreigners, have disappeared in name and many of them from memory, some of those of the same class and epoch founded by New Englanders still existing, retain their names wholly or in part, and are great factors in the country's material development and potent wielders of public opinion. Gales and Seaton and the Washington *National Intelligencer*, Ritchie and the Richmond *Enquirer*, Pleasants and the Richmond *Whig*, Gales and the Raleigh *Register*, Pinckney and the Charleston *Mercury*, Fell and the Savannah *Republican*, Penn and the Louisville *Advertiser*, Barksdale and the *Mississippian*, and Bayou and the New Orleans *Bee* are names that linger in memory or stand out in history as the reminders and exemplars of a mighty past. On the other hand, Abell and the Baltimore *Sun*, Willington and the Charleston *Courier*, Townsend and the Mobile *Register*, Prentice and the Louisville *Journal*, Kendall and the New Orleans *Picayune* and Hunt and the Nashville *Banner* attest the enterprise of New Englanders and the persistency of New England institutions.

Other contemporaneous journals of prominence, often quoted by reason of their influential position, breadth of view, and boldness of policy, and edited by New Englanders, were the Nashville *Union*, edited by Jeremiah George Harris, and later by E. G. Eastman; Kentucky *Argus*, by Amos Kendall; Mobile *Advertiser*, by C. C. Langdon; Wilmington *Commercial* by Thomas Loring; Carolina *Gazette*, by

E. S. Thomas; New Orleans *Crescent*, by J. W. Frost, and New Orleans *Tropic*, by T. B. Thorpe. These are accompanied by a number of lesser lights; and if the sons of New England parentage in the South were included, it would swell the list and give it additional distinction.

With such an array of New England journalists it is no idle curiosity that prompts a study of the influences and movements which brought them to the South, and a closer inquiry into the parts played by them upon this new stage. To give with any fulness of detail an account of their labors, success and influence is a task beset with many difficulties; to determine with critical accuracy the value of their services to the adopted home awaits the pen of some painstaking historian. In pursuing the search over so wide a field of investigation and stretch of time it would not be right to say that it was like hunting needles in haystacks, for this would be tantamount to saying that their contributions to the life and thought of the South were not worthy of record; nor would it be a true description of the relation sustained to their environment to say that they were like nuggets of gold found here and there in her life currents, for this would disconnect them from the life about them, which they touched and influenced at so many points. It would be more fitting to speak of them as tributary streamlets to the great currents of thought and action that sweetened and enriched the life of the old South. However this may be, the results gleaned may well be viewed with gratifying pride by lovers of New England history and traditions.

Beginning at Baltimore and follow-

ing them along the beaten highways to the Ohio river, and then down its course to the Mississippi river and New Orleans, or keeping the great ocean pathway and observing them from seaport to seaport, until the same destination is reached, they are found working with the same dauntless spirit and with the same large achievement.

The third editor of Maryland in point of time, the pioneer of the Baltimore press and the editor of the largest enterprise in the early history of the state, was William Goddard, a native of Connecticut. After editing the *Pennsylvania Chronicle* at Philadelphia for a few years, in 1773 he visited Baltimore, where he was promised hearty coöperation and liberal support, provided he would publish a paper in that city. The outcome was the founding of the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*. The general appearance and varied contents of the paper were highly creditable to the projector and gave him the reputation of being the most enterprising editor of his day. To furnish an efficient news service and to offset British censorship, he established a postal system between his paper and Philadelphia and so increased its facilities as, in the end, to have a perfect system of communication from Maine to Georgia. As a merited reward Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the Colonies, appointed him Surveyor of Post Roads and Comptroller of Post Offices.

For lively sensations and thrilling episodes it is probable that Goddard's career is more noted than that of any other editor in early American journalism. While protesting his friendliness for the American cause, he pub-

lished communications favoring the British side, and thus stood for a free, untrammelled press. His attitude brought upon him grievous troubles and humiliating persecution. On two occasions he was driven out of Baltimore, and in the latter instance the expulsion was protracted. In his absence the paper was most acceptably conducted by his sister, Miss Mary K. Goddard, an enterprising woman worthy of a conspicuous niche in the memorial temple of the press. After the declaration of peace Goddard returned from exile and resumed control of the paper. Several years afterwards he sold an interest to his brother-in-law and fellow New Englander, James Angell, who, in 1792, bought the entire establishment.

There were many other New Englanders connected with the Maryland press during this period, but of these by far the most noted in the list and one of the most illustrious in American journalism was Arunah S. Abell, a native of Rhode Island and founder of the *Baltimore Sun*. His bold initiative, daring enterprise, business sagacity, and successful achievement are fittingly commemorated by the Wisconsin Historical Society, in its annotated catalogue of newspaper files, thus summarizing the history of the *Sun*: "First one-cent daily in Baltimore; established May, 1837, by Arunah S. Abell, of Philadelphia *Ledger*; organized first carrier pigeon express; received first presidential message sent by telegraph, May, 1846; first to announce to the United States Government the capitulation of Vera Cruz, April, 1847; occupied (1851) first iron building erected in the United States; first paper to make successful use of type-revolving

presses (1852); introduced the carrier system into Baltimore."

In 1836 three young printers—Swain, Abell, and Simmons—who were at work on the penny press in New York, started a similar enterprise in Philadelphia. This was the beginning of the *Public Ledger*. They were soon firmly on their feet, and the next year Abell saw excellent opportunities in Baltimore for repeating their success. Going thither and conferring with the heads of old established journals, he met with no encouragement. The critical financial situation and the widespread business depression were ominous of disaster. Discouraging advice and gloomy prophecy did not shake belief in the feasibility of the scheme. Returning to Philadelphia he recommended the undertaking: the partners diffidently yielded upon condition that he assume the management: the *Sun* appeared May 17, 1837; and at the outset results justified the wisdom of the step.

With constantly growing subscriptions and with ever increasing prosperity the *Sun* moved its quarters several times for better accommodations and greater facilities; with characteristic energy and enterprise Mr. Abell directed the policy of the paper until 1878, when he entrusted its management to his sons. At heart a Southern sympathizer, he guided it through the four years of the Civil War with great tact in the midst of onerous duties and perplexing cares. In 1888, at the age of eighty-two, he died, as full of honors as he was of years.

In Washington the leading journals, as the makers of platforms and the advisers of presidents, were in a strict sense the organs of parties and admin-

istrations. Their editors had a wide and respectful audience. Glancing over their names, for more than half a century it will be seen that there is listed no New Englander of prominence save one, whose brief editorial career in charge of the Buchanan organ is without special significance. This was John Appleton, a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Bowdoin College.

Coming to Virginia in the quest, we find a like dearth of New England editors who cast in their lot permanently with that State. A State which could furnish the nation with presidents needed not to go outside of its own bounds for editorial material. From Washington and Richmond, as intellectual and political centres, the Virginian delighted in the fulminations of his own kith and kin. Ritchie, Seaton, Johnston, Blair, Rives, Pleasants and Daniel—all noted antebellum editors—were native Virginians. At an early date a few New England editors tried their fortunes in Virginia, but soon migrated. After the Revolutionary War Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of the poet N. P. Willis, sold the *Independent Chronicle* of Boston, and became a pioneer journalist in the then West. After a twelve years' experience in publishing papers in three Virginia towns—Winchester, Shepherdstown and Martinsburg—he transferred his interests to Ohio.

In 1817 and 1818 Charles Prentiss, a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard College, edited the *Virginia Patriot* in Richmond. A pioneer in choosing and leading the literary life, his career is both unique and interesting. An accurate scholar, a graceful writer and a judicious critic,

from graduation in 1795 up to his death in 1820, he was a frequent contributor to such magazines and periodicals as gave any encouragement to literary effort. He edited various papers in Boston, Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere, leading apparently a Bohemian life. Dedicating his life to literature at this barren period of literary production, and barely deriving a support from the sale of his literary wares, the story of his struggles is filled with a pathetic interest.

Kentucky, as a territorial offshoot from Virginia, is called a daughter, and her population came largely from the Mother State. However, those representative New England editors who settled in the State did not come by way of Virginia, but floated down the Ohio river from Pittsburg to their several destinations. The most famous name in Southern journalism is George D. Prentice. Long before he had immigrated to the State and founded the *Louisville Journal*, Kentucky had known and felt the influence of the New England element in every department of human activity. The credit of being the pioneer editor from New England belongs to Samuel Vail, a native of Vermont. At Louisville, then better known as Falls of Ohio, in 1801 he established the *Farmers' Library or Ohio Intelligencer*. It is an interesting fact that he accompanied the notorious Matthew Lyon and his colony from Vermont to Kentucky, and printed his paper on the press and with the type used by Lyon in publishing that famous paper in Vermont entitled the *Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths*. While not a native of Vermont, having been born in Ireland, Lyon, as a

boy unable to pay his passage money, was sold to a Vermont farmer by the captain of the vessel on which he had come to America. Under Vail's management the *Farmers' Library* continued for seven years, when a more vigorous publication pushed it to the wall. The editor then entered the army, became first lieutenant, took part in the battle of New Orleans, and after having been brevetted major for gallant conduct was mustered out of service. Settling in Louisiana he became a prosperous merchant, was engaged extensively in sugar planting and manufacturing, and owned many slaves. After a time reverses overtook him and he disappeared from public view.

With the languishing of New England commerce from the effects of the war of 1812, there was a large influx of New Englanders into the Southwest in search of better fortunes. Among these was Amos Kendall, a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Dartmouth College. After reading law he went to Kentucky to settle, and there taught a year in the family of Henry Clay. In 1815, admitted to the bar and beginning his career at Georgetown, being pressed by influential politicians he was induced to edit the local paper, the *Minerva Press*. Within the space of a year he had been associated with four papers, the *Press*, the *Georgetown Patriot*, the *Religious Intelligencer*, and the *Frankfort Argus of Western America*. It was with the last named that his editorial reputation was made. In the latter part of 1816, while visiting Frankfort, the capital, he was urged to buy an interest in the *Argus*, the State paper, and to take editorial charge. The field was inviting, the temptation strong, and he yielded. The law was

not congenial to his tastes. Now at the beginning of the "era of good feeling," when political distinctions seemed less marked and personal rancor less fierce he thought he saw an opportunity for the discussion of principles and measures in a spirit free from prejudice and bitterness, and for indulging his literary tastes. The sequel will show how much he was mistaken in judgment. Himself a full-fledged republican, he fought federalism with ungloved hands. Federal office-holders and federal journalists he attacked with the zeal and zest of a born controversialist. With William G. Hunt, a fellow New Englander and a graduate of Harvard College, who edited at Lexington the *Western Monitor*, the organ of federalism, he began a spirited controversy which ended in personalities and the rupture of friendly relations. Yet a public of many well informed persons believed that the two "Yankees" were quarreling for political effect and personal amusement. In this and in all other controversies he showed great fertility of resources, though he did not always escape personal violence and physical injury. His most serious affair was with another New Englander, John H. Farnham, a Harvard man, who edited the *Frankfort Commentator*, a federalist paper. Kendall retained his connection with the *Argus* until called by Andrew Jackson to become Fourth Auditor of the United States Treasury. Though his active service in political journalism now ceased, his ready pen was frequently employed in advocating party measures. When the *Washington Globe* was striking its hardest and most effective blows in behalf of Jackson's administration, he was, by a

hostile press, derisively termed "the high priest of the Magi" of the *Globe*.

Another worthy representative of New England connected with the Kentucky press was Edwin Bryant, from Massachusetts. Going to the state early in life he became editor of the *Kentucky Reporter*, which was later consolidated with the *Lexington Observer*, and afterwards of the *Louisville Dime*. Because of bad health he abandoned journalism and joined Fremont in his overland expedition to California, where he was the first American to administer justice on the Pacific slope. A book published by him on "What I Saw in California" enjoyed great popularity.

While Vail as a pioneer editor, Kendall as a doughty controversialist, and Bryant as a graceful writer have won a permanent place in the journalistic annals of Kentucky, George D. Prentice's long and distinguished career has given them a peculiar flavor and marked distinction. Born in Connecticut and graduated at Brown University, after a brief editorial career in Hartford, he went to Kentucky for the purpose of writing a campaign life of Henry Clay. In doing so, far from his original intentions, he found the field and opportunity of his life's work. In November, 1830, having completed successfully the biography, he launched the *Journal* upon the tempestuous sea of journalism. By fearlessness of utterance, brilliancy of wit, spiciness of retort, sharpness of satire, pungency of sarcasm and courage of conviction, he carried its name and influence into every corner of the Union and made it known abroad. For nearly forty years he guided the fortunes and policy of

this favored child of his brain and genius. Uniformly its columns were marked by a variety of contents, a breadth of discussion and a purity of style that won immediate favor or attention. By his careful oversight of details, his refined use of language, and his judicious estimate of literary taste and merit, he gave the paper a unique and an enviable position among journals.

Apart from the encouragement he bestowed upon literary workers, apart from the political battles he fought and the industrial movements he fostered, and apart from the permanent contributions he made to the anthology of American poetry, Prentice's name will be longest remembered for the brilliancy of his wit and for the pungency of his sarcasm. A few examples from "Prenticeana," a book in which hundreds of his epigrams were collected, will serve to illustrate how happy were these sparks from the anvil of his brain:

"The New Haven *Herald* says: 'Does the editor of the Louisville *Journal* suppose he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven, is he bread?' We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are better bred than he is."

"A Tennessee editor charges that the Mississippians, as a general rule, can stand dunning better than any people he ever saw. We suppose they have lived so long in a mosquito country that they don't mind being bored by bills."

"The editor of the *Statesman* says more villainy is on foot. We suppose he has lost his horse."

"The editor of ——— speaks of his 'lying curled up in bed these cold mornings.' This verifies what we said of him some time ago—'he lies like a dog.'"

In his last years Prentice knew much

sorrow. He was uncompromisingly loyal to the Union and fought Southern secession with fiery zeal and unabated vigor, thereby keeping Kentucky in the Union; but other members of his family became intensely Southern in their sympathies. His two sons allied their fortunes with the Confederacy, the younger sealing his devotion with his life's blood.

With the scathing denunciation and vehement invective of which he was master and which he could pour out with crushing effect upon a rival press or an opposing party, as a matter of course, he was involved in personal difficulties. Never a duellist, but openly and unequivocally opposed to the code, still he was called to the field of honor; but he always refused in dignified language and courageous spirit to accede to the demands of what was deemed in his day an imperious mandate, and that without suffering any loss of confidence and respect. In thus doing, he did much to correct a misguided public sentiment, cherished longest at the South, which depreciated true heroism and idealized false courage. He died in 1870, the best loved and the least hated of Southern journalists.

As printers and editors, true to their Bohemian tastes and migratory habits, dropped down from Kentucky into Tennessee, it is well to ascertain next what part the New Englander played in the journalism of this State. Its pioneer editor was George Reulstone, a native of Boston. Soon after the organization of the territory Governor William Blount introduced the printing press, inducing Reulstone to emigrate from North Carolina, where, in Fayetteville, he had printed the *North Carolina*

Journal. The Knoxville *Gazette* appeared November 5, 1791. The most interesting fact in Roulstone's career was that he published and controlled three papers in Knoxville at the same time—the *Gazette*, the *Register*, and the *Genius of Liberty*. His useful and exemplary life closed in 1804.

In 1822 the *National Banner* was established at Nashville by two Bostonians, William G. Hunt and John S. Simpson. Hunt, as has been already shown, began his journalistic career in Kentucky. Until his lamented death in 1833, he continued to direct the *Banner*. In his last years a brother, W. Hassell Hunt, was associated with him. Hunt was a literary critic of no mean ability, and established the first purely literary magazine in the Southwest. In his efforts to build up a high standard his criticisms were not always received with a humble and appreciative spirit. In 1832 a Tennessee novel appeared, which he reviewed with great severity and caustic wit. In the Knoxville *Register* a writer replied, espousing heartily the cause of "this unassuming novel containing many fine descriptions and highly interesting passages," and characterized the review as "pert, unfeeling, impudent, insulting to his (Hunt's) readers, a disgrace to the columns of his paper, dishonorable, disingenuous, and above all unjust."

If one familiar with the history of the Tennessee press be asked to name its most famous editor, the ready answer will be Jeremiah George Harris, who was a native of Connecticut. He enjoyed the reputation of being an editorial pupil of Prentice while in Connecticut, and was said to have imbibed

much of his wit and cunning from that celebrated source. His coming in 1839 is associated with the most strenuous and exciting campaign in Tennessee's history. Its politics had suffered a complete revulsion in the utter overthrow of the Democratic party in 1836. This meant a practical repudiation of Jackson in his own State, and was a stigma galling to his pride. The State, in the eyes of the old chieftain, must be redeemed. James K. Polk, then Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, was fixed upon as the leader in so important and critical a struggle. Accepting the call and chosen candidate for governor, he, following the example of Jackson in his presidential tactics, turned to the press as a strong source of power and an effective weapon in political battle.

Polk had wonderful sagacity where the fitness of men for special work was concerned. This faculty was never more happily exhibited than in the choice of the two editors whom he brought into the State to aid him in wresting it from the grasp of the Whig party. These were Jeremiah G. Harris and Elbridge G. Eastman, the latter from New Hampshire. Harris at Nashville, editing the *Union*, and Eastman at Knoxville, in charge of the *Argus*, were the two strong arms that helped him to win victory. At the outset Harris found the press and the generalship of the State arrayed with the opposition. The leaders who had revolted against the tyranny of Jackson had once been his strongest supporters. Harris began by publishing their speeches defending Jackson and his policy, and glaringly placed these before the public as fine specimens of political somersaults. This he called his

"looking glass." He reproached John Bell with being an abolitionist, the basest opprobrium that could be heaped upon a Southerner. As an answer his foremost antagonist, Allen A. Hall, editor of the *Banner*, procured files of the paper Harris had edited in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and pointed out editorials strongly squinting towards abolitionism. With haughty disdain, virulent abuse and pungent ridicule, he met the assaults of his enemies, never abating one whit the intensity and the rapidity of his fire into their ranks. By shrewd tactics and countless anecdotes he aroused the enthusiasm of his friends, and kept it at a feverish heat. Thus followers were cheered, converts won and foes dispirited. Some idea of the enthusiasm enkindled by the victorious campaign may be realized from the opening of an address of welcome to Governor Polk afterwards at a middle Tennessee festival. A minister of the gospel chosen for this delightful task began thus: "Governor Polk: We have come together today—this goodly company—to pay homage to the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty, as represented in your official capacity and citizenship!"

In the presidential year following, Harris conducted an equally spirited campaign, though it was not so effective, for Tennessee gave her electoral vote to William Henry Harrison. However, he had made a national reputation. After his break with the Whigs Tyler invited Harris to Washington to edit the *Madisonian*, but the proffer was refused. He was substantially rewarded with an office, and made commercial agent of the United States for Europe. Returning in 1844, he resumed his old place at the helm of the

Union, and fought valiantly for the head of the Democratic presidential ticket. His skill and energy had contributed most in making Polk a presidential possibility. It was natural, therefore, that he should have been invited to Washington to edit the official organ; but he refused and was rewarded with the life position of paymaster in the navy.

Eastman, though in a more limited field, wrought almost as effectively in East Tennessee as his compatriot did in a far wider sphere. His services were likewise rewarded with a government position at Washington; but the party needed his pen for important political contests in the State. Consequently, he was called to edit the *Union* soon after Harris had relinquished his connection, and he continued its head until his death in 1859. Not only as a political writer did he make his mark, but also as a ceaseless advocate of improved agriculture and a devoted friend to the mechanical arts.

In going from Virginia to Kentucky the natural order is pursued in proceeding from mother to daughter; but to go from Tennessee to North Carolina is reversing this order. With no large cities and with no compact population North Carolina had no papers of great prominence. Possibly the only papers of national reputation were the *Raleigh Register*, founded by Joseph Gales, Sr., an Englishman, and the *Raleigh Standard*, founded by Thomas Loring, a native of Massachusetts. In 1843 Loring sold his paper to W. W. Holden, who had acquired his first newspaper experience in the office of Dennis Heartt, from Connecticut, owner and editor of the *Hillsboro Recorder*. After the sale of the *Standard*, Loring

went to Wilmington where he edited the *Commercial*. He and Heartt were ranked among the leading editors of the State.

To go from North Carolina to South Carolina is to go from a comparative dearth of New England editors to a large and powerful aggregation of them. The wealth and culture of South Carolina and its metropolis, Charleston, held out great attractions and substantial inducements to northern men of thrift and enterprise. Of the New England contingent the most prominent by reason of long service, large enterprise, and versatile parts was Aaron S. Willington, founder of the *Charleston Courier*. Born in Massachusetts, early in life he went to Charleston upon the invitation of a fellow New Englander, Loring Andrews, to establish a paper to supply the place of the defunct *State Gazette*. The result was the *Charleston Courier*, in January, 1803. After three years Andrews relinquished his interest. Thenceforward, with a faith and courage rarely surpassed, Willington continued his business and editorial relations with the paper until his death in 1862.

Under Willington the *Courier* illustrated progressive journalism, enjoying unquestionably the reputation of being the most enterprising among the Charleston papers. Getting the idea from Samuel Topliff and Henry Ingraham Blake of Boston, he transferred to the South the practice of boarding vessels far out to sea for the purpose of gathering news and placing it first before his readers. At the time when uprisings and insurrections were rife in Spain and her American dependencies, and intelligence was conveyed

through papers published at Havana in Spanish, he secured them from passing vessels and employed James Gordon Bennett to translate for the *Courier*. Thus he gave that noted editor his first serious newspaper experience in America, and possible hints and lessons by which the New York *Herald* profited greatly in after years. In all enterprises he was aided by an able corps of assistants, partners and editorial writers, who had a large share in the *Courier's* fame and success. These included men of established reputations in professional life, in literature and in politics, among whom Richard Yeadon and William S. King, co-editors and co-partners, deserve special recognition. In politics the *Courier*, from avowed federalism, from fighting for union against nullification, from espousing Whig principles, came before Fort Sumter was fired on, to print under its heads the words, "Confederate States of America."

Other New Englanders on the staff of the paper were Henry M. Cushman, who went from the Boston *Times*, and J. L. Hatch, from Maine, both men of energy and talents, who wrote tersely, cleverly and caustically. Contemporary with Willington, though not connected with the *Courier*, were other editors from New England. E. S. Thomas was editor and publisher of the *City Gazette*; Samuel H. Skinner bought from Thomas the *Gazette*; S. R. Crocker was editorially connected with the *Standard*; Mrs. Caroline Gilman edited the *Rosebud*; Daniel K. Whitaker edited the *Southern Quarterly Review* and was succeeded by John M. Clapp, who subsequently was editorially associated fifteen years with the *Charleston Mercury*. These made

enduring names in South Carolina journalism. Benjamin Gildersleeve and Stephen Olin, both graduates of Middlebury College, were prominent names connected with the religious press of the State. When to these names are added those of distinguished Carolinians who did editorial work, such as William Gilmore Simms, the Rhettss, Pinckneys and Legares, it is safe to say that no other Southern press surpassed that of Charleston in the ability, culture, enterprise and aggressiveness of its journalists. That such talents were not always directed to the ends of stable government and did not fulfil the demands of far-sighted statesmanship, it is now too late to regret.

More than any other State, Georgia has illustrated the New England spirit of enterprise. In its early history New England teachers, preachers and merchants were numerous and conspicuous. One of its two signers of the Declaration of Independence was Lyman Hall; the father of the State University was Abram Baldwin, and the University's first president was Josiah Meigs—all from Connecticut. Yet there are found the names of but two New Englanders prominently connected with the press of the state. These were I. K. Tefft, from Rhode Island, the public-spirited editor of the Savannah *Georgian*, whose title to fame is strengthened by the fact that he founded the Georgia Historical Society, and Melvin Dwinell, from Vermont, who edited the Rome *Courier*.

It means no disparagement of his contemporaries to say that Thaddeus Sanford was easily Alabama's most prominent and influential editor. For the twenty-six years of his ownership

the Mobile *Register* was the oracle of the Democratic party. A native of Connecticut, after a brief business career in New York city, he went to Mobile and merchandised. In 1828 he bought the *Commercial Register*, and at once infused new life into its columns. It bespoke the good judgment of its editor that, like Prentice and Willington, he succeeded in enlisting as editorial writers and contributors many of the first men of the State in letters and in public life. For a number of years he was warmly supported by Samuel F. Wilson, who was a partner during much of the time of their association. Wilson was a native of Connecticut and an honor graduate of Columbia College. After giving sixteen years to Mobile journalism he went to New Orleans, where he became permanently identified with the *Picayune*. Another editorial associate was A. B. Meek, Alabama's most accomplished man of letters under the old régime.

In his policy Sanford endeavored to give to education, morals, commerce and agriculture their proportionate share of attention, along with general and local politics. In the nullification struggle he opposed South Carolina and supported strongly the Union. He defended ardently the institution of slavery within the guarantees of the Constitution, and deprecated the abolition movement as the outcome of a blind and lawless fanaticism. When the storm of war burst forth upon the country, his support and sympathy were given unhesitatingly to the home of his adoption. His career was unusually free from the bitter personalities of the time. Himself always the high-minded, courteous opponent, he

gave the honest opinions of others due respect; and in his columns he permitted no coarse epithets and reproachful taunts as substitutes for appeals to reason. His death in 1867, long after he had laid aside the editorial toga, ended a life which, while not so illustrious, was as useful and honorable as that of any other son given by New England to the South.

From the same State and having in some respects an identical career with Sanford was Charles C. Langdon, who went South in early manhood and prospered in business. Having suffered reverses in the financial crash of 1837, he entered politics. The next year he was nominated by the Whig party for the legislature and defeated. However, he made so able and vigorous a canvass as to attract the attention of party leaders, who at once purchased the Whig organ, the *Mobile Advertiser*, and entrusted its editorial management to him. Making it a powerful vehicle for moulding public opinion, at the following elections he was triumphantly elected, and succeeded in strengthening very materially his party in a State where it always fought an up-hill fight. During the years of his editorship he made his paper the leading organ of the Whig party in Alabama. In 1860 he supported Bell and Everett and the Union; but when Alabama seceded, he allied himself with the State and sought by tongue and pen to inspire her people with courage and confidence. In his last years, as agricultural editor of the *Register*, he did much to bring about improved methods in the tillage of the soil and in the diversification of crops.

Though a fact little known, it is none the less interesting that Dr. F. A.

P. Barnard, who was a distinguished president of Columbia College, was for a time engaged in editorial work in Alabama. A native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Yale College, in early life he was called to a professorship in the State University. A man of great activity, wonderful versatility and profound learning, he could not refrain from participating in any movements—religious, literary, or political—which might improve conditions about him. In a literary magazine, the *Southron*, published at Tuscaloosa, the seat of the University, and the then capital of the State, he was an earnest coadjutor of A. B. Meek, editor-in-chief. It owed much to Dr. Barnard as a periodical of substantial merit. For several years also he edited the *Tuscaloosa Monitor*, the leading Whig paper in middle Alabama, with great success and acknowledged ability. A controversy carried on in its columns with an ex-governor of Alabama was enlivened with many pointed pen thrusts. The ex-governor, in the discussion, alluded to Dr. Barnard as “a Yankee who had no sympathy with the South.” To this the reply was made that men of sense were not to be browbeaten by “a broken-down politician.” The argument ended in the complete discomfiture of the ex-governor, who in the absence of convincing arguments appealed to the trustees to remove the combative professor—a thing they wisely refused to consider.

Mississippi, with no large towns and with a sparse population, had no great papers. Volney E. Howard, a native of Maine, went in early life to this State, where he practised law and became connected with the press. A Mississippi historian speaks of him as

a "successful lawyer, but still more brilliant as an editor." After the admission of Texas he moved to that State and was elected a member of Congress.

In Louisiana the early influential papers were published in French by editors of French extraction. The New Englander was rather late upon the scene; but when he did appear, he was followed speedily by a goodly company who exerted a powerful influence and wielded versatile pens. The most noted of these have their names imperishably identified with the *Picayune* in fame and prosperity. Its first issue appeared January 25, 1837, under the joint control of Francis A. Lumsden and George W. Kendall. In what are known as the palmy days before the war, the *Picayune* had a remarkable quartet of proprietors and editors, each of whom developed singular fitness for his work. Besides Lumsden and Kendall the other two were Samuel F. Wilson and Alva M. Holbrook. Lumsden's writings had the vivacity of youth and the sparkle of wine; Kendall had a nature full of the spirit of adventure and overflowing with wit and humor; Wilson brought a rarely gifted mind and a richly varied experience to the handling of political, historical and financial topics; and Holbrook contributed business sagacity, conservative methods and rugged honesty. Lumsden was a native of North Carolina; the other partners were New Englanders.

Kendall was born in New Hampshire, in the same village which gave birth to Horace Greeley. Virtually educated in a printing office, his associations were such as to inspire high ideals of his craft, and give excellent

training for his life work. A keen observer of men and events he was quick to catch and appropriate whatever of lively interest and joyous aspect might be laid under tribute for the entertainment of the *Picayune's* readers. By its conservative tone, avoiding bitter antagonisms and personal denunciations, and by its devotion to the commercial interests of the city, the paper began a new era in Southwestern journalism and at once enjoyed popular favor. As soon as it was established upon a firm basis, in 1841, he joined an exploring party for the far West. He believed that this great unknown, unexplored region contained a rich commerce which might be made to pay lavish tribute to the foresight and enterprise of New Orleans tradesmen. The results of his experiences and observations are embodied in a book he published, entitled "Narrative of the Santa Fé Expedition." A few years later, when the Mexican war cloud burst, nibbing his pen for new conquests and experiences he went to the front, whence he gave the *Picayune* the freshest and most graphic accounts direct from the scene of conflict. Letters signed "G. W. K." were copied by newspapers all over the country, giving him and his paper wide celebrity. With the close of the war he gathered up his letters and material for an authoritative history of its battles, and went to Paris to have them published and illustrated with lithographic plates. Returning to America, he bought a large landed estate in Texas, stocked it with fine strains of sheep and cattle, withdrew from active service on the *Picayune* staff, while retaining his interest, and lived among his flocks and herds up to the time of his death in 1867.

Wilson, before his residence in Mobile, had practised law in Baltimore and Washington. Personally acquainted with Jackson, Calhoun, Benton and other party leaders, his courtesy of manner and grace of conversation gave him ready approach to the society of distinguished men in public life. In 1849 he went to New Orleans, and worked on the *Crescent*. After a year he became an attaché of the *Picayune*, soon acquired an interest in the property, and became chief editorial writer, a position he retained until failing health admonished a cessation from work. Illustrating the cherished friendship of their old associations, that was a touching and beautiful incident when, upon his deathbed in 1870, Wilson took the hand of Holbrook and said feelingly: "You are the last of us."

Holbrook, who through all the years since 1839 had guided the business department, possessed preëminently the qualifications demanded for the conservative management of a constantly growing paper. He was born in Vermont, and trained for a business career. When quite young he went to New Orleans and found employment in a mercantile house. In a few years he bought an interest in the *Picayune*, assumed control, and uniformly displayed great wisdom and intelligence in directing its affairs. His influence was felt in every department, for he mastered all the details of journalism. His generous encouragement of writers did much to develop native talents, while it contributed greatly to the value and authority of the paper. At the outbreak of the Civil War, with Lumsden drowned in Lake Michigan and with Kendall living on his stock farm,

Wilson and himself alone of the old ownership remaining on the staff, he had much to do with the shaping of the policy. Devoted to the South, when New Orleans fell, he accepted the inevitable, and continued to publish the paper with all the drawbacks attending Federal occupation. Only once did the paper receive such censure as to warrant a suspension. With his death in 1876 the last of this remarkable quartette passed away.

Connected with the *Picayune*, the *Crescent*, and other representatives of the Louisiana press, were other New Englanders who made their impress in the State. Among the most noteworthy of these were T. B. Thorpe, whose "Hive of the Beehunter" and other published works had a large vogue in their day, and J. W. Frost, whose brilliant life went out in a duel, but of whom the record is, "He was an able journalist and trenchant debater of large literary and jurisprudential resources."

Arkansas offers a bright name to the list in that of Albert Pike, poet, soldier and lawyer, who was born in Boston. For several years in the fourth decade of the last century he edited the *Arkansas Advocate*.

After this hasty glance at some of the more conspicuous of the New England editors in the South, one is enabled approximately to determine the value of their services. With no fortunes or capital in the beginning, they gave their lives and influence to every legitimate enterprise promoting the interests of the section. They encouraged commerce by recommending ceaselessly the improvement of waterways, the construction of railways

and the opening of new avenues of traffic. They supported measures for enlarged educational facilities and advocated improved methods in agriculture and diversification in industrial pursuits. They sought to build up political parties and to promote the political fortunes of individuals. They entered unreservedly into the life of the people among whom they had cast their lot, and adapted themselves with readiness to customs and conditions. They owned slaves and defended "the peculiar institution" with fiery zeal and unequivocal pen. To protect honor or to ward off assault they fought with brave hearts, clenched fists, hard knocks and cool nerve,

either upon the duelling field or in the street encounter. In controversies—personal, political, or theological—they sustained themselves with characteristic vigor and unwavering courage. In exhibiting and cultivating the mirthful side of life, they added infinitely to the storehouse of humor. In permanent contributions of literary merit, they enlivened greatly the dreary record of Southern literature. Representative of the best culture of New England and many of them graduates of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, Middlebury and other New England colleges, their value to the higher intellectual life of the old South was inestimable.

The Teaching of Tears

By Marion Hill.

LET those who have no grave to tend, no ghost
To love and long for through the aching years,
No message, kept—too late—for silent ears,
Who do not mourn a voice forever lost,
Let only those, the happy, dare to boast
That sorrow's garb is lovely, or that tears
Are gems in brimming eyes, or woe endears
The woful to the world. Ah, no! the most
Of noisy grief is travesty. But they
Whose homes have paid their toll to Death, they know
That sorrow dares not weep, but *must* be gay
In mercy to the living left. They show
Best thus, grace to the dead; and learn the while
The matchless heroism of a smile.

To a Singer

By Edwin E. Stillman

COULDST be the chosen singer
Whose torch the Muses trim
And send to be the bringer
Of songs of seraphim—
And not an idle ringer
Of sound whose sense is dim?

Then sing the songs of morning:
Of spring and hope and youth;
Of golden deeds adorning
The clear sunrise of truth;
These flout the Fates with scorning
And fill the heart with ruth.

What though life's way leads whither
Funereal cerements wave?
Shall Faith not call from thither
Of hope beyond the grave?
Of truth that may not wither
For souls that still be brave?

Some true word, sung or spoken,
By thee may ring the knell
Of Error's reign and broken
Be Superstition's spell!
Then by that happy token
Shall Time say: "All is well!"





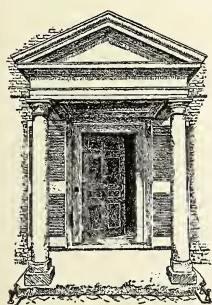
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THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND, ME.

An Historic Mansion

By Ella Matthews Bangs

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."



WHEN Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote these lines he perhaps had little thought of how fittingly they would one day be applied to the house which was the home of his own childhood and young manhood, yet to-day one who visits the old Wadsworth-Longfellow mansion in Portland, Maine, finds it indeed haunted by memories of those whose lives once centred there.

A little back from the main street it stands, with its three stories of red

brick dwarfed by newer and more pretentious buildings on either side; tall trees shadow it, but no grass now grows upon the plat of ground once the front yard, yet as the door, with its ancient knocker, swings open, we catch a glimpse of green from the old garden at the farther end of the hall, and of tall elms, and a tangle of shrubbery and trailing vines. But though the chief interest in it lies in the fact that it was once the home of a poet who has perhaps come nearer the hearts of English-speaking people the world over than has any other American writer, still the old mansion has a history of its own, and one not without interest, connected as it is with the name of a brave soldier of the Revolution, General Peleg Wadsworth. This



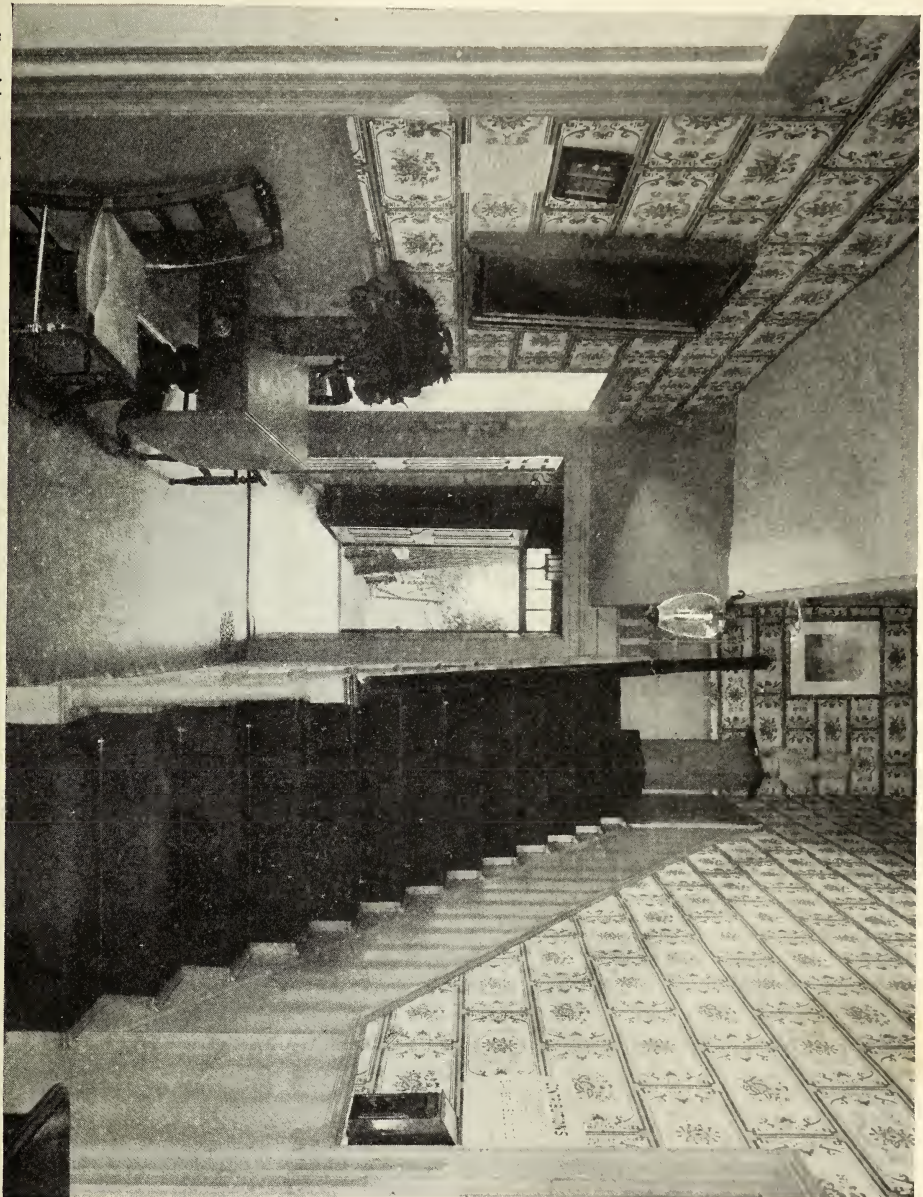
GEN. PELEG WADSWORTH AND ELIZABETH BARTLETT, HIS WIFE

man graduated from Harvard in 1769, was one of the first to organize a company to resist the tyranny of the mother country, and with the rank of captain was appointed an engineer on the staff of General John Thomas, and rendered important service in fortifying Roxbury and Dorchester Heights. After the departure thence of General Washington in 1776, he became aide-de-camp to General Artemas Ward, serving with him until his retirement from service. In 1778 he was appointed Adjutant General of Massachusetts, and in 1779 was second in command of the land forces in the Bagaduce expedition. In 1780 he commanded the troops on the Maine coast, and in February, 1781, while at his lodgings at the headquarters in Thomaston, was surprised with the few men under him, wounded, and after a most resolute resistance, captured and carried to Fort George, Castine. The following June, after a series of romantic adventures, he made his escape. In 1784 he came from Plymouth, Massachusetts, to make his home in Portland, bringing his wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth

Bartlett of Plymouth, who has been described as "a lady of fine manners and all womanly virtues, who was alike his friend and comforter in hours of trial; the grace and ornament of his house in the days of prosperity."

Would we see the General as in the old days he might have stood to welcome us, we have to aid the fancy the following description given by his daughter, Zilpah: "Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carries himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff smallclothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called." If we add to this a cocked hat of black felt, we have the picturesque figure of the man who in the year 1785 began the erection of the first brick house to be built in Portland. The store and barn were built first, and it was not till the spring of 1786 that the residence was completed. This delay was caused by the difficulty in obtaining bricks. At

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"ONE STEPS IN FROM THE STREET AND FACES THE BROAD STAIRWAY"



that time none suitable for such a purpose had been made in this vicinity, so from Philadelphia was brought a quantity supposed by the General to be sufficient for the walls of his house. But the builders had miscalculated, and having begun them sixteen inches in thickness, the supply gave out. The walls were then protected for the winter, until, with the spring,

about it as one steps in from the street and faces the broad stairway.

The interior is but little changed, for though repairs have been needed on so old a building, care has been taken to preserve as nearly as possible the original appearance of the rooms. All the windows have the same old panelled wooden shutters, as of yore, and some of those on the back of the house



Redrawn from an old print

THE HOUSE BEFORE ALTERATION

another lot could be brought from Philadelphia and the building completed.

In its original form the house was of two stories, with a pitch roof. Four ample chimneys gave draught to the fireplaces with which each room was provided. Though now in the heart of the city, the house when built was on the outskirts of the town, amid green fields, and commanding fine views of the ocean, which it faced, and of the mountains and forests away toward the western horizon. Built in the old colonial style, with the hall running through the centre, there is still an air of old-time hospitality

retain the old casements, with their many tiny panes of glass; the doors all have their curious old "box latches," and thanks to the generous thickness of the walls, there are wide window-seats in all of the lower rooms, cushioned and inviting. On the left, upon entering, is the parlor, which, at the time the house was built, was the largest private reception room in Portland, and in this room was placed the first piano to be brought to town. It was probably called a spinet, and the story is told that such was the curiosity of the country people regarding this wonder, that they would stand around the windows looking in and



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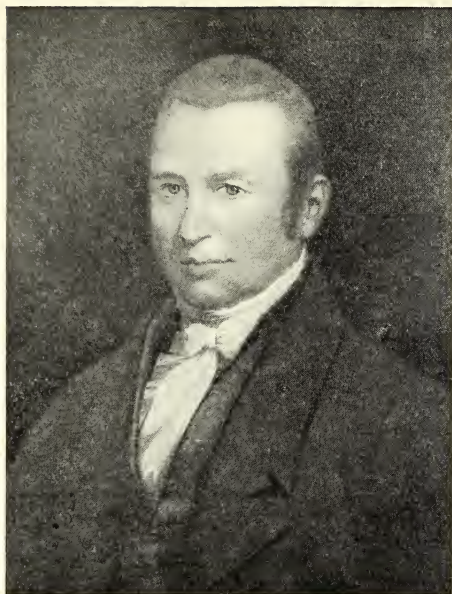
THE PARLOR, SHOWING PIANO

listening whenever the instrument was being played, and even offer money to have the music continued.

When the Wadsworth family moved in there were six children, one of whom, Zilpah, the future mother of the poet, was a little maid of seven or eight. Here in 1790 was born another son, Alexander Scammel, named for General Scammel, a friend and college classmate of Wadsworth, and the man for whom also one of the forts in Portland Harbor was named. Alexander entered the navy as a midshipman in 1804, and in 1815 distinguished himself as a lieutenant on the *Constitution* in her engagement with the *Guerrière*, and for his gallantry was presented with a sword by the citizens

of his native town. In this connection it is interesting to know that among the recent visitors to the old house was a young midshipman from the *Chesapeake*, Alexander Scammel Wadsworth, a great-grandson of the first Alexander, and the fourth in succession to bear the name.

Five months before the appointment of the first Alexander as a midshipman, his older brother, Henry, had voluntarily sacrificed his life, with his companions, in the fire-ship *Intrepid*, which was blown up before Tripoli during the night of September 4, 1804, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. In the old house to-day may be seen the bronze medal, as well as the original letter



STEPHEN LONGFELLOW

with which it was presented by the Secretary of the Navy, in recognition of the bravery of this young lieutenant, the uncle for whom the poet was named.

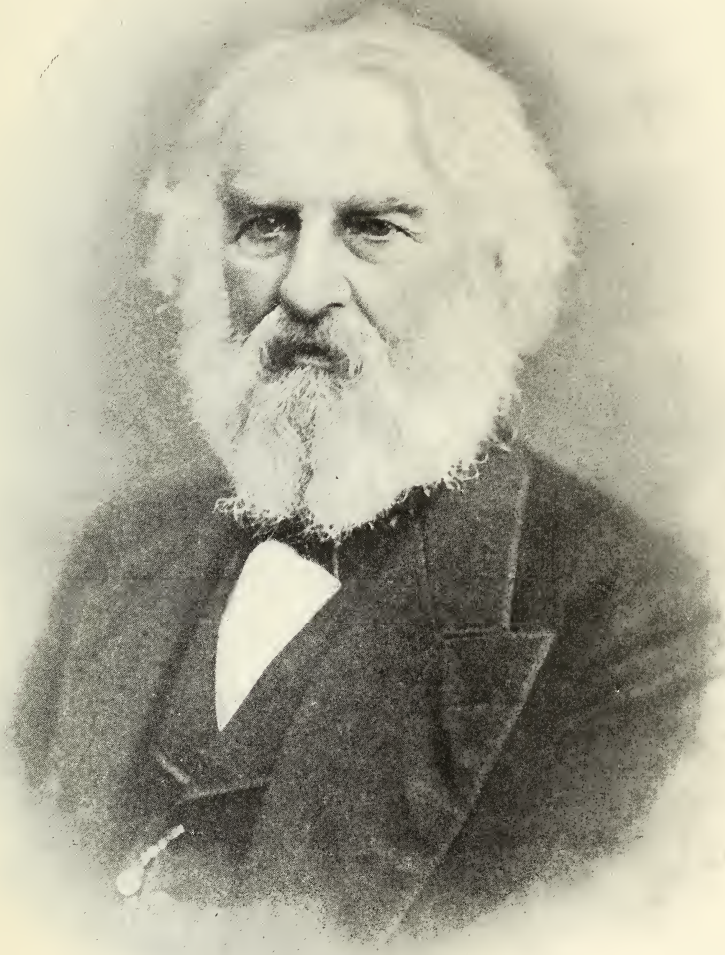
As we enter the once stately parlor of the Wadsworth mansion we see the room for a moment, not with its group of sightseers, but with the figures, whose "steps make no sound upon the floor," once here with their training gowns, powdered hair and beauty spots of court-plaster cut in fanciful forms, with bright hued coats and ruffled linen. In this room were held many of the grandest festivities of the day, and here in 1804 took place the wedding of Zilpah Wadsworth and Stephen Longfellow. For a time the young couple lived in the old home of the bride; then after keeping house elsewhere on the same street, where their first child, Stephen, was born, they removed for the winter to the

home of relatives on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, in the eastern part of the town, and here on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first saw the light. During the year preceding, General Wadsworth had built another large house in Hiram, Maine, known as Wadsworth Hall, and to this he removed with his family a few months before the birth of the grandson who was to become so well known, and here in 1829 he died, at the age of eighty-one.

The Portland house thus becoming vacant, Stephen Longfellow, with his family, took possession during the year following the birth of the future poet, and here, where their married life had begun, Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow spent their remaining years. Under its roof six other children were born to them, Elizabeth W., Anne, Alexander W., Mary, Ellen and Samuel.

Though the literary talent of the poet was a legacy from his mother's family, his father was a man distinguished in other ways, and one of whom William Willis said, "No man more surely gained the confidence of all who approached him, or held it firmer; and those who knew him best loved him most." One can well believe this to be true of a man whose sentiments were expressed in the following words, when writing to his son Henry in regard to his choice of a profession:

"As you have not the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my am-



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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

bition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles,—believing that a person thus educated will with proper diligence be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness."

Stephen Longfellow was graduated from Harvard in 1798 and admitted to the bar in 1801. He was later a Representative to the General Court, state Senator, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Representative to Congress, a trustee of Bowdoin College and president of the Maine Historical Society. The Longfellow ancestors were Puritans.

The poet on his mother's side was a descendant of seven *Mayflower* Pilgrims: Elder William Brewster, his wife and their son Love, William Mullins, his wife and their daughter Priscilla, and John Alden. So it will be seen that in the "Courtship of Miles Standish" the poet was in a way writing family history.

Of the Longfellow children born in this house, Elizabeth died at the age of twenty and Ellen at sixteen. Alexander has but recently passed away, having lived a long life as an honored citizen of his native town. The Rev. Samuel, writer of many hymns, as well as preacher, died in Portland in 1892. Mary, who married James Greenleaf of Boston, died at Cambridge, December 3, 1902. Anne married George Pierce, a close friend and classmate of the poet's in that famous Bowdoin class of 1825, whose silhouetted class pictures are among the objects of interest in the old house to-day. Upon the early death of this

friend, the poet nearly twenty years later paid this tribute:

"I have never ceased to feel that in his death something was taken from my own life which could never be restored. I have constantly in my memory his beautiful and manly character, frank, generous, impetuous, gentle; by turns joyous and sad, mirthful and serious; elevated by the consciousness of power, depressed by the misgivings of self-distrust; but always kind, always courteous; and, above all, noble in thought, word, and deed."

And it was to this same friend that the poet referred in the "Footsteps of Angels," in the lines:

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

Widowed within three years of her marriage, Mrs. Pierce came back to her birthplace, where in January, 1901, she died, with the remarkable record of having lived eighty-seven out of ninety years in the same house. It is to this lady that Portland, and indeed the world, is indebted for the preservation of the Wadsworth-Longfellow house, as upon her death she left a deed making the Maine Historical Society trustee on certain terms, to hold the title and to keep the property in its present condition as a memorial of her gifted brother.

In 1815, to accommodate the needs of his increasing family, Stephen Longfellow added a third story to the house, giving it the form we see to-day, a slight difference in the color of the bricks showing where the addition begins.

Passing through the hall we are reminded that from the front step Zilpah Wadsworth, then a young lady



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THE FAMILY SITTING-ROOM

of twenty-one, presented a military standard to the Federal Volunteers, a company organized the preceding year. The large stone upon which she stood was, no doubt, the same over which visitors pass to-day in entering, although for many years it was hidden from sight, as well as from knowledge, of most of the present generation. In the old days the house stood three or four feet above the street; as time went on the street grew higher, till at length, there being then no facilities for raising so large a stone, it was covered with earth, and new steps built upon it to raise the approach to the street level. During the repairs recently made, workmen came down to the old stone, which was raised, put

into place, and once more forms the step of the old house.

Across the hall from the parlor is the family sitting-room, once the law office of the poet's father. It has now the attractive look of a living room, so much of the old furnishing remains, and indeed one of the greatest charms about the place is the fact that every piece of furniture, with the one exception of the old piano now in the parlor, has been used by the Wadsworth and Longfellow families; the pictures upon the walls and the little articles of ornamentation were all family possessions. In this room is still the big open fireplace, with its andirons, and the ghost of firelight long passed seems to flash for a mo-

ment before us, as in fancy we see a young man looking into the dancing flames with thoughts in his mind which he will one day give expression to in the lines:

"By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stair-ways,

Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them."

In an alcove stands the oldest piece of Longfellow furniture to be found in the house, a sort of buffet and desk combined, while the upper part was an addition made by Stephen Longfellow to contain his library. The wall paper is a reproduction of that formerly upon the walls, being made expressly for this room, while the carpet is the same which was upon the floor at the time of the poet's last visit to his old home. This was in July, 1881, at which time, writing to a friend, he says:

"Portland has lost none of its charms. It is very pleasant sitting here and dictating letters. It is like thinking what one will say, without taking the trouble of writing it. I have discovered a new pleasure."

By his favorite window still stands the poet's chair; a little away is that of his father, and between the windows the sewing table that was his mother's; while the gilt-framed mirror above, with its quaint picture in the upper half and row of tiny gilt balls, dates back to the days of his grandmother Wadsworth. Near by stands the table upon which the children studied their lessons during the winter evenings. Was it upon this, we wonder, that the thirteen-year-old Longfellow wrote his first published verses? These were "The Battle of

Lovell's Pond," the story of which had made a strong impression upon his boyish mind. Only his sister Elizabeth was let into the secret of their writing, and she alone knew that he had carried them to the office of the *Portland Gazette* and dropped them in the box outside. Together the brother and sister waited the appearance of the next issue of the paper, and when it came, containing the verses, shared their satisfaction and enjoyed the remarks occasioned and the conjectures as to authorship; but, alas! their hearts sank in unison when a friend of the family pronounced the poem as "Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is borrowed, every word of it!"

In picturing the boy whose home was in this house it is pleasant to have the fancy aided by descriptions which have been given by friends and members of the family. The earliest mention we find of him is in a letter written by his mother in October, 1807, in which she says:

"I think you would like my little Henry W. He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing."

When a boy of nine or ten he is thus spoken of by a friend of the family some years later:

"Most distinctly do I recall the bright, pleasant boy as I often saw him at his father's house while I was living in Portland, in the years 1816-17. My recollections of those interviews in that time-honored mansion, and of the excellent man whose reception of me was ever cordial, and whose conversation was to me so agreeable and so instructive, have never ceased to be a pleasure."

Others speak of him as "a lively boy, with brown or chestnut hair, blue eyes, a delicate complexion and rosy



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THE POET'S CHAIR

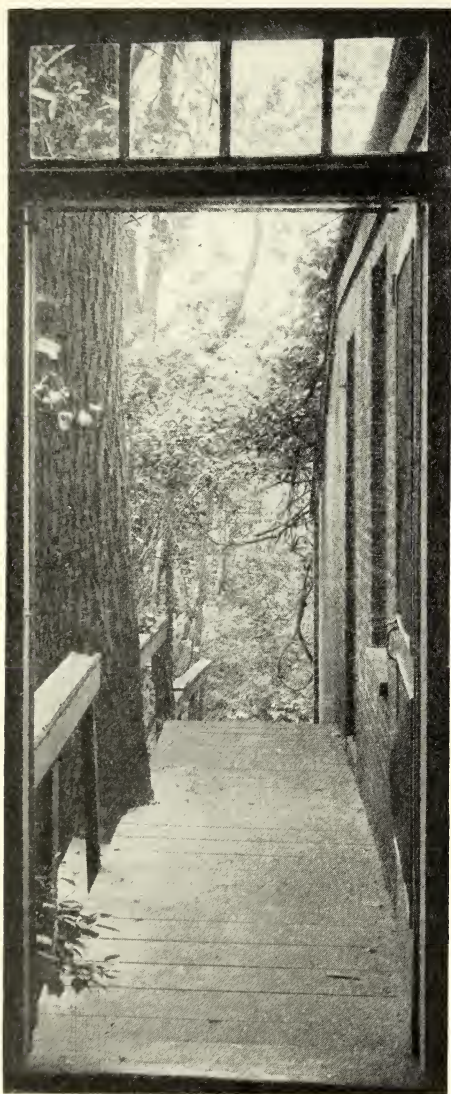
cheeks; sensitive, impressionable; active, eager, impetuous, often impatient; quick-tempered, but as quickly appeased; kind-hearted and affectionate,—the sunlight of the house.”

One of his schoolmates, the late Elijah Kellogg, wrote thus of him as he remembered him at the academy in Portland, at about the time of the writing of his first poem:

“ I recollect perfectly the impression made upon myself and others. He was a very handsome boy. Retiring, without being reserved, there was a frankness about him that won you at once. He looked you square in the face. His eyes were full of expression, and it seemed as though you could look down into them as into a clear spring. He had no relish for rude sports, but loved to bathe in a little creek on the border of Deering’s Oaks,

and would tramp through the woods at times with a gun, but this was mostly through the influence of others; he loved much better to lie under a tree and read. . . . If he was a thoughtful, he certainly was not a melancholy boy.”

Just across the corner from the poet’s favorite window a doorway leads into a small room, an addition to the main part of the house, built on by Stephen Longfellow for his law office, and to give another entrance from outdoors. This has now the appearance of a pantry, with its shelves and cupboards, to which use it was given over some years later. The one window here looks out upon the old garden, and by it the youthful poet loved to sit during his writing. In a letter which he wrote to his sister Elizabeth



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"TALL ELMS AND A TANGLE OF SHRUBBERY
AND TRAILING VINES"

in 1829, during his first visit abroad, he says:

"My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together . . . and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry, and turned the *sanctum*

sanctorum of the 'Little Room' into a china closet. . . . The muse being in the penitentiary, I can write no epithalamium, but I can send you a volume of good wishes which I think much better."

The good wishes referred to were in the way of congratulations upon his sister's engagement, but the marriage was never realized, as the young girl died before its consummation.

Adjoining, and back of the sitting-room, is the kitchen, with its capacious fireplace, which has never been closed to conform to modern methods and ideas, but remains as it was in the days when the young people of two generations gathered about it to roast apples and chestnuts, or the cook bustled about preparing some state dinner. On an iron plate set into the brickwork in the back is the figure of a fish, which a brother of the poet has spoken of as "baked in effigy." Here to-day the stout crane supports the pots and kettles as they hung from the pot-hook more than a hundred years ago. The names of many of the articles, as well as their uses, are strange to modern comprehension, for there are a Dutch oven, a tin-kitchen, a plate warmer, apple roaster, coffee roaster and mills, bread toaster, and waffle irons which look like a huge pair of tongs. Built into the brickwork at the left is the oven for baking, and one easily fancies the procession of brown bread and white, Indian puddings and pumpkin pies which has passed in and out of it. At the right is the boiler, for use on washing days, with the small opening beneath, in which the fire was made. The old dresser is attractive, with its display of britannia, tin and earthen ware, among the lat-



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THE KITCHEN

ter being platters, pitchers and beer mugs, which are quite the envy of modern collectors. Here, too, may be seen the bread tray used at the banquet given to General Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to Portland in 1825, at which time the father of the poet, on behalf of the citizens of the town, gave the address of welcome. And we must not overlook the candle moulds, nor the lanterns, nor the steel-yards with which the babies of the family were weighed.

A steep stairway leads from the kitchen to the upper rooms, and at the head of this, we are told by one who was there, the children of the family used to sit on Thanksgiving morning inhaling the delightful odors rising to them from the room below, and which



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THE KITCHEN DRESSER



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THE DEN, WITH "THE RAINY DAY" DESK

a little later would materialize for them in the dining-room across the hallway from the kitchen. On one of the doors of this room is a quotation from the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's memories of Thanksgiving:

"At dinner were gathered at the old home children and grandchildren, and all the boys and girls were allowed to have as much turkey and as many pieces of mince pie and pumpkin pie and as many nuts and raisins as they could hold. In the evening they played blindman's buff."

The dining-room was originally the sleeping room of General Wadsworth, and the time came when it was known as the "den" and "Henry's room." The walls are still decorated with paper brought from Paris by a mem-

ber of the family between fifty and sixty years ago. The chief interest, however, centres in the fact that upon the ancient mahogany desk which still stands between two windows looking out upon the old garden, "The Rainy Day" was written. Glancing out we may see that the "vine still clings to the mouldering wall," as at the time the poem was written in 1841, and in June—it is a flowering grape—it is covered with a profusion of blossoms. On the desk is now kept the register, in which, during the two seasons in which the house has been opened, more than nine thousand visitors have inscribed their names, from that of President Roosevelt,—written with a



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THE GUEST ROOM

quill once belonging to the poet's father,—to those of men and women from humbler walks of life, and who have come from all over the United States, Canada, England, France, Spain, Brazil, Australia, and even India and Japan.

Other poems known to have been written, wholly or in part, in this house, beside the two already mentioned, are "Musings," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Burial of the Minnisink," "Where From the Eye of Day," "Song of Birds," "Changed," and "The Lighthouse."

Returning to the front hall and going up the broad stairway, with its bright red carpeting, one must pause to admire the series of beautiful pic-

tures, seven in number, by well-known artists, each representing a scene from some of the poet's writings. On the upper landing we face a bust of the poet at twenty-one, and farther along an oil portrait of him at twenty-three, at which time he was a professor at Bowdoin. A doorway just beyond this portrait leads to the chamber in which the poet's mother died, directly over the room in which she was married, and the later event is brought vividly before us by the following lines from the writings of her son:

"In the chamber where I last took leave of her lay my mother to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her,—without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death."



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BOYHOOD DESK AND TRUNDLE BED

It is hard to realize the present in this room, filled as it is with reminders of the past. Here is the cradle in which two poets have been rocked, while two tall cases contain the gowns, bonnets and other articles of wearing apparel belonging to Mrs. Longfellow, her sister, Lucia, and their mother. Among other curiosities is a pair of pink kid slippers with pointed toes, showing something of the experience through which they passed when worn by Mrs. Peleg Wadsworth during the time spent with her husband in camp in the intrenchments at Dorchester Heights. A head-dress dates back to 1700, and it takes but a little play of the imagination to see the girlish figures arrayed in these delicate silks, satins and muslins. Across the room is a miniature of the old church, or "meeting-house," which the Longfellow family attended, and beside it the foot-stove which the poet carried thither for his mother in winter time. Here, too, is a copy of a long-forgotten poem, in which Henry Longfellow protested against the taking down of this old building, when some wished

to replace it by a more modern structure.

To the guest chamber across the hall the poet came with his bride. In this room Stephen Longfellow passed away, as did also the lady who last occupied the house, though the room in use by her for many years was the one which has just been described. The tall, four-post bedstead, with its fringed dimity hangings and antique coverlet, is suggestive of a bygone day and people, as is the wood bottom rocking chair once belonging to the first mistress of the house. On the walls are paintings and drawings, and in a drawer of the old bureau in the corner many articles of needlework, all done by the hands of Wadsworth and Longfellow girls long since folded for the last time. In another drawer are daintily embroidered caps worn by babies now grown to men and women, or most of them gone, after long lives of honor and usefulness.

Back of the guest chamber, and opening from it, is a room which, up to the time of the addition of the third story, was known as the children's room, one of these children being Henry W. In later years it was associated with the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. As we see it to-day little trace of the children remains, but notwithstanding this it speaks eloquently of the past. Conspicuous in a glass case of treasures is the cocked hat, now rusty with age, but unquestionably the same which once was identified with General Peleg Wadsworth, the builder of the house. Near it rests his canteen, carried by him through many campaigns; auto-

graph verses of the poet's, miniatures, drawings, and many other articles, over which the visitor stands absorbed, turning from them only to become equally interested in the case on the other side of the room, which contains what is claimed to be the second oldest United States flag now in existence. Of course it has a story and something to connect it with the old house, else it would not be here. This, then, is its history, dating back to the war of 1812.

No battle during this war so excited the people of Portland as did that between the U. S. brig *Enterprise* and his Majesty's brig *Boxer*, which took place on the fifth of September, 1813. On this Sabbath day the citizens flocked to the Observatory, where its keeper, Captain Moody, swept the bay with his glass. Looking off toward Seguin, he could see the smoke of the battle forty miles away, but nothing definite could be learned of its outcome. On the following morning, however, the *Enterprise* was signalled leading her prize under her own flag, the same which is now a faded heap in this glass case. But, alas, for the two brave captains! The battle ended for them that of life, and they were later buried side by side in the old cemetery in which the great-grandparents of the poet are also buried. The flag is said not to have been a new one when it fluttered amid the death shots of this battle; and its having fifteen stars would indicate that it was made some time between 1792 and 1796. After the battle the officers of the *Enterprise* presented the flag to the keeper of one of the hotels of the day, who later gave it to the

old Portland Museum, and, when the collection of this institution was sold, it was purchased by a private citizen of the town. After this it was on exhibition both in Boston and New York, as well as in Portland, where on the celebrations of Washington's birthday it was draped over a boat and drawn through the streets. In this way the poet must often as a boy have looked upon it. For several years it was lost sight of by Portland people, until, within the last year, it was traced to Chicago, where it was found in the possession of a former resident of Portland, who has kindly loaned it, to add one more attraction to the Wadsworth-Longfellow house.

Among the memories of his youth in Portland, the poet did not fail to recall the battle between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, voicing it in the following lines:

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil
bay,
Where they in battle died."

The remaining room on this floor was that occupied by Anne Longfellow for several years. Here are now many articles once in use either in work or play, by different members of the family,—manuscript music, old music books, and books of a literary nature; workboxes, dumb-bells and other articles. In the little entryway is a pair of leathern fire-buckets lettered with the name of S. Stephenson, while in the passageway below we may have passed unnoticed another pair with the name of Longfellow and the date 1803; these were in the house on Fore Street when the poet was born.

Now the visitor passes on over the stairway worn by the footsteps of many years to the third story of the old mansion. Of the seven rooms on this floor including a capacious linen closet, the largest are the corner front chambers, the one on our right as we reach the landing being that which the poet called his own during his school and college days, and to which he loved to come in later years. Before the erection of the business blocks across the street one could look from its windows out over the blue stretch of island-dotted ocean,—

“Islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams,”

to the shore of Cape Elizabeth and the light at Portland Head. This latter object formed the inspiration for the poem, “The Lighthouse,” written, at least in part, in this room, and beginning:

“The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point some miles
away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by
day.

“Even at the distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving break unheard along its
base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and sub-
sides
In the white lip and tremor of the
face.”

“Musings” was also written here, but of the countless other musings in the heart of the young man who occupied this room we can only guess as they found expression in his later works, for some of these were the days of which he sang, repeating that old refrain:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.”

Of this poem, “My Lost Youth,” there are many reminders in his home, and of its writing we have this record, March 29, 1855:

“At night as I lie in bed a poem comes into my mind, a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea.”

And the following day:

“Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it, and with bringing in the two lines of the old Lapland song.”

A back room occupied by each of the four Longfellow boys at various times contains the trundle bed, the school desk, with the marks of boyish jack-knives indelibly left upon it, and smaller articles, all once dear to their boyish hearts. The window looks down into the garden. Roofs and walls of neighboring buildings now shut away the view once so extended, and of which Samuel Longfellow wrote:

“In summer time it was pleasant enough to look from the upper windows; those of the boy’s room looked out over the Cove, and the farms and woodlands towards Mount Washington, full in view in the western horizon.”

On the casement of this window remains the handwriting of different members of the family, blurred and faded now, before being protected by the glass which at present is over it, but a transcript of it on the opposite casement tells us what is there.

In recalling the early days in this old home, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in his life of the poet, has given us many suggestive pictures, none pleasanter, perhaps, than this, which takes us at once into the everyday life of the family:

“In the evenings there were lessons to be learned; and the children opened their

satchels and gathered, with their books and slates, round the table in the family sitting-room. . . . Studies over, there would be games till bedtime. If these became too noisy, or the father had brought home his law papers from the office, enjoining strictest quiet, then there was flight to another room; perhaps in winter, to the kitchen. . . . When bedtime came, it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bedrooms; still harder next morning to get up out of the comfortable feather-beds and break the ice in the pitchers for washing. But hardship made hardihood."

Though the home of the poet's later years was elsewhere, and his love of travel carried him to many lands, yet he never lost his affection for this old home, or the fair city of his birth as is shown by repeated references to both in letter and journal. Writing from Portland in August, 1879, he says:—

"I am here on my annual visit to the old house, inhaling health with every breath of sea air. . . . I am 'as idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean.' I only sit here at this upper window and see the people go by, and commit to memory the signs on the opposite side of the street. The seaside laziness overwhelms me like a tide. I close my letter and my eyes." A few days later he writes: "Church-bells ringing; clatter of church-going feet on the pavement; boys crying 'Boston Herald!' voices of passing men and women,—these are the sounds that come to me at this upper window, looking down into the street."

When so many old landmarks were obliterated by the fire which swept over the city on the fourth of July, 1866, this house was fortunate indeed to escape. The poet refers to the fact in a letter written to a friend on the twenty-third of July of that year:

"I have been in Portland since the fire," he writes. "Desolation, desolation, desolation. It reminded me of Pompeii, that 'sepult city.' The old family house was not burned, the track of the fire passing just below it."

The day passes as we linger where everything is so rich with memories of those who have gone; daylight fades, when as if by magic lights flash out from the many old lamps and candlesticks placed all over the house, lights which would have seemed magic indeed to its former inhabitants, but the old and the new are now combined and electricity has entered the ancient mansion with the other visitors of to-day.

A most interesting old house, and stepping out from it to the bustle of the street, we find ourselves half unconsciously repeating the lines:

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with
sculptures,

But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."



The Housekeeper's Story

By Elanora Kinsley Marble

FOR reasons which this narrative will clearly disclose, the portrait of Mistress Elizabeth Sterling, by Gilbert Stuart, has no place among my illustrious ancestors in the famous Ford mansion, Morristown, New Jersey. Instead, it hangs, its haughty features turned to the wall, in the attic of that mansion, undisturbed these many years save by the hand of curiosity, or the defacing one of time. Opposite, in the same ignominious fashion, hangs the portrait of a man; a man whose name hath long been, and will, so long as the world endures, continue to be a stench in the nostrils of every true and patriotic American. Needless to name it here.

'Twere vain to say the cravings of curiosity had not been mine these many years, but not till I had arrived at the age of discretion, which, for a maiden, my good mother fixed at twenty years, did she impart to me the secret which linked together this guilty and treacherous pair.

"The story of Mistress Elizabeth Sterling," said she, as we sat in the library of that historic mansion, built just prior to the Revolution by my ancestress, Dame Betty Ford, "is not a tale, my daughter, for idle ears. Indeed, so fraught is it with sorrow, and in one sense shame, that like the good Dame Betty, and others which followed her, I have sought, as a

family secret, to forever conceal it from public knowledge.

"But for Ann Greene, the trusted and much respected housekeeper of the family at that time, I doubt if the story, in all its details, had e'er been known. As she related it to my mother, half a century or more ago, so will I relate it to you, in so far as memory serves, the quaint language and forms of speech used by her in those bygone days.

"'Perchance,' said she in beginning, 'there are those who might deem the story of Mistress Elizabeth Sterling somewhat too fanciful for sober relation, but I, Ann Greene, who do tell it to thee am not, and never have been, given to aught in my speech save truth. 'Twas in the spring then, of 1773, that my mistress, Dame Betty Ford, did one day receive a letter which 'twere plain to be seen did greatly vex her.

"'Prithee!' said she, upon perusing it for the second time, 'twould seem, Ann, that the maidens of our beloved colonies are none fair, nor yet accomplished enough for my son Richard. Herein he doth announce his coming marriage to the Mistress Elizabeth Sterling, of whose grace, beauty and accomplishments he hath, in his letters, been ne'er weary of discoursing. Also doth he announce the date whereupon they take ship for home.'

"I held my peace, knowing well that at such times speech was neither sought nor desired of me.

"I do repent me sore, Ann,' the good dame went on, 'that I said naught to discourage Richard when apprised of his intent to visit London. But for his going, ne'er had he beheld this Elizabeth Sterling, and, peradventure, for my declining years I might have had a daughter whom I—,' here the dear soul did break off, her voice all a-tremble from sore disappointment and grief.

"Ay,' quoth I, seeking to comfort her, 'not a maiden in all the state of Jersey, I warrant ye, would have said nay to Master Richard Ford's suit. I mind me of several, not far distant withal, whose hearts will be sore wounded when they shall have heard the news.'

"Truly,' she assented, her eyes o'erflowing now, 'there, for one, Ann, is sweet Mistress Haddenfield, a dutiful daughter and a marvel of industry and patience withal, as her samplers and other stitchery doth for a surety avow. And Mistress Abigail Whippany! Where, Ann, can a maiden be found who, like her, doth unite youth and beauty with such mental charms? Serious, but not sad is Mistress Abigail; happy, but not gay; devout, yet not a devotee. Verily would either maiden, Ann, have been a fitting mate for my son Richard, and in our approaching troubles with the mother country, most worthy of and helpful unto him.'

"Thou speakest truly, good Mistress Ford,' I rejoined, gloomily, 'the news from Virginia this very day is most disquieting.'

"Ay, Ann,' said she, 'there is that

in the air which, of a surety, doth betoken an approaching storm. The political leaders, both North and South, do well see that revolution is inevitable. I would my son were safely at home.'

"Fair winds did answer our prayers, so that the white-winged vessel which bore Master Richard and his bride arrived safely at port in New York in due time.

"Well do I mind me of the hour wherein they reached home. In the spacious hall Mistress Betty Ford stood, bravely apparelled, and in the background the numerous servants, I at their head, all burning with impatience, eager to greet the master and welcome his new-made bride.

"Tall and stately, a very queen, methought, in beauty and grace of mien, Mistress Elizabeth Sterling advanced. Right royally was she clad, too, in a purple silken gown, with lappets of rich velvet, fashioned in a manner quite new to the eyes of us simple colonial folk. Marble-white was her skin, save where, in the cheek, a faint dash of crimson did break through. Black and straight as the red men of the forest was her hair, and her eyes, o'er which her hat with drooping plumes, did cast so deep a shadow that I scarce could note them clearly, were blue and brilliant, yet cold withal as a winter's sunrise. There was pride in her nostril and curling lip, and my heart did grow faint within me when to the warm salute of her husband's mother, she did turn a cold and distant cheek. To the rest of the household, when presented by her proud and happy husband, she did vouchsafe a mere bend of the head, the which might

well have beseeemed a sovereign to her subjects rather than the wife of a colonist to her servants, methought.

“Proud and cold-hearted I did deem her that day, and proud and cold-hearted she did prove, looking down, despite her studied civility, upon us colonial folk, though in truth, with more seemliness might she—of an impoverished family, and but a distant kinsman withal of a baronet—have congratulated herself upon an alliance with a man of Richard Ford’s standing, wealthy in this world’s goods, to say naught of a true nobility of character beyond the power of money to buy.

“Perchance I need not say that on the first uprising of the colonists, Richard Ford, as did become a true and noble gentleman, and a Christian withal, was one of the first to draw his sword in defence of his country. When the news came of the landing of British troops on our shores, straightway did he go forth to meet them, and at the head of such a number of men, both gentlemen and lowly born, as was a goodly sight to behold. This he did against the will and wishes of his lady wife, who would fain have persuaded him that to resist tyranny was a heinous offence, and who did call him a traitor for taking up arms to defend his oppressed country, prating much, and, methought, unseemly, of her dearly beloved sovereign, King George the Third.

“This difference of his lady wife’s opinion from his own did sorely grieve Col. Ford, in whom, hitherto, he had seen no defect, so blind is love; and also did it greatly vex his mother, Dame Betty.

Moreover, the families of the borough, whom Mistress Elizabeth had affected to regard haughtily, did begin to cast cold and suspicious glances upon her, the which did in no wise lessen Master Ford’s grief or his mother’s vexation.

“Come I now to the winter of ’79 and ’80, that winter of such unparalleled and continuous severity, that, peradventure, the coldest weather thou hast ever known were quite as a summer noon in comparison. The principal encampment of Washington’s army was on the Wicke and Kimball farms, about four miles southwest of Morristown. At the entreaty of Dame Betty and Col. Ford, our beloved commander-in-chief did not make O’Hara’s tavern his headquarters as heretofore—thou wilt remember the army was encamped in the same town in ’77—but did agree to take up his abode in the Ford mansion, wherein the best apartments, including the library and a room adjoining thereunto, were appropriated to his exclusive use.

“Thither on the first of January, notwithstanding the severe cold, came Lady Washington, intent upon a brief visit with her noble and deservedly honored husband, the General. Right affable did we find the distinguished dame; not beautiful, but comely of countenance and figure, and of so pretty and engaging a courtesy withal, as to win all hearts.

“Ne’er shall I forget the day—I do entreat thee, my dear, to pardon me if now and again I digress from my more immediate narrative—the day whereupon it did seem becoming to several ladies of high position in the borough to call upon Lady Washing-

ton, ere she should take her departure, and pay their respects. To call upon so grand a lady 'twas beseeming in them, they considered, to don their best bibs and bands, so arrayed in ruffles of silk and lace they were presented to her ladyship by our good mistress.

"After their departure she did seek me in my room.

"Imagine, Ann,' quoth she, laughing the while most heartily, 'the dismay and discomfiture of the grand ladies when Lady Washington rose to receive them, knitting in hand, apologizing not for the speckled (check) gingham apron which she did wear over her simple woollen gown. Right prettily did she pass the compliments of the day, the which being over, placidly resume her knitting, the same being, as thou knowest, yarn stockings of huge dimensions destined for the General's feet.

"Moreover, during the conversation she did take occasion to remark, in a very pleasant manner that it was most important American ladies become patterns of industry, since the separation from the mother country must of a surety dry up the sources whence so many of our comforts and luxuries had hitherto been derived.

"Quoth she:

"We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism it becomes us, thenceforth, to be examples of thrift and industry—the while busily plying the long shining needles, Ann, as though the country's welfare, forsooth, did depend upon the near finish of the General's stockings.

"But to return, dearie, to Mistress Elizabeth Sterling.

"Through all this she did hold herself aloof, and whilst Col. Ford and his mother, proud of their distinguished guest, did entreat Gen. Washington with all honor, she, though she might not be openly discourteous to so noble a gentleman, was fain to meet his courtesy with cold, nay, frigid reserve, deeming him, in sooth, as a rebel leader in arms against his just and lawful sovereign. Not that at this period she dared thus openly to express herself, but we knew her sentiments of old, and naught had she done or said for us to believe she had changed them.

"Thus it was then, when, upon a certain day in February of the year 1780, an officer did draw rein before the Ford mansion and right civilly request an audience with our commander-in-chief, Gen. Washington. The General at the time was in the library deep over sundry maps and charts with Col. Ford and other officers, likewise certain gentlemen of high degree, but straightway did he receive the visitor, bestowing upon him, as did the others there assembled, a most gracious and friendly greeting.

"Ne'er saw I a goodlier countenance, and so meseemed thought Mistress Elizabeth, for at dinner that night she appeared most richly apparelled and, as I did note when occasion required my presence in the room, was to the new arrival exceeding gracious, engaging him in converse most pleasingly. When of a mind to attract my lady had a very pretty trick or fashion of smiling which did vastly become her, and that she was so minded, the smiles, which, like ripples o'er a star-

lit lake did curl her red lips that night, avowed most plainly.

“ ‘Tis passing strange, methought, marvelling at this, that Mistress Elizabeth is pleased not to bestow upon this Major in the continental army the same measure of contempt she hath been wont to favor other rebel leaders in arms; and led by an impulse I could in no wise have defined unto myself, I listened, when chance served, to scraps of their conversation.

“ ‘And Mistress Shippen,’ quoth she, ‘from her last letter I gather—’ and then to my exceeding vexation she herewith did lower her voice, and fall to dallying with the food upon her plate, caring naught, ’twas plain to be seen, for whatsoever was thereon, or that which did surround her. In tones likewise subdued the Major replied, his eyes o’erbold, methought, roving in undisguised admiration over Mistress Elizabeth’s figure, whose gown, according to the fashion of the day, was devised most too generously to display it.

“ ‘Howbeit from their discourse I did gather enough to warrant me in suspecting the pair had met before, and that Mistress Shippen, of whom they did make frequent mention, resided in Philadelphia, and, like my lady, was a tory in feeling if not British born.

“ ‘The day following, accompanied by Col. Ford and the Major, Gen. Washington rode out to the encampment returning at nightfall, weary and greatly depressed in spirits over the dreadful condition of his suffering troops.

“ ‘A sorrier lot I ne’er saw,’ quoth the Major to Mistress Elizabeth that night at dinner, ‘many of them with-

out shoes or blankets, the snow two feet deep, and the weather bitterly cold. In truth they did look more like ragamuffins than troops, I assure thee.’

“ ‘Then did Mistress Elizabeth’s lip curl in a scornful smile.

“ ‘Ay,’ quoth she, ‘barefooted, clothed in rags and half-starved. The path, they do tell me, which leadeth from the camp to the Wicke farmhouse, where they go to beg for alms, is oftentimes marked with blood from the cracked and naked feet of the soldiers. A fine army, in sooth,’ with a scornful laugh, ‘enfeebled from hunger and cold to array themselves against—’ And herewith Mistress Elizabeth did lower her voice and utter something which mine ear unhaply failed to catch.

“ ‘The day following I do mind it well, the Major did make divers and sundry excuses for not accompanying Gen. Washington and his host to the camp. ’Twas about two o’ the clock, that afternoon, when as I sat at my stitchery by the window at the end of the great hall, screened from observation by the damask curtains thereto, I did see Mistress Elizabeth stealthily leave the library wherein I had seen the Major enter quite an hour before. Greatly did I marvel at this, for had she entered the library through the door from the hallway of a surety I must have seen her. As I sat puzzling over the matter my lady retraced her steps as though she had forgot somewhat, and turning the knob of the door sought again to enter. It was locked, whereupon she did softly speak his name ere it was opened, the key turning in the ward, I did note at the time, very secretly.

"'My portfolio,' said she, 'it doth contain that which peradventure Col. Ford—' But here, to my exceeding vexation, the door closed upon her, and though I sat at my stitchery till long past the hour of seeing, yet came not Mistress Elizabeth forth.

"'Now I, fearful of many things, did consider it no less than my duty to startle the o'erbold pair, and forthwith advanced to the door and thereat did knock most lustily.

"'Enter!' said the Major, which I did, insomuch as the door was not locked, and there before the fire, alone, sat my gentleman reading, a flush of vexation methought upon his brow at the interruption.

"'I am in quest of Mistress Elizabeth,' quoth I, boldly, peering as I spoke into every corner of the room. 'Of a surety I did see her enter here quite three hours ago.' The Major frowned, and gave me a searching look.

"'I know naught of young Mistress Ford,' said he curtly, returning to his book, whereupon I did withdraw, but not before my quick ear had detected the sound of a door softly closed in the General's private room adjoining. This door, which did open upon a passage other than the great hall, was always kept locked as was the one opening from the room into the library, the keys whereof the General did keep in his own possession.

"'Then did my heart sink within me, and I did fall to wondering in what manner and for what purpose Mistress Ford had procured a duplicate key whereby she might enter the General's private room in his absence. No greater mischance, methought, could befall Master Richard than the

loss of his wife's affection, for as it chanced I had o'erheard him one day in sweet converse say, 'Such love as mine ne'er hath been on earth since Eden.' Of honor naught thought I at the time, no, not once, believe me.

"'Uneasily did I sleep that night, and as thou may'st conceive heard Major Arnold the next morning announce his instant departure with the greatest relief and joy, marvelling much, however, at the non-appearance of Mistress Elizabeth, who did choose to excuse herself, upon the plea of indisposition, from personally expressing her adieux.

"'And now, dearie, do I come to the more immediate matter of my narrative.

"'Twas on the third day after Major Arnold's departure, that Col. Ford and a certain Capt. Condict did ride away with Gen. Washington, not to return, I o'erheard him tell Mistress Elizabeth, till deep into the night. Howbeit the clock was on the stroke of twelve, noon, when Master Ford returned, looking, methought, exceeding anxious and careworn.

"'Has Capt. Condict been here, Elizabeth?' inquired he of his wife, who in surprise had advanced from the library to meet him.

"'No,' she made answer, 'I understood that you and he, likewise Gen. Washington, would not be home till midnight.'

"'It was so arranged,' returned he, noting not the confusion writ upon her face, 'but that has happened, Elizabeth, which has changed our plans. I wrote to Capt. Condict an hour ago—being then separated from him—to meet here at noon a certain

person whom it is most necessary for him to see.'

"What has happened?" queried Mistress Elizabeth, softly, her white jewelled fingers playing the while in his hair. 'Have the British advanced?'

"Tears did well into my eyes when I beheld him take that white hand and press it most tenderly to his lips.

"Something worse, love,' he made answer. 'I doubt, Elizabeth, that we have a traitor in our midst. Secrets which we thought safe are known to the enemy, and I much fear even a plan of our fortifications is in their possession.'

"But how could you know this?" asked she, right quickly, a look of doubt upon her face.

"He hesitated a moment, a half-playful smile upon his lips.

"Thou must not ask questions, my Elizabeth,' he then made answer. 'Tales of treachery and deceit are not fitted for thy sex to hear. 'Tis for thee to play upon the harpsichord and broider, whilst we of the harder and sterner sex find it our duty and privilege to fight for and defend thee,' whereupon the noble Colonel drew her to him and fondly kissed her, the which she did suffer for a moment, then, disengaging herself, looked at her watch and pleading an engagement with her mantaumaker hastily leave the room.

"Now my dear mistress, Dame Betty, had not, from indisposition, left her chamber that morning, and desiring a book from the library had requested of me to fetch it. The day was gloomy and the shadows within the large room deep, so that it chanced

from where I stood my presence to the pair was not known.

"For a space after Mistress Elizabeth's departure Col. Ford sat in deep, yea, painful abstraction before the fire, then in his impatience did rise and restlessly pace the floor. Scarce knowing what to do, I shrank farther into the shadows, into a little nook formed by a silken curtain, with no other intent, dearie, believe me, but to bide awhile hoping the Colonel would be called from the room whereby I could depart discreetly.

"To and fro he paced, to and fro, then seated himself before the fire again, sighing heavily. Presently I did see him stoop and pick up a fragment of paper which lay half hidden beneath the brass fender, and, with a pencil jot down upon it sundry letters or figures, very slowly and thoughtfully, as one who considers before he writes. Anon, that side being filled, he did turn it over, whereupon a look of surprise and perplexity came o'er his countenance as he read certain words writ thereon.

"That hand,' muttered he, 'verily it doth seem exceeding familiar to me,' whereupon he did stoop again and from beneath the fender withdraw other fragments of a letter intended peradventure to have been cast in the fire, the which he essayed, with much eagerness, to fit together upon a table near. Unhappily they failed to correspond, but that he had deciphered somewhat to render him uneasy I could not doubt, for with muttered words he straightway began to pace the floor again, an added gloom on his already clouded brow.

"Gustavus!' said he, 'Gustavus, I know not the name,' then, quite by

accident I do assure thee, the Colonel paused before his wife's writing desk whereupon lay her portfolio, the which, in her haste and confusion, methought, she had forgotten to lock within. Abstractedly did he lift the dainty thing, and as I had oftentimes seen him do with other trifles her white hands had touched, press it tenderly to his lips. Several slips of paper did thereupon flutter from between its leaves, and fall to the floor, the which he picked up and sought to restore again.

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, in a startled tone, 'the same hand,' and with a face gone white as the sheeted dead, bore them to the table whereon he had arranged the other fragments, seeking perchance, to know if in character they might correspond. That they did no need had I to see, for from his lips broke a cry so exceeding sorrowful and bitter that my heart near froze within me to hear.

"'My wife,' he groaned. 'Ah God, it cannot, *cannot* be!'

"'For a space he stood motionless, then advanced resolutely to Mistress Elizabeth's desk.

"'A man's honor, and the honor of his family,' said he aloud, 'do oftentimes require of him to do that which under other circumstances would be of itself dishonor;' and thereupon, with his strong hands, did he deliberately break open the lid of the locked desk.

"'What he found therein I cannot say, but from a secret compartment I did observe him withdraw a folded paper, with which, after reading, he did walk out of the room, along the passage, and up the staircase, straight, as I could hear, to the apartment of

Mistress Elizabeth, his wife. From it he at once descended, and calmly inquired of her maid at the foot of the stairs the whereabouts of her mistress.

"'That I know not, sir,' said she. 'She bade me to have her dinner dress laid out at six o' the clock, as she would not return till late.'

"'Ay, too late,' he muttered, 'perchance;' then donning cloak and hat the Colonel mounted his horse, and rode furiously away.

"'The torn bits of paper lay upon the table still, in the order wherein he had arranged them, and I, fearful they held some secret fraught with dishonor to the name of Ford, did proceed to sweep them into Mistress Elizabeth's portfolio, though not without discerning, greatly against my desire and wishes, believe me, the words, '*O'Hara's tavern*'—'*Between ten and midnight*,' and a date which I did afterward recall was the identical one of that day's happenings.

"'At dinner that night Mistress Elizabeth came in late and hurriedly, for which she did graciously apologize—there were always guests during those troublous times at the Ford mansion—but methought her manner was less easy, her eyes more bright and restless than was their wont, and I did notice her start and change color when suddenly addressed, or at any stir in the hall. As soon as she could with propriety leave the company, she so did, pleading fatigue, or headache, it doth not matter which.

"'That night, I do recall, was still and cold, the sky full of little white clouds lapped one over the other like shells on the seashore. Now and again the moon would strike through in a long bright ray, like unto a lance

severing the frosty air, and in the black front o' night shone a star, which I did liken, I remember, unto the star on the forehead of the Colonel's famous black stallion.

"Impressed with a vague feeling of anxiety I sought the library and, caring naught for candles, sat me down before the fire, the flickering light whereof did cast fantastic shadows about the room. How long I sat thus I know not, but presently my ear caught the sound of a movement within the General's private room adjoining, not stealthy, no, but as of one walking hurriedly, to and fro.

"Mistress Elizabeth again,' quoth I to myself, but hearing at this moment the rustle of silken skirts without, I did peer into the hall, and there, flitting stealthily across the landing at the head of the stairs, was my lady. She too was listening and watching—for what? Vaguely the inquiry crossed my mind, yet I doubted not that her proud heart held some guilty secret.

"Then, deeming it most fitting that I should know who this intruder might be in the General's room—who with Col. Ford was not expected home before midnight, as thou knowest—I scrupled not to knock right smartly upon the door and demand, in no gentle voice, to know who was within.

"Enter, good Mistress Greene,' said a familiar voice, yet so harsh and strained withal, I scarce did know it.

"Master Richard,' exclaimed I, but upon entering started back courtseying deeply, for there by the window, through which the moon shone palely, stood our beloved commander Gen. Washington.

"Truly,' quoth I, inwardly, 'my

eyes doth deceive me,' but no, it was indeed the General's tall, stately figure, his dignified attitude—the left hand in the breast of his coat—the wig, the high horseman's boots, the cocked and braided military hat which did confront me.

"So thou didst not know me, Mistress Greene?' again spoke the familiar voice; 'tis well. By the pale light of the moon thou didst take me for General Washington?'

"Marvellously art thou like him,' I responded, 'dressed as thou art in his very clothes;' whereupon Col. Ford relighted the candles upon the chimney-piece, the rays thereof falling upon his face did reveal it so ghastly white and changed that I scarce could control my grief at the sight of it.

"Thou art ill, Master Ford,' I cried seizing his hand, 'something dire has happened. Thy mother—I got no further in my speech, for at this moment the door suddenly opened and upon the threshold appeared Mistress Elizabeth, a look of displeasure upon her haughty features.

"Gen. Washington!' exclaimed she, with a slight courtesey, turning to retire, 'I did think I heard my husband's voice, else—' She paused here in her apology, for the light of the candles revealed to her clearly the features of Col. Ford.

"Richard, my husband,' cried she, advancing and laying her hand upon his arm, 'and in Gen. Washington's dress. What does it mean? I do entreat thee to tell me, dearest.'

"Ne'er a word answered he, but shrank from her touch, with such a look of grief and agony upon his face as doth haunt me still.

"Then came a red mark all across

her brow as though he had smitten her.

"'I demand to know the meaning of this masquerade,' said she sharply, 'and wherefore thou takest another,' with a scornful glance in my direction, 'into thy confidence?'

"Then did Master Ford bow his noble head, and in a low tone utter a few words whereof I did catch but '*thy handmaid*,' and '*dishonor*,' and with that look upon his face, as of one long ill and nigh unto death, he put her from him and slowly left the room.

"At his words the blood rushed back to her heart, and I did note she turned whiter than a lamb at the shearing and her lips like unto white threads. Motionless thus she stood, hearkening to the furious pace at which the Colonel rode away, then, perchance, her haughty spirit wounded that I, a servant, should have witnessed this slight put upon her, turned angrily to me.

"What meaneth this masquerade?' she demanded, 'and wherefore, Mistress Greene, art thou closeted with my husband, discoursing of matters too secret it doth seem for his wife's ears?'

"Verily,' I made answer, wrought to anger in turn by her looks and sneers, 'thou askest too much of me, Mistress Elizabeth. For a surety the General's private room holdeth many secrets of late. Dost know aught of them?'

"Then did that red mark shoot across her brow again as if it were my hand this time which had smitten her, seeing which, I did feel a strong desire within me to chronicle somewhat of that day's happenings, mentioning naught of the portfolio or desk, but

merely the fragments of a letter which Col. Ford had found beneath the fender.

"Whereupon her face grew white as a wind flower, and the hand she laid upon my arm shook as the leaves upon a tree when the shaft is smitten by lightning.

"Thou knowest more than thou chocest to tell, good Mistress Greene,' said she, with unwonted gentleness. 'Tell me all I beseech thee! Of what did the fragments treat?'

"They did convey but little meaning to my mind, Mistress Elizabeth,' I made answer, 'but thou canst, peradventure, attach unto them some more definite meaning. Thou wilt find them all in your portfolio.'

"My portfolio,' she gasped, 'my portfolio!' and like one distraught rushed to her desk in the library.

"Midnight struck at this moment, and scarce had I done listening to the strokes of the distant town clock when, through the darkness and stillness of the night, rang a cry so long and anguish fraught that it near stilled the life within me.

"Save him!' shrieked Mistress Elizabeth, rushing into the hall, the while deserted, but filled now with a company all waxed distraught at the unseemly clamor. 'Oh, help me, help me to save him!'

"Thus she stood, arrayed all in her dinner dress of silks and jewels, when, as though in answer to her agonized entreaty, the great hall door was opened from the outside and upon the threshold appeared a squad of soldiers bearing a litter. At its head, his usually calm and serene countenance bearing traces of deep grief and emotion, stood the tall majestic form of our ever-

loved and revered general, George Washington.

"'Thy son,' said he, clasping both of Dame Betty's hands in his, as the soldiers filed in and sat their ghastly burden down, 'thy noble son, my honored friend, who, this night, in place of my unworthy self, hath met death at the hands of an assassin.'

"'Then did the shrieks of Mistress Elizabeth ring out afresh as she threw herself upon that blood-stained corpse, and howsoever guilty she had been in plotting the death of Gen. Washington with that arch-traitor, Benedict Arnold, I did know from her ravings that her true heart's affection had been wholly given to her husband, Col. Richard Ford.'"

Here my mother stopped in the housekeeper's narrative as though the story were done.

"But what became of Mistress Elizabeth Ford?" I queried. "To turn her portrait to the wall were slight punishment, indeed, for such a crime."

"Never again was she looked upon or spoken to by any member of Col. Ford's family, and after the funeral—which she was not permitted to attend—so shunned was she by all good folk that, in the housekeeper's own words, 'right shortly did she remove from the Ford mansion into the British lines, by express permit of Lord Cornwallis, the British commander, himself.'

"Of her after-fate," continued my mother, "little is known. After the surrender of Cornwallis, Benedict Arnold—who in all his traitorous correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton signed himself 'Gustavus'—removed to England. In his house, most fittingly situated within a stone's throw of Tyburn, a woman closely resembling Mistress Elizabeth Sterling was often seen, related 'twas said to his wife, a Miss Shippen of Philadelphia, a woman, no doubt, who like him, because of the infamy of a crime, was glad to sink into utter obscurity."

Mother-Love

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

TO measure it there is no need to try;
 'Tis bounded not by earth, nor sea, nor sky.
 Broader than earth is broad; the heart its home—
 That tender love which you and I have known.
 Deeper than all the seas that round us roll;
 A sheltered haven for the storm-tossed soul.
 Infinite as is God's eternal sky;
 To measure it there is no need to try.
 One of His mysteries; let it alone,—
 That tender love which you and I have known!

Reminiscences of Wendell Phillips

By Lillie B. Chace Wyman

THE charm of Wendell Phillips's personality is fast becoming a tradition, but there are men and women still living for whom the streets of Boston seem haunted by his beautiful and brilliant presence. The sweetness of his nature is unguessed by the college boys who to-day declaim his orations in accents that sound odd to those ears that are even yet filled with the music of his delivery.

I suppose that I must have heard Mr. Phillips speak and lecture from fifty to a hundred times, but in this paper I propose chiefly to recall the man as he seemed to his friends. One or two bits of contemporary description of himself and the group of workers in which he stood are found in a schoolgirl's letter, written in May, 1864, concerning a much perturbed convention of the New England Antislavery Society, at the time when the nation was engaged in its last struggles with the slave power.

"The meeting opened, officers were chosen and committees appointed. Mr. Quincy, of course, was chairman. He seemed much as usual, most decidedly the right man in the right place, well versed in rules, impartial, dignified. Mr. Garrison sat on the platform, and near him, Phillips. Thompson was pres-

ent, but excused himself from speaking because of ill-health. Nobody came forward to speak, though those wont to speak were there. Mr. Phillips looked serious, a trifle anxious perhaps. A manifest reluctance to commence a discussion that must be stormy hung over all. The hall rang with calls for 'Phillips, Phillips,' but with unmoved countenance that gentleman sat still. Mr. Garrison touched him with his umbrella, but made no impression. Still the calls sounded. Mr. Garrison at last spoke to Phillips, who shook his head, and Mr. G. got up and said, 'The spirit did not move Mr. P., and they must wait till it did.' One or two short addresses followed before Mr. Foster opened the discussion of the Presidential campaign. The ice was broken and in they went! Mr. Phillips went into an inner room connecting with the platform, or stood on the end of it at some distance from the speakers. Charles Burleigh spoke very finely. . . . Then came more wild calls for Phillips, who looked more propitious than before, but stood still, perhaps to increase his value when he did come. Quincy got up to try and still the uproar. 'Mr. Phillips,' he said, 'would come if he chose to and wouldn't if he didn't.' A. says they all treat Mr. P. as if he

were a baby, and it must be confessed he has his caprices. Rather rough handling for a 'baby' he got before that convention was through.

"At last Mr. Phillips began to move forward, but by his delay he had lost the chance. Mr. Wright had the floor. Mr. Phillips came on, till suddenly perceiving, he stepped aside with a gesture of apology. . . . Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Phillips, as I said, were standing side by side. In front and between them sat Mr. Garrison, and the three formed a triangle of remarkable faces in perfect repose,—Mr. Burleigh with his face so like the portraits of Christ, Mr. Phillips looking statue-like in the immobility of his Roman features, and between and below both, the purely American face of William Lloyd Garrison."

The letter goes on to tell that during one session a man got up in the back of the hall and attacked Mr. Phillips in terms that seemed to imply that the orator had been criticising some public officials "like a blackguard," and when a wild uproar of disapproval greeted the insinuation, the man retracted so far as to say, "I grant Mr. Phillips that he is a gentleman," a retraction which caused much laughter, in which Mr. Phillips joined. The critic in the audience continued his remarks undaunted, and finally said, quoting from a speech that a young man had made in another meeting in Boston that same anniversary week, "If Wendell Phillips would do as . . . did, kneel down and ask counsel of God, he would change his opinions." After this speech was done, Samuel May of Leicester,

Massachusetts, "came forward, saying he considered this remark 'a piece of inexpressible cant'—cheers and hisses—'of inexpressible cant,' repeated Mr. May. 'What right had that man to drag Wendell Phillips praying or not praying before a Boston audience? It was the same thing as saying that Mr. Phillips had gone through all this work of thirty years without a God. Surely there was no man in the country who had shown more conclusively that God had been with him in his life than Wendell Phillips. Everybody knew that Mr. Phillips was orthodox, of the Old South Church orthodoxy. If he did not pray, who had been his teachers?' As M. and I," continues the letter, "were coming out (of the hall), we heard a man say, 'I know what kind of praying Wendell Phillips does. He sends food to the hungry and clothing to the naked,—and I *know* it, for I've carried them for him.'"

In this letter I find that Mr. Phillips's bearing on the platform when not speaking is described as curiously effective in its composure and grace. He had a remarkable way of seeming to withdraw his eyes from sight, so that light and color and shape were blotted out, and then when he smiled, letting them flash and gleam with extraordinary vividness. His eyes were light, a sort of blue, and not very large.

His manner towards his opponents, as soon as debate was ended, was affectionate, even to demonstrativeness.

"It's only Pickwickian," he said



Wendell Phillips

From the "Liberty Bell," 1845. The original was an etching by J. Andrews, from a daguerreotype by Southwick.

gayly to one who questioned him as to the effect on their private feelings of some rather heated discussion into which personalities had crept. "Rather hard on me," he characterized one marvellous oratorical attack upon his position, "but none the less eloquent for that." "I? Oh, I'm as soft as silk," he answered to another inquiry as to his continued friendliness to his critics and antagonists.

Mr. Phillips's power over his hearers was rather amusingly illustrated at about this period of his career by the experience of a friend of my mother's, a man of brains and scholarship, afterwards president of a college. This man really disagreed quite seriously with Mr. Phillips on some questions at issue among the leading abolitionists, and he used

to go to the antislavery meetings resolved to vote with the party in opposition, but regularly, after hearing Mr. Phillips, he would vote with him. He would admit his vacillation and return to another session of the convention, determined this time to resist the orator's fascination, but when the vote came he could not. "I can't help it," was his only laughing plea for himself.

Some romantic stories were told of Mr. Phillips's marriage in his early youth to Ann Greene. It was said that he fell in love with her at first sight and that she converted him to abolitionism, but apparently the seeds of his future opinions had been sowed before he met this ardent girl Garrisonian, for he told a friend that he and Charles Sumner expected to be introduced to Ann at the same time, and among a party of young people who were to go together to a wedding, and that Sumner and he disputed as to which was the more likely to win her favor. "Charles," said Mr. Phillips, "claimed that he had the better



From a silhouette made in London in 1841

ANN GREENE PHILLIPS

chance because he had read the *Liberator* longer than I had,—but when the time came, I went and Charles didn't."

Mrs. Phillips's health failed before her marriage, and though she experienced a temporary recovery during the first years of their union, she led for from thirty to forty years what was practically a shut in life. We younger folk of the antislavery clan used to hear her spoken of as if she were a sort of Egeria shut away from all mortal eyes and ears, save those of her husband, whose thought and action she was said to inspire and guide. That strenuous natured woman, Abby Kelley Foster, was one of the few intimate friends who saw her more or less often. Mrs. Foster had an intense admiration for her. She considered her to be gifted with an almost superhuman quality of sympathy and intuition. "You never have to tell her anything," said Mrs. Foster, "she seems to know everything without being told."

Once when he and she must have been towards sixty years old, I asked Mr. Phillips what he really meant by his customary reply to inquirers that his wife was "about as usual." He meant, he said, that she was able to enjoy looking out of the windows upon Essex Street, where she saw a good deal of the stir of life. This enjoyment of hers in watching the passing wagons and other vehicles was the reason they preferred to reside on that street after it had become a thoroughfare. Sometimes, he continued, she came down stairs to the floor below her bedroom and looked around the

house, but she never stayed an hour outside of her own chamber, and never took a meal out of it. I have heard that he ate all his meals with her at her bedside, but he did not tell me so. "She was a very lively, high-spirited girl," he said, "when I first knew her. It is as if she had acquired some brightness and force in those days which has stayed by and borne her up through all these years."

Of course there was another part to the story,—a daily sacrifice by him of social gayety, of home comfort and personal freedom in little things. He told Mrs. Foster once that every time he arose in the night to do anything for her, he struck a match to light the lamp, and one morning, just before his talk with Mrs. Foster, he had counted the matches and found he had used twenty-one in the previous night.

"I did not mean to lecture much this winter," he said to my mother after the execution of John Brown. "I promised Ann in the fall that I would stay at home and be a very good husband, but there came this Harper's Ferry affair, and I had to break all my promises. But *she* encouraged me to do so."

I saw Mrs. Phillips twice, the first time during my school days. Mrs. Foster wanted me to see her, and arranged it with Mr. Phillips. "It's a sight," he said with tender humor, "to see Ann." She made much the same impression on my mind, both times I saw her, though there was an interval of fully fifteen years between the visits. She lay on a bed in a small room, but during the first visit she sat up and looked with

frank eagerness over a box of flowers which was brought to her, and before I left, she got up on her feet for a few minutes. She was of medium size and her shoulders were slightly out of shape, or so it seemed to me. She had smooth brown hair, very delicate features and the waxen complexion that betokens the indoor life of the invalid. She had a naïve, girlish way of speaking. I fancied that her seclusion from society had left her manner unchanged through all her maturer years from what it had been in the gay days of early love and hope, when she and her brilliant lover had been together in the outer world. It struck me that she had lived in an atmosphere so free from criticism that she had never tried to modify herself. "We are one, you know," she said simply and sweetly, speaking of herself and her husband.

Shortly after both Mr. and Mrs. Phillips died it was my fortune to hear Frederick Douglass and Susan B. Anthony talk together of the dead orator. The voice of Douglass came brokenly from his expressive mouth, as he spoke of the time when Wendell Phillips had walked a steamboat deck with him all night, refusing to go below and take a berth, because such accommodation was refused to Douglass on account of his color. It was thrilling to hear the old man, then honored and accepted, in spite of his color, tell of that companionship in hardship, when he was young and despised, and his comrade was beautiful in self-sacrificing youth. "That's the sort of thing a man never forgets," he murmured.



WENDELL PHILLIPS AT FIFTY

Miss Anthony's reminiscence on this occasion gave a different picture from that suggested by Douglass, but the man of whom she told was the same in old age as Douglass had shown him to be in his splendid youth,—one who sought to bear another's burden. She said that she had a talk with Mr. Phillips some time within the last two or three years of his life. It must have been after he knew he had heart disease. It was probably after he, at least, suspected what the world learned only after his death, that his property had dwindled away, and that he was a very poor man, liable to leave his widow old and sick and poverty stricken. He said to Miss Anthony, "I remember seeing my grandfather look out of the window at my grandmother's funeral, and hearing him say, 'I thank God I



PHILLIPS ENTERING HIS HOUSE,
50 ESSEX STREET

have lived to see her go first.' I did not understand his feeling then, but I know now what it was. I have lived to have every hope and desire merge itself and be lost in the one wish that I may outlive Ann."

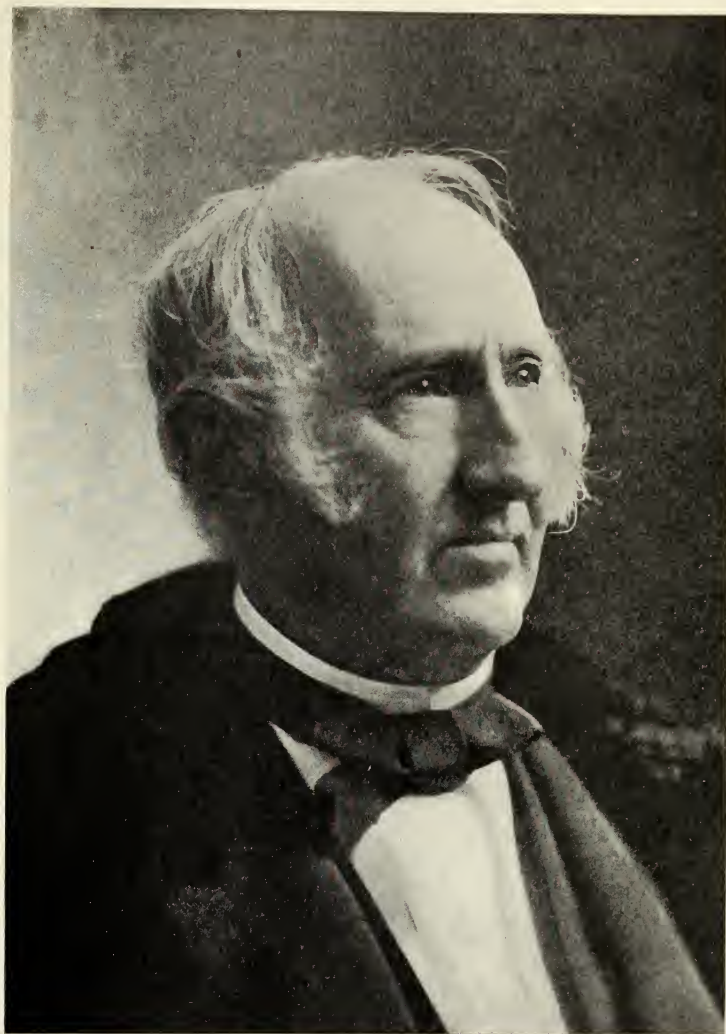
That wish was not granted. He died and left his wife to the chances of care from others. This was given, however, by friends and relatives, and the household upon which her comfort depended was maintained until her death, about two years after his.

One of the pretty stories told of Mr. Phillips is that he found pleasure in stealing up to children whom he saw gazing with wistful hopelessness into shop windows and

slipping money into their hands. "I think," said the person who related this, "if they see his face as he passes, they must think it is that of an angel."

It was reported after Mr. Phillips's death that he had destroyed before his last sickness all the notes and evidences of indebtedness which he held against any persons. He had helped many people during his lifetime with small loans. He left them all free at the end. Possibly a certain kindly humor was mingled with the impulse which led him to make it sure that his death should on no account increase a burden which he could lighten for any weary heart. Perhaps he knew that only trouble for them and not money for "Ann" could come of any attempt to collect these notes. He once made the statement to a friend, that with a single exception he had never been repaid when he had lent money merely as a kindness, "in," he said, "the small sums one lends for such a reason, fifty or a hundred dollars, and I have made," he added, "a great many such loans. The one man who paid me back," he continued, smiling, "was a crank about money matters and had conscientious scruples against giving a note. 'I hope you don't mind, Mr. Phillips,' said he, 'I can't give you a note for this money, but I assure you it won't make any difference about my paying it back.' And I murmured, 'Oh, dear, no, I don't mind. It won't make any difference.' I hadn't any idea it would. I supposed he would do as the others did, but he actually paid me back."

Mr. Phillips was one of the very



WENDELL PHILLIPS AT SEVENTY

few radical abolitionists who went through the struggle with church and state in which the antislavery conflict involved them without such modification of original orthodoxy as made itself more or less publicly evident. To just what hue Mr. Phillips's theology became finally shaded I never knew or heard, or whether, indeed, it was shaded at all from Calvin's color.

He was absolutely opposed to religious intolerance,—so much so that he objected to the use of the word "tolerance" to express the right relation of the believer to the heretic. "I no more tolerate the infidel, than he tolerates me," he used to say. "He has the same right that I have." This seems a moderately self-evident statement now, but it had the force almost of pure originality,

when he made it in the Boston which had but recently closed its pulpits to Theodore Parker.

In the years immediately succeeding the Civil War, Mr. Phillips told my mother that he considered the work of the Free Religious Association "a good thing, but that he was himself too busy to take any part in it." On one occasion I heard him speak somewhat freely as to his own views and defend the orthodox side in a theological discussion at the Radical Club in Boston. My impression is that he devoted himself chiefly to asserting the supernatural character of Jesus Christ, and that he based his belief in that supernaturalism upon the historical results of Christ's work on earth, as being beyond what was possible for a mere human being to accomplish. He was, I remember, listened to with a respect amounting to deference and almost to reverence, by a company of prominent thinkers on theological subjects, nearly every one of whom differed fundamentally from him in opinion. After the formal discussion was over John T. Sargent, the host of the club, a "liberal" in theology, very small in person, and perhaps larger in heart than in head, went around the room smiling benignantly and assuring us all in bits of side talk, that "Wendell had been so busy all his life in working for these great causes that, you see, he had had no time to think about theological matters," and he implied very emphatically that if "Wendell" had taken the time to think over his creed, he would, of course, have known better than to remain orthodox.

Notwithstanding his failure to appreciate the moral and intellectual value of the dramatic art, Mr. Phillips was himself an artist and used his own personality, his body and his soul for the material of his art, just as much as any actor on the stage. This is not saying that he was not sincere in his oratory, quite the contrary, namely, that he was so sincerely an orator that every atom of his being moved in accord when he made his great pleas for liberty. It was not art for art's sake, it was that higher art which unites itself because of its own perfectness with the moral passions and declares the truth as the artist sees it. He has been described as seeming like a marble statue, cool and white, while a stream of lava issued red-hot from its lips. His coolness was only apparent, and as a friend of his has said, if you approached him, you felt that his quietness was only the stillness of intense passion, and you realized that he was no marble statue, but that he bore within him a soul which burned always at the point of white heat.

When Mr. Phillips arose to address an audience, there was a momentary timidity in his manner. It was graceful and controlled timidity, showing itself in the slow pronunciation of his first words, which indeed were not very audibly spoken. This manner soon glided into that of sustained and artistic oratory. It was said that he was always really frightened when he began his speeches and his own description of his feelings was, "that it seemed to him the height of presumption for him to stand before an audience and

pretend that he had anything to say that had made it worth while for them to have come to hear him."

All testimony as to Mr. Phillips's behavior in the presence of mobs asserts him to have been possessed of superb physical courage, and endowed on such occasions with a fineness of manner which bore shining witness to the gentlemanly quality in his blood. One of my friends saw him face an infuriated New York mob. He stood on the platform, controlling their passions as if the emotions of men were his playthings, alternately rousing his listeners to rage by some defiant utterance of opinions that they hated, and exciting them to laughter by his wit. Once some of the leaders rushed forward and cut a curtain rope and cried out that they would hang him. "Oh, wait a minute," said he quietly, "till I tell you this story." The Rev. Mr. Berle "on one occasion when General Miles was in Boston, asked him what was the bravest thing he had ever seen. The general said that it was the delivery of a speech by Wendell Phillips in Music Hall. After it the speaker quietly left the hall and went to his home while a mob of ten thousand men howled around thirsting for his blood."

On that May day of 1863, when the 54th Massachusetts Regiment made up of colored soldiers marched through the city of Boston under the leadership of Colonel Shaw, on its way South to the walls of Fort Wagner, the remnant of one of the first regiments that the state had sent many months before came back to the city. I saw both processions,

that of the homeward bound veterans, and that of the men who were to go forth and prove the quality of an untried race. I was with Mr. Garrison, his daughter and a party of friends in Mr. Phillips's house, when the colored regiment swept through Essex Street. We waited its coming in a room which, so far as I ever knew the house, appeared to be at once the reception room and Mr. Phillips's study. It contained as its most prominent furniture a large table, covered with pamphlets and other papers, a big sofa, a bust of John Brown and another of one of the Bowditch family. Mr. Phillips was not present with us, but Mr. Garrison found him finally, and got permission to take the bust of John Brown and the Bowditch pedestal out on the balcony. Miss Garrison steadied the pedestal, and the bust of the Harper's Ferry hero was placed on it, and her father stood beside the young girl as she held it firm while the regiment went by, and some of the officers lifted their hats to the great abolitionist and his daughter and to the symbol of a consecration like their own. Mr. Phillips, meanwhile, was in the room above, watching the soldiers with his wife.

Mr. Phillips came to see me in New York in the autumn of 1878, soon after my marriage. My husband had been an old friend of his in antislavery days, and he explained to me that he would have come to my wedding but that he was obliged that very day to attend the funerals of two old antislavery women. He was rather sad during this call. He was passing through

New York on a lecturing trip. He said he was not well enough to lecture, but that it was necessary that he should do it. His clothes were a little shabby. He had his travelling bag with him and it was a very worn and defaced one. My mother, who had known him long, was present, and he said to her at parting, "You must make much of me, you won't have me long." I had reason afterwards to suspect that it was just about the time of this visit that he had learned that he had an incurable heart trouble, and probably his money difficulties were also then culminating.

A year later he called on us in Boston and was much more cheerful, although I think it was then that he told us that many of his relatives had died suddenly, and he added that it was a very good way to go. When his own time came, not a very great while afterwards, he suffered for several days before the heart entirely failed. How little recreation he had in the latter part of his life may be inferred from the fact that once he told me that he had not made "a visit" since he had called on me about twelve months previously.

In this chapter of reminiscences I purposely refrain from much allusion to the loneliness of heart which came upon Mr. Phillips in consequence of the alienation between himself and some of his old co-workers, an alienation which was caused by differences of opinion as to what was right or wise in the conduct of the antislavery societies in certain emergencies. These

friendships had been somewhat restored and this pain relieved in the latter years of his life, but the wound to his affections was, I think, never quite healed. I refer to it now, without discussion in regard to who was right or who was wrong in the matter, only to say that I several times heard Mr. Phillips speak of the trouble between himself and his former associates, and that he invariably spoke lovingly, gently and in the tone of one who seeks to find excuse for the friend who has hurt him.

Of one person, between whom and himself there never was, so far as I know, any misunderstanding, he talked with such tender appreciation, that I am tempted to tell of his sympathetic friendship for her, the more because in the biographies of her distinguished husband, comparatively little vivid portraiture of her has been attempted. This was the wife of Theodore Parker, a woman, according to Mr. Phillips, of an exquisite delicacy of nature, who always did quietly the thing that it was in the best taste to do. She was, he said, too modest, and had an idea that she was not intellectual enough to talk with many of her husband's friends, so she stayed in the shadow, and let others fill the foreground of social life at his house. "I'm sure I don't know why," commented Mr. Phillips. "She talked very sensibly, and I liked to talk with her much better than with Z.," and here he mentioned one of the only two persons whom I remember hearing him ever speak of in a tone of personal dislike. The other was a man who had trouble with his

wife, and Mr. Phillips, calmly but with much earnestness, informed me that if he had been that wife's brother he would simply have shot the husband! "There's nothing to do with such a man but shoot him," naïvely remarked this upholder of law and order against mob violence.

I met Mr. Phillips for the last time during the winter before his death. I found him on the sidewalk looking at a comic print in the window. I took him in a carriage to my own destination. He was not wholly in sympathy with all the methods that were being tried to effect a civil service reform, and the print had suggested to him some incident which he told, relating to the discharge from employment of an old soldier. He spoke mournfully during this brief ride of his wife's condition and of their life. "We sit and grumble together," he said, but when I impulsively begged him not to let sadness be the dominant feeling of his life, he answered with a peculiarly sweet smile which it has always been good to remember. I left him in the carriage with orders to the driver to take him wherever he wished to go, and did not dream when I said good by, that I should never see his face again till the spirit had gone from it and his body should lie in Faneuil Hall for the throng to look upon.

Of his funeral I recall principally its inevitable emotion, and the sight of Frederick Douglass and his white wife among the mourners, and the figure of Oliver Wendell Holmes marching with the other bearers up the aisle of Hollis Street Church, where in former days John Pier-

pont had preached for righteousness. The funeral of Wendell Phillips was the last occasion on which the building was used for any religious service. It was then turned into a temple of that art of which Mr. Phillips appears not to have approved. The public funeral was arranged by the sons of William Lloyd Garrison, but at the gate of the city burial ground where the body was first interred, the Phillips family, who had loved their kinsman but had not sympathized with his career, took possession, and the Garrison brothers gave up their charge of the honored dust of Boston's noblest orator. "I love beyond expression," he had said in one of his speeches, "those Boston pavements over which my mother held up my baby footsteps." For two years his mortal heart lay close to these echoing pavements, but after his wife's death his body was removed and buried beside hers in a suburban cemetery.

The following letters are given that they may bear witness to the sweetness which was a marked characteristic of Wendell Phillips in private life. The tone of compliment running through them was undoubtedly habitual with him, and their exquisite deference and courtesy were due to the artistic element in the man's nature which made it necessary for him always to be as graceful and gracious as possible, especially if he were playfully refusing some request made by his correspondent. He had known her from childhood in that kindly but never intimate fashion in which a childless man often knows and re-

gards the children of people removed from any close association with his daily existence, but associated with him by their sympathy with his main purposes and labors on this earth. The first is dated Decoration Day, but the year is not given. It was probably in the late sixties:

"My dear Young Friend: I am so sorry I was out when you left those exquisite flowers. Perhaps I could have told you better than I can write, how delighted Mrs. Phillips would be. But then I should not have been charged, as I am now, with message on message from her of thanks.

"She can't imagine—I hope she'll never be able to—the pleasure they are in a sick room. I don't believe you'll express it warmly enough. It was so thoughtful,—tell her I'm ever so grateful."

"So fancy (what I trust will ever be only fancy for you) eight months' weakness and pain,—then a little better and just capable of enjoying such sweet and dainty things,—then you'll feel, oh so much better than I can tell you, what a nice good friend you've been and how truly I am most cordially yours,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

It was often his correspondent's task to write to persons wanted by individuals or societies, who were getting up meetings of one sort or another, and to urge their attendance. She has several notes from Mr. Phillips in response to such requests. Once, two or three years before his death, she succeeded in persuading him to attend a woman suffrage convention in a city distant an hour or more from Boston. Her heart smites her after all these years to think what a burden she laid upon a wearied man when she got him to make the effort to come. She fears that he received no recom-

pense for his services that day, but that part of the arrangement did not lie in her province, and it must be remembered in excuse for the reformers who permitted the sacrifice from him, that none of them had any idea while he lived that he was not a man of large property. He admitted playfully to his correspondent that he came because she asked him to, rather than out of regard for the other folk in charge of the meeting, and her consolation now is the recollection that it was the only time that he submitted to any such imposition from her. At the meeting he spoke in his usual vein on the question of woman suffrage, claiming that the state needed the votes of women to secure its own moral health, even more than women needed the ballot for their protection. This occasion is deserving of attention as a complete proof how odd is the error which some recent writer has made, in saying that Mr. Phillips never publicly advocated woman suffrage during the later years of his life. He was very gracious and interesting on the day of this speech, told little scraps of Boston gossip, and submitted very gently to some rather daring suggestion that his much criticised support of Benjamin F. Butler was a matter lacking entire justification in the eyes of his companion. He defended and explained himself with perfect good nature and with that freedom from the assumption of superiority either as to knowledge or wisdom which he always showed, whether he were talking to a child or to a grown person who had the right to intellectual consideration.

"Feb. 15.

"*Dear Friend:* Why don't you become a lawyer? No jury could ever resist you. How skilfully you group and marshal your topics! How adroitly you suggest what won't bear full statement! What word painting and such unction! Ah, be an advocate and we need not abolish capital punishment, for with such an attorney to stand for him no one could be hung.

"If suits like those which Wheeling brought against the brilliant New York lady did not threaten me I should have packed carpet bag at once and surrendered to your orders, reporting for duty wherever you assigned me. But always trying to get far off enough to criticise you, I had acquired the habit of resisting in order to criticise and so stood proof even against such a letter. I am literally unable to come.

"But hurrah and ten thousand cheers for Europe! Sink back into history in England. Sun yourself in France. Bathe in beautiful Italy,—make me crazy when I think you'll see the Pyramids and laugh in Damascus. Ah, if you do, can I do anything but hate you in my envy? Congratulate M—— and go and enjoy yourself, remembering sometimes

"Yours,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The next bears date a few years later. Apparently he had answered the invitation with the usual refusal at the time of receiving it and then three months later had impulsively written a second reply:

"6th August, '77.

"*Dear Friend:* It was 6th May you wrote that lovely coaxing note,—so hard to resist. How do you justify yourself in throwing such temptations to weary ones of earth? But poor Massachusetts mortals can't come to heaven just when they'd like to. So I had to be obstinate, plant my feet firm on solid earth and 'stick' as Sumner advised.

"I never answered it and probably never shall any way worth while. I

meant to do so, and have had gay clouds of gorgeous hue floating half the time ever since, before my eyes. But the happy moment never comes and I have about decided to own up that I cannot Won't that do as well?

"As I re-read it just now I wonder where I got the pluck to say *no*, and plume myself on an immense amount of moral power in adhering to anything against such magnetism.

"But don't venture again, 'mankind are unco weak,' you mind, and I might lose all my fine feathers, give up solemn engagements and come.

"I fancy you rollicking on some seaweed shore or far up among the hill mists and 'calculate' (don't despise Yankee traits) you'll see this about October, russet time or the age of 'rusty coats' as my Welsh cook has it. Well, I wish it may content you a tenth part as much as your ninety-day-old note has charmed me to-day.

"Since I saw you I've been where that 'baby' was talked of and we remembered you all most affectionately as I do now.

"Yours faithfully,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The next letter was written after his correspondent had sent him a newspaper article, the joint work of herself and of Horace R. Cheney, a young Boston lawyer, who died a few years later at the beginning of a brilliant career. He and she had each written an article on some issue then pending in Massachusetts politics, which in some way affected the cause of woman suffrage in which both were believers. She had then taken the two articles and picking out what she deemed best in both had put them together. The styles of the two writers blended so easily that in one or two cases half a sentence was chosen from her production and half from Mr. Cheney's. This was all explained to

Mr. Phillips, but he, being naturally more interested in the girl's share in the work than in that of Mr. Cheney who was then unknown to him, in his reply overrated her part and the evidence of her ability. The letter, however, though not entirely deserved by the recipient, as well as the one that follows, is worth noting in any study of Wendell Phillips's character, as they both reveal the effort that he, a busy and half sick man, was willing to make to help a young creature find the proper path for activity. They show also how well this keen but sympathetic adviser knew that the only way to induce a young person of chaotic impulses to work with steady purpose was to persuade that person that she was capable of doing work that would amount to something.

"June 11, '71.

"*Dear Friend:* I read your article with very great interest, expecting a good deal, and finishing it in entire satisfaction. You explain and defend a vital principle with great clearness and force. . . . You say your wish is to use life in the service of the race. Let me suggest that as you eschew the platform, you do not neglect the press. You evidently love that field, else you couldn't do so well there. Your quick epigrammatic way, flashing to a conclusion, and never falling to a commonplace is just fitted for the press. Perhaps you reluct at the effort. If so, a little practice will make it easy. Now don't force anything, but as topics suggest themselves (they will if you watch and turn your thoughts that way) write something for your local journal or for the *W. R. Journal*,* or for the *Standard* as often as once in two or three weeks. It will keep your blade bright, wonderfully educate you and soon make your influence felt.

*He probably meant the *Woman's Journal*.

"Plainly that's the way Providence calls you to work. Rejoice that you've found it and found it so clearly designated. *Nil sine labore*, which means 'no great thing without toil.' You must not construe it literally since you've done much already, and I guess without much toil. Kindest regards to mother.

"Yours faithfully,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"P. S. I would not advise your confining yourself exclusively to reform topics, though I'd keep you mostly there. D. has not MORAL sense enough with all his other good sense to see that he is demolished. I must not forget your friend and co-worker, though I can discern only your hand."

"Sept., '71.

"*My dear Young Friend:* I plan to vacationize this winter—shall speak very little—and taking it lazily with old lectures I plan to show myself only in new places. So 'have me excused.'

"I'm glad to know you've found your calling. Yes, the press. Talk through it. In time I feel you'll break forth on the platform. May I be there to rejoice and applaud. With regards to home,

"Yours,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The following letter was written after the death of one of his correspondent's brothers:

"April 24.

"*Dear Friend:* Your sad note reached me to-day. My heart bleeds for you. Mother has dark hours to live just now. I know what such sorrow is, standing as I have done over all that was left here of what to me, though only a petted young brother, was like a son. I shall never forget the pang; it is keen and fresh yet. How constantly God weans us from this scene.

"But you have such a noble life to be comforted by. He lived worthy of all your highest hopes. It is great consolation when we regret only the separation.

"I wish I could come to you. But

HERE

WENDELL PHILLIPS RESIDED DURING FORTY YEARS,

DEVOTED BY HIM TO EFFORTS TO SECURE

THE ABOLITION OF AFRICAN SLAVERY IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE CHARMS OF HOME, THE ENJOYMENT OF WEALTH AND LEARNING,

EVEN THE KINDLY RECOGNITION OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WERE BY HIM ACCOUNTED AS NAUGHT COMPARED WITH DUTY.

HE LIVED TO SEE JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT, FREEDOM UNIVERSAL,

AND TO RECEIVE THE TARDY PRAISES OF HIS FORMER OPPONENTS.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE POOR, THE FRIENDLESS,

AND THE OPPRESSED ENRICHED HIM.

IN BOSTON

HE WAS BORN 29 NOVEMBER, 1811, AND DIED 2 FEBRUARY, 1884.

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED IN 1894, BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON.

TABLET ON THE BUILDING CORNER OF ESSEX STREET AND HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON

worn down as I am by the hard winter, I have just got through a heavy cold, and am too weak to undertake so much. I break all my promises here and am not able to be with you. All I can give is my heartiest sympathy. We have lived and worked so long and intimately together that your sorrows as your joys must always be mine. My tenderest regards to your mother and brother.

"Yours faithfully,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The concluding letters in this series were written after his correspondent's marriage, and contain pathetic hints of the burdens which the old man carried with inadequate strength until he died:

"Merrie Xmas and happy New Year, my dear Mrs. X——. Your very kind note came the morning I left for a Western lecture tour, and Mrs. Phillips was too ill to answer it for me. Out West I just managed to fulfil engagements by sleeping all the time I was not talking.

"Hence this long delay in my reply. I shall report at your rooms the first moment of leisure I can make, and trust it will be soon; though these are my busiest months when I rarely see any part of Boston but railway stations.

"Ann would be delighted to see that baby. She is not as well this winter as usual. But if you'd take the chance of finding her, any hour after *noon*, able to see folks, nothing would give her more pleasure than a sight of that baby—so as to instruct me—not to admire (that's a foregone conclusion), but to admire with discrimination. Kindest regards to J., and believe me

"Yours faithfully,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"My dear Mrs. X——: Wouldn't I be delighted to take tea with J., you and that baby! There's a climax now! But alas! I'm due Monday in Batavia; of course such an ignoramus as you, who never had any teacher but T. D. W.,* cannot be ex-

*Theodore D. Weld, a prominent abolitionist in the early days.

pected to know where it is. The only point of present interest is it necessitates my leaving these dear east winds Sunday at 6 P. M. So sip that fragrant tea and fancy me 'far away on the billow,' *i. e.* the rail, devoutly wishing I could have a cup. Kindest regards to J.

"Yours faithfully

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"*My dear Mrs. X*——: . . . I believe I've often been obliged to rally my forces and resist your fascinating 'Come into my (convention), said the Spider to the Fly,' etc.

"Well, I shall have to do so now. I accept no invitations to speak, have given up lecturing. I'm not very strong. Ann is very ill. The city has taken my house, and after forty years' stay I must move and give this winter to clearing up the rubbish of forty years.

"So I'm a home-keeping old man this (year) and as Shakspeare tells us, 'home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.' That will account for the stupidity of my note.

"Kindest regards to your mother, and tell J. his stalwart face the other day carried me back twenty years when he used to give his countenance at anti-slavery meetings,—yes and talk too. By the way, make him talk at that convention, and fill my place to crowding.

"Cordially,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

"16th Aug.

"*My dear Mrs. X*——: Don't think I forgot you or could neglect your wish or

your letter. But my wife has been so ill for the last three months that I have done nothing but help nurse her. She is helpless; does not lift her head from the pillow without aid, cannot stand. We took her in arms to the carriage to drive out here to Waverley. But you shall not be forgotten. Something from the home of forty years and the picture Black insisted on taking I will see you have in due time. Do excuse this long delay and silence. . . .

"Faithfully yours,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The next note came many months later, and accompanied a photograph of the Essex Street house with Mr. Phillips standing at the doorway. The sheet is indorsed in his correspondent's handwriting, "Last letter received from Wendell Phillips, about Christmas time, 1883." Like most of his notes it is undated:

"*My dear Mrs. X*——: Did I not promise and is not Xmas with its merrie greeting just the time to keep promises? If I promised anything more, please remind me, by which means I shall have the pleasure of seeing your sign manual.

"My poor wife lies patient in weary helplessness, and my employment and pleasure is waiting on her.

"All loving messages of the season for mother, J. and *the* baby.

"Thine,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."



A Puritan Maid

By Emilia Elliott

“**A**ND what will Roger say, sweetheart?” Mercy asked. “Methinks this coming of a gay court gallant will be but little to *his* liking.”

“The stranger is my father’s kinsman,” Prudence said.

Mercy’s eyes sparkled. “Think’st thou he will have a cloak slashed with crimson? A feather in his cap? A—”

“A cloak slashed with silver, not crimson; a feather in his cap, and a trusty sword at thy service, fair lady,” echoed a gay voice behind them.

Both maids sprang up, and Prudence came forward, with startled, downcast eyes.

“Thou art Master Hugh Evans? Thou art welcome. This be my gossip, Mistress Mercy Merritt.”

“And thou art my cousin, Mistress Prudence,” Hugh said. Then bowing low: “A thousand pardons for intruding so unceremoniously, but the maid-servant bade me step this way. And the picture that met my eyes, being one not to let slip lightly, I was fain to feast my eyes awhile. Still, on my honor, fair cousin, I did cough, to gain thy attention; though, in truth, not over-loudly.”

“’Twas my idle tongue that was in fault,” Mercy said, with a little coquettish upward glance.

“Wilt not sit thee down, before the fire? I will fetch thee some

refreshments,” Prudence murmured shyly.

“Nay, trouble not. I want no better refreshment than to watch two such winsome maids at their work.”

But Prudence’s sense of hospitality would admit of no such course. She slipped away, leaving Mercy to entertain the newcomer,—a task Mercy accepted most willingly.

“Scarce a quarter of an hour hath he been here,” she thought; “yet thrice hath he told us we are fair. ’Tis doubtless but the way of court gallants—yet a way I would our stupid country lads would acquire.” Then lifting her dark eyes she said: “’Twas a long journey to this strange land, Master Evans. One scarce worth the trouble.”

“Nay, am I not repaid already? But thou speakest true; ’twas a long journey. Hast e’er been in good old England?”

“I have scarce been a day’s ride from this wearisome village. Prudence hath been to Boston with her father. They are close companions, for all he is such a silent man. Thou knowest the lass hath no mother?”

“Yea, poor maid. My uncle is the parson here?”

“Aye; a most godly man. Prudence taketh after him.”

“’Twere easy to see that; she hath a sweet, serious face.”

Mercy glanced up archly. “Alas,

I can make but little claim—for piety.”

“There be few who can,” Hugh answered, thoughtfully.

Mercy bent over her needlework with hot cheeks. Had she been too forward? She had been so sure he would seize the opportunity to make some pretty speech. Were all men stupid alike? Good! Here came Prudence with her tray. How quickly he sprang to take it from her! With what courteous words of thanks! And that look in his eyes. Was it possible that Prudence’s sober face was more attractive than her own sparkling one?

“They make good housewives in this far land,” Hugh said, looking at the bountifully spread tray.

“I trust we shall make it seem less far,” Prudence ventured shyly.

“That thou hast already done,” was the answer.

Gradually Prudence’s timidity vanished. The stranger was her kinsman. That meant much. And he had a gentle, winning way. Despite rich attire and bearing of the world, Prudence felt that at heart Master Evans was not far different from the sober Puritan lads of her acquaintance—Roger, for instance. Roger might be more serious and devout, but his grave eyes met one no more steadily than Hugh’s brave, blue ones. There was the same honest light in both. In return, Hugh watched his cousin with ever deepening interest. What a pretty picture she made, in the quaint garb which became her so well; whereas Mercy’s quiet colors seemed ill-suited to her dark, flashing eyes and saucy face. What a dainty

little lady of the manor Prudence would make, he thought. He could see her standing in the old hall, the sunlight falling through the stained windows on her head.

She was all unconscious of the expression in his eyes, but Mercy saw and understood. Did he think that Parson Evans would ever consent to his only child marrying any mere worldling? Besides, there was Roger—that was as good as settled—in the parson’s mind, at least. Still this new cousin was well favored. If Prudence should think so, too—Mercy rose suddenly. “I must away, sweetheart. I would I had seen before how the dusk was creeping on.”

Hugh rose too. “An’ thou do not let me see thee safe home, Mistress Mercy, I will swear thou art wrongly named.”

Mercy courtesied low. “No man shall call me unmerciful,” she said, letting him help her with her cloak, in a way Prudence deemed verging toward the overbold.

Left alone, Prudence sat a few moments looking idly into the bright fire, a new thoughtfulness in her eyes. Presently she went to draw the heavy window curtains. How fast the winter twilight came on. ’Twould be a clear night; Roger would be here. Prudence shivered. She hated the thought of Roger’s riding alone through the lonely country wastes. There had been hints of trouble with the Indians of late.

Then quick steps sounded in the hall without. Prudence’s face lighted up; Master Hugh had made good time. On the threshold Hugh stopped a moment. The room was bright with firelight; the crimson

curtains, falling in thick folds, shut out the night. Against one of them stood Prudence; the deep color setting off her quiet gown, the snowy kerchief and quaint cap.

"Didst find it cold?" Prudence asked; noting, in turn, the jaunty figure in the doorway; the green cloak, slashed with silver, flung lightly back; the plumed cap held in hand.

"Aye; cold enough." Hugh came to stand beside her, telling of his walk with Mercy. Suddenly he said, his tone changing, "I hear there be trouble feared with the Indians."

Prudence leaned forward, her gray eyes raised in fright. "Oh, I trust 'tis naught but rumor. I would my father were here—and Roger."

"Nay, sweet cousin; I meant not to fright thee so. Perchance 'tis idle gossip, and even if more serious, why there be brave men at hand to teach the rogues a lesson. Naught shall harm thee that I can help."

Prudence held out a hand. "I believe thee," she said simply.

The door opened and a young man entered the room, half halting in surprise.

"Roger," Prudence cried, springing forward. "I have been troubled for thee. Surely thou art over-late." She turned towards Hugh. "Roger, this is my kinsman, Master Hugh Evans, come to-day."

Roger bowed stiffly. Hugh responded coldly. He resented the displeasure in Roger's eyes.

"Give me thy cloak, Roger," Prudence said. "Father will be at home ere long. He is most anxious to hold converse with thee, concerning thy last sermon; Goodman Mason

brought word 'twas a most edifying discourse."

The young parson had drawn a chair close to the fire. "I would thou couldst have heard it, Prudence. 'Twas on the vanity of worldly things."

Prudence detected a slight accent on the "worldly." For the first time in her life, she dared to criticise Roger in her heart. "Cousin Hugh," she said, calling him so for the first time, "wouldst have thought worldliness my besetting sin?"

"On my faith, no, sweet cousin. Worldly! Then were the wood violet worldly."

Prudence blushed at the compliment. Roger's face grew more stern.

"Think'st there will be trouble with the redskins, sir?" Hugh asked, striving to speak in friendly fashion.

"'Tis to be feared," Roger answered, shortly. He turned towards the fire again. At present trouble far more serious, to him, than any Indian attack seemed threatening.

"Prudence, I crave thine earnest attention."

Prudence looked up at the grave face beside her. She was in the big, sunny kitchen, her sleeves rolled up, her round white arms moving briskly as she kneaded her bread. Roger had her at a disadvantage, she realized, glancing helplessly about the kitchen, empty save for Roger and herself. Deborah was busy above stairs, Nanny in the linen room. It was Thursday morning, and ever since Roger's arrival, the Monday before, he had been seeking such an opportunity and she avoiding it. She

sighed apprehensively. "Canst not see how busy I am, Roger?"

"With thy hands; not head nor heart, Prudence. 'Tis a question of the latter."

"Father ever saith my heart is in my task."

"'Tis no jesting matter, Prudence." Roger hesitated. "Sweetheart, thou must know what I would ask thee; what hath been my heart's desire since we were but lad and lass together. Perchance, 'twould have been better, an' I had not waited so long to speak to thee. But I had set my heart on having a home first to offer thee. I have it now, sweetheart. I have my charge. But my heart mis-gives me; I am not to have thee, Prudence." He waited. Would not Prudence speak and drive all his doubts and fears away?"

There was the sound of steps on the garden walk without; a gay tune lightly whistled; from the window a glimpse of satin cloak and nodding plume. Prudence bent lower over her work, her face flushed hotly. Roger's face darkened. Was this stranger, scarce three days here, to win where he must lose, after years of patient service?

"Sweetheart!" his whole heart was in the cry. "Hast no word for me, no word of hope?"

"Wilt not wait a little longer, Roger?" Prudence asked wistfully, not looking up.

"Wait? Nay, I will have an answer now. Prudence, be warned in time; thou knowest not the ways of the world."

"What meanest thou?" Prudence drew herself up proudly.

"Pardon, sweetheart," Roger an-

swered gently. "Take thine own time. An' it be not 'yea' to-day, I trust it may be so to-morrow."

"I would, for thy sake, it might be so to-day, Roger," Prudence said.

Roger turned and went slowly from the room. As he did so Prudence heard a slight rustling noise in the entry leading into the garden. "Pussy!" she called; "thou must bide a bit." But when, a moment later, she went to let in her pet, the entry was empty. Prudence opened the outer door. Near the stile at the end of the garden Mercy stood, talking to Hugh. She waved a hand to Prudence. As she stood in the open doorway, with the sunshine on her face, Mercy, turning to her companion, was quick to note the expression in his eyes. "'Twas liking the other day—'tis more than that now," she thought. "A sweet maid, Master Evans," she said softly; "she will make the young parson a good wife."

"They are betrothed?"

"Perchance I should not tell. 'Twas by chance I o'erheard him asking her. A mere form, since they have been as good as betrothed since childhood."

"A child's choice is not always that of the man or woman's."

"True, sir, but there be times when it is. They be well matched. Thou wilt say naught about it, Master Evans? I would not have Prudence think I had been gossiping about her."

Prudence sat with folded hands before the fire, looking earnestly into the dancing flames; as if in them she might read the answers to the questions troubling her. Why could she not give Roger the answer he

had craved? A month—nay a week—ago and she would have done so. Why it had all been as good as settled long ago. Was it not her father's wish? She had been well content once—but now. Through the quiet house came the sound of low whistling—not lightly, gayly, now, but slow; and with a strange sad strain, running through the simple tune, that made Prudence start and quiver, yet hold her breath to hear.

The whistling ceased. Prudence's eyes went back to the fire. And about Hugh—was it her fancy, or had there been a change in him to-day?

"What shall I offer thee, for thy thoughts, sweet cousin?" a voice asked, from behind her chair.

"I did not hear thee enter. 'Tis little worth my thoughts would be to thee."

"More than gold, sweet cousin, an' among them were but one of me."

Prudence looked up, a new soft light in her eyes. "Thou shalt know, then, that I was even thinking of thee, as thou entered." Hugh bent quickly forward. "And of Roger," she added hastily, frightened at herself and by his sudden gesture. Hugh drew back.

Sunday came, and despite the resolutions, made daily, to return to Boston, and from thence as soon as possible to sail for England, Hugh still lingered in the quiet Puritan home. Every hour, every moment, that he stayed, but made it harder for him. How could he go away and leave this sweet faced, gentle cousin to marry yon stern Puritan parson?

Sunday morning was clear and bright. During the night snow had fallen and now the quiet street lay white in the winter sunlight. As Hugh walked with Prudence to church, and later sat beside her, in the bare chill meeting-house, he thought of the old ivy grown church at home. He saw Prudence in the great, square, family pew; her pure, serious face winning the hearts of all the curious village folk, come to stare at "young master's wife, from over seas." 'Tis to be feared he paid but scant attention to Parson Evans's elaborate discourse. In the singing of the hymn 'twas only Prudence's voice he heard. But when at its close she turned slightly towards him and he saw her reverent face, he felt a sudden feeling of compunction, and bowed low and humbly for the benediction.

Then breaking sharply the silence, following the words of peace and blessing, rang an all awakening cry, "The Indians! The Indians! Help for the poor people in the next village."

In a flash the congregation were on their feet and crowding round the messenger, standing breathless in the doorway. Already many had grasped their guns and stood waiting the word to start. Mothers, white-faced and trembling, caught their little ones to them.

It was the old story of a village surprised; the old heartrending story of bloodshed and fiendish torture. Hearing it Hugh's blood rose hotly, his eyes flashed. "Come on," he cried; "why tarry? Let us go give those foul fiends a lesson."

Parson Evans raised his hands.

"Aye, we will go, some of us not to return. Let us first implore help mightier than ours."

During the brief prayer Hugh felt a cold hand slipped into his, and in spite of the excitement, the awe of the moment, felt a brief sensation of joy. "Sweetheart," he murmured; "thou wilt not forget thy prayers for me?"

"Prudence,"—it was Mercy's voice,—"thou art strangely white. Take heart, Master Evans will mind 'tis Roger's village. He will not forget Roger."

Prudence turned away conscience stricken. How could she have thought only of the man riding away, to perhaps worse than death, and forgotten the one who, even now, might be beyond earthly aid?

It was a weary, weary Sunday. Towards the twilight Deborah came running into the room where Prudence was pacing restlessly up and down. "Thy father is coming; there be others with him, some sorely wounded."

"Is everything in readiness, as I commanded?" Prudence asked. She went to give some further directions. She could not join the crowd hurrying to meet the returning party. When all was ready she went to wait in the wide hall, within the shadow of the opened door.

Parson Evans came first. "Courage, dear heart. Roger is sore wounded, but I trust not unto death. Our kinsman is a gallant lad, Prudence. Roger and I owe our lives to him, under God. Come now, thou wilt not shrink from the sight of blood?" For Prudence had shrunk back, covering her face with two trembling hands.

Parson Evans led her to an adjoining room, then went away. Roger lay there, blood-stained and weary. He stretched out his hands yearningly. "Sweetheart!"

She stood still. "And Hugh?" she cried, not knowing the wild longing in her voice.

"Alas, brave lad, we fear the worst. But hast no word of welcome for me, Prudence?"

She turned, as if to go. She had no word of welcome for him, though snatched from death itself, when Hugh had not come.

"Sweetheart!" Roger cried feebly, "hast no word—for the sake of what has been? God knows I knew not my life had cost him his liberty, or worse. Thy father told me that, after I had recovered consciousness. An' I had been able I would have turned back to try and save him."

But Prudence was kneeling beside him, begging him, with tears, to forgive her. Roger closed his eyes wearily. "There is naught to forgive," he said.

Prudence looked at the pale strong face, always rather stern when in repose. It was scarred and blood-stained now, with lines of pain and grief about the firm mouth. A rush of feeling came over her; sorrow, contrition, she knew not what. Bending nearer, she kissed the tired face. Roger opened his eyes and smiled up at her. "Thanks, sweetheart," he murmured.

Flushed and trembling, Prudence fled away, not hearing the sadly spoken words that followed: "E'en though 'twas pity, not love, that prompted thee."

For more than a fortnight Roger

hovered between life and death. There were not wanting wise and faithful nurses, among the village folk, to do their best for the young parson. They would scarce allow Prudence in the sick room. "Keep thyself 'gainst the weary gettin' well days, my maid," Goody Howe would say. Goody was chief nurse. "He would not know thee from me now, dear heart," she would add sighing.

But one afternoon, Goody being off duty for a while, Prudence stole into the sick room. As she stood looking sorrowfully down at him, Roger opened his eyes. The wild feverish light was gone, but their sadness cut her to the heart. Bending over, she said gently, "Thou dost know me, Roger? Goody was wrong. It will not hurt thee, an' I stay beside thee awhile?"

He tried to smile up at her. "The sight of thee is better than medicine, sweetheart."

With a sudden impulse, Prudence bent closer still. "Roger, dost mind our talk that morning? Only get well, Roger, and it shall be 'yea' as soon as thou wilt."

Roger's face grew radiant. Was it all a troubled dream, the memory of that night of the massacre? Was Prudence to be his, after all?

For a few days his joy lasted. Then, with returning strength, came other thoughts, that would not be driven back. One day as Prudence sat beside him, he forced himself to face them once for all. He had been lying silent, watching the quiet face before him; patient it was, and resolute, but there was no added light of joy in the gray eyes—rather their

wistfulness pained him. "Hast heard aught of thy gallant cousin?" he asked softly, taking Prudence off her guard.

Her eyes turned involuntarily to the window, with its outlook down the long village street. "The rescuing party were able to find no trace," she answered simply.

"Poor lad. Perchance he will yet escape. It is a brave life to be cut off thus."

"My father hath no such hope." In spite of her efforts, her voice trembled.

"Unless too sorely wounded, he will surely make the venture."

Again Prudence turned to the window, an eager restless look in her eyes.

Roger's voice recalled her. "Sweetheart, I would speak to thee. We will ever be true friends, thou and I. We can never be naught nearer."

Prudence understood and for a moment could not help the look of relief in her eyes. The next she said earnestly, "Nay, let me try, Roger. Why should both of us suffer? By and by it will come to be, as in the old days. Oh, why am I so wrong!"

"Thou art not wrong. Forgetfulness comes not at will. List, sweetheart, think'st thou I could be content with the old quiet Prudence, now I have seen thine eyes alit, thy face alive with feeling? And now leave me to rest. Wilt tell thy father I would have speech with him this evening?"

It was a wild winter night, three years after the Indian outbreak. Prudence had drawn her wheel close to the cheery fire, and its busy hum

was the only sound that broke the stillness of the room. Outside the snow was falling with a steady persistency; while the wind whistled about the house and roared in the wide chimney. Prudence thought anxiously of her father, out in the storm. Of Roger, riding sturdily through it, as of old. Of Hugh—where was he, poor lad, to-night?

The sudden closing of the house door roused her. She heard the maids cry out, in swift alarm; then steps in the hall without. Prudence sprang up with startled eyes and white face. Ah, how well she remembered those steps! But how could it be! The door opened and Hugh entered.

The satin cloak and plumed cap were gone; the once bright fearless face was seamed and marked with signs of suffering. For a moment the sight of the warm firelit room, with its sense of peace and comfort, of Prudence standing, as of old, by her spinning wheel, overpowered him. He stood as one in a dream; afraid to move, lest the wakening come.

Prudence was the first to speak. She came forward, with hands outstretched. "Oh, thou hast suffered cruelly," she cried, "and thou art ill, but at home, at last. We will take good care of thee now."

He caught her hands. "Wilt care for me, cousin? Then will these three years count for nothing."

Prudence smiled, though her lips were quivering. "Methinks thou art not so greatly changed, after all."

"I thought to find thee in a home of thine own, cousin," Hugh answered hesitatingly. "But 'twas thus I have always pictured thee; thou canst not think how often."

Prudence turned away. "I have been well content, in my father's home. I will bring thee some refreshment. Hast travelled far?"

But he detained her. "The sight of thee is refreshment enough. Let me have thee to myself a moment more. Thy father will be coming soon and, doubtless, the young parson."

"Then come to the fire and rest. My father will be here ere long. Roger I cannot speak for. Tell me of thy escape."

"Later, cousin. Let me forget awhile I have ever been away."

"We are much in thy debt. Thou acted more than nobly."

"'Twas to save thee sorrow, cousin. 'Twas something to be able to carry out thy last commission."

"My commission?"

"Aye, concerning Master Drayton."

"'Twas Mercy bade thee thus. Alas—" She stopped shortly.

"Alas, what, sweetheart?" He was standing close to her, an eager look in his haggard eyes.

"I grieve to say that my thoughts were not of Roger then," she faltered.

"Of whom, sweetheart?" he cried, drawing her towards him.

Prudence looked bravely up into the eyes above her. "Canst not tell?" she whispered.

Indian Money in the New England Colonies

By Frederic Austin Ogg

SOME one has compiled a list of twenty-two distinct ways in which the name Shakspeare has been spelled. It would not be difficult to prepare quite as imposing a one of the word used by the early settlers of New England to denote the Indian's money. Its most common form is wampum, and so we shall use it in this paper, but we might just as properly speak of "wampumpeage," or "wampumpeake," or "wampum-peg," or "wampumpig." Indeed if we were to follow the writers of many of the colonial records which have come down to us we should refer to it simply as "peage," or even "peg." The term in its fuller form carries substantially the meaning "strings of white beads," though, as we shall see, wampum might be made of beads of other colors, black or blue, or of combinations of colors.

If one wished to indicate the most obvious characteristic of the Indians of the Atlantic seaboard at the time of the English settlement in New England he could not perhaps make better selection than their general eagerness to possess and display large quantities of wampum. It meant all to the Indian that money does to us, and infinitely more. Not merely did it serve him as a medium of ex-

change and a standard of values, but worn as an ornament it was his badge of wealth and position, in the hands of the chiefs his record book and ledger, and through the favor of the Great Spirit its possession became in no small degree the passport to the happy hunting grounds of the future world. The use of wampum constituted a bond of union among the Indians such as was scarcely supplied by language, religion or racial customs.

Wampum was made from shells, usually clam or oyster, and it is therefore not surprising that the coast-dwellers were the most prolific producers of it. The black beads were made from the dark "eye" of the shell, the scar indicating the point of muscular attachment, while the white ones were taken from the outer parts. Black beads were known as *sacki*, white ones as *wompi*, and the black were usually considered twice as valuable as the white.

This led early to the practice of counterfeiting. At first a comparatively easy task, after it became more general and losses by reason of it more frequent, it came to be about as hard to counterfeit a black bead successfully as to make one from the outset. The shrewd Indian trader

soon became as skilful in detecting this sort of trickery as the bank expert of to-day is in picking out from a heap of coins any that may not have been legally made. The colonists, however, never became so practised in the art, and many of them were, again and again, victims of this particular form of Indian knavery.

The beads themselves were simply little shell cylinders about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and one-fourth of an inch in length. They were polished smooth by being rubbed against stones and were bored hollow by means of a flint awl, many of which are still to be found in the shell heaps along the New England coast. In boring the beads the workman used a cane or reed, tipped with this stone awl, which he rolled continually on his thigh with his right hand, holding the bit of shell in his left. After the coming of the English, iron awls were substituted, but even then the process of manufacture must have been extremely tedious. It is said that by a day's hard labor it was barely possible for a workman to produce fifteen cents' worth of wampum. Whether the work was done by the men or by the women cannot be known, but it may well have been shared by both. It required not only a vast amount of patience—such as only the Indian possesses—but also a considerable degree of skill; for they must be perfect in shape, free from cracks, irregularities or flaw. The Indian trader demanded that his wampum be as sound and perfect as the present day merchant expects Uncle Sam's new minted coins to be. It was the labor

involved in their making that gave the beads a purchasing power so much in excess of that of the unwrought fresh water shells which archæologists believe were used as currency in the remoter inland regions.

After the making came the arranging of the beads. They were usually strung on fibres of hemp or on tendons taken from the animals slain for food, though some were left loose for "pin money." The strings were of various lengths, determining different values. Sometimes they were sewed on strips of deerskin, forming belts of any width desired, often as much as four or five inches. For such a belt more than ten thousand beads would be required, the strings often mixed in color, even as the individual beads on the string were assorted. In Virginia the Indians had a practice of varying the arrangement on the strings by slipping on here and there a hollow tube two or three inches long and larger in diameter than the beads. In fact in later times there were almost endless varieties of arrangement among different tribes, but generally such wampum as was primarily intended for commercial rather than ornamental use was arranged regularly by color so that values could be the more easily computed.

As has already been indicated the main function which wampum served was as a medium of exchange and as a visible token of wealth. The Indians went on the theory that any one fortunate enough to possess any considerable amount would miss no opportunity to make a show of it, for the Indian was naturally ostentatious.

Although any one was entirely free to manufacture for himself as much wampum as he pleased, the difficulties of the process seem to have prevented men from thus becoming rich by their own handiwork. The rich men were those who accumulated wampum through trade and war, so that generally the possession of an unusual quantity of it betokened some real ability or bravery.

With the dark and white beads the Indians made bracelets, necklaces, belts, girdles, coronets, garters and pendants. Men, women and children alike used these things for adornment, and there was no sort of finery in which they took more delight or pride. In Wood's "New England Prospect," written in 1634, we read:

"A Sagamore with a humbird in his ear for a pendant, a black eagle in his occiput for a plume, a good store of wampum-peag begirting his loins, his bow in his hand, his quiver at his back, with six naked spatterlashes at his heels for his guard, thinks he is one with King Charles."

The belt was far from being the least considerable part of the outfit.

Wampum was worn as ornaments in the hair and on all parts of the dress. War clubs were decorated with it, and two such were sent on one occasion by the Narragansetts to King Charles II as a present. It was treasured up by the chiefs exactly as are crown jewels by the monarchs of civilized states. When treaties were negotiated, when pledges were made, when alliances were formed, when marriages were solemnized, and when guests were being received, the giving of pieces of wampum added dignity and authority to the transac-

tion. "This belt preserves my words," was a common form among the Iroquois when promises of any sort were being made. It was hung dangling alike before the eyes of the new-born babe and of the expiring veteran; and even in death it still had its place, being buried in strings and belts with the warrior who, it was supposed, would have use for it in the future world. In many cases, however, the spirits of the deceased were afterwards ruthlessly deprived of this source of comfort. For when trade with the colonists had placed a new value upon wampum, greedy savages frequently opened the ancestral tombs and took therefrom the long-buried beads with which to purchase firearms or duffel-cloth or rum. Perhaps they thought that since the occupants of the graves had left their money so long unused they were not likely to stand in need of it at all.

It was used by the Indians also as a means of payment for service in war. Mr. Edward Eggleston has told us the story of how on one occasion King Philip in dire extremity cut up his costly coat, resplendent with strings of wampum, and distributed it in subsidies to his wavering allies. The sachems used it to reinforce their commands. "My wars keep me bare," declared Canonicus, when he wished it to be understood that he paid his soldiers, even as "Mr. Governor" Bradford did.

One other very important use must be mentioned: it in a large measure took the place of writing as a means of preserving records. When, for example, treaties were made, belts of wampum were exchanged, and these

were kept as memorials of the transaction. The great Iroquois Confederacy had no records whatever except in the form of mnemonic beads. These were kept by a sachem, aided by two assistants. The same custom was general in all southern New England.

"To preserve the beads," says Mr. Weeden, "was a solemn office, and in important councils the wampum keepers walked through the serried ranks of councillors reading from the belts the facts suggested to their memory. . . . A mystic power animated the beads, thus quickened by the acts and deeds of this simple but intense savage life. The summons to war was in red or black, while peace messages were woven in purer white. When a communication excited anger, men kicked the belt about in contempt, and a black belt accompanied words of condolence, becoming a sad token of mourning and sympathy."

A strand of wampum consisting of purple and white shell beads, or a belt woven with figures formed by beads of different colors, operated on the principle of associating a particular fact with a particular string or figure; thus giving a serial arrangement to the facts as well as fidelity to the memory.

By the opening of the seventeenth century all the tribes bordering on Long Island Sound—Wampanoags, Narragansetts, Pequots, Mohicans—used wampum regularly in their trade with the peoples of the interior. This medium of commerce brought wealth to all the shore tribes, especially the Narragansetts; and since it was with these tribes that the English were first to come in contact the fact was of no little importance in the establishment of early trade relations. North from Cape Cod the shellfish

seem to have been less abundant and, whether solely from lack of material or for other reasons now unknown, the use of wampum as money did not exist among the Indians of the northern regions until the settlers at Plymouth introduced it through the channel of the fur trade.

The unit of measure was originally the cubit, *i. e.*, the distance from the base of the little finger to the elbow. It seems reasonable to suppose that this unit was employed because of the ease of measuring off a string of beads by catching it in the first knuckle of the little finger, running it down the forearm to the elbow, and repeating the process until the entire length had been covered. It was open, however, to the objection that forearms differ in length. The Dutch traders at New Amsterdam complained that the natives employed the tallest and longest-armed among them when wampum was to be received, but those of the least brachial capacity when it was to be given. About the time of the English settlement in Massachusetts, however, the cubit was giving way to the fathom as a unit; and the fathom became what the cubit can hardly be said to have been, a unit of value as well as of measure. The process of transition was quite similar to that by which the English pound was gradually shifted from a basis of weight to one of value. We have no record of any transaction between the English colonists and the natives in which wampum was estimated by the cubit. It is always by the fathom, yet even the fathom of wampum fluctuated considerably in length. Generally it was regarded as represent-

ing a value of sixty pence and the number of beads composing it would be determined by the number agreed upon as equivalent to a penny: in earlier times three black beads or six white ones. Thus a fathom of white beads would be worth about two dollars and a half, a fathom of black about five. As the quantity in circulation increased, the value of it depreciated and from time to time the number of beads per penny was augmented.

Colonization invariably gives rise to peculiar and unexpected conditions. Customs, laws and institutions of long standing in the mother country are often completely discredited by a few decades of experience in a new one. This was preeminently true of the seventeenth century colonization of America. Geographical knowledge was then so scant, colonial enterprise so largely experimental, and governmental purposes and provisions so uniformly inadequate, that the colonies on the Atlantic seaboard had perforce to work out methods and practices in everyday life which were very far from being contemplated by those who patronized and guided their establishment. One of the most serious problems along this line was that of finance—not so much from the side of taxation as from that of maintaining a currency. A variety of conditions conspired to increase the difficulty, among which may be mentioned the remoteness from the home country and the consequent lack of free and speedy communication, the scarcity of money resulting from this semi-isolation, the proximity of

peoples using different systems of currency, and the constant necessity of keeping up a trade with them. The outcome in every case among the northern colonies, whether English, French, or Dutch, was the enforced adoption of the native currency in lieu of the European circulating medium which remained for so long a time almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

The first Europeans to employ wampum in their trade were the Dutch. Like the English and the Indians, they also had a variety of names for it, such as "seawant," "zewand" and "zeband." They found it in use as currency among the Delawares, Iroquois, and other tribes with whom they traded, and speedily adopted it for themselves. Within a few years after the settlement at New Amsterdam it could be truly said that the shell heaps of Long Island were the "mines of New Netherland," and in local traffic scarcely any other sort of currency was known.

The earliest English colony in New England was less commercial in spirit than New Amsterdam, and trade with the natives was developed less rapidly. For several years the commerce between the inhabitants of Plymouth and the neighboring Wampanoags and Narragansetts was entirely in the form of barter, that is, the simple exchange of one commodity for another. In return for food supplies the colonists gave coats, guns, bullets and such other articles as they possessed and the natives desired. On one occasion a tract of land was sold to the colonists for a number of hoes. Trade was on a

very small scale, there being yet no thoughts of acquiring articles from the natives for export to Europe.

In 1627 De Rasieres, in command of a Dutch trading vessel, brought £50 worth of wampum from New Amsterdam to Plymouth. This was the first Indian money acquired by the English settlers. It was used in trade among the Indians of the Kennebec region and was found so profitable a means of exchange that thereafter the thrifty Plymouth yeomen lost no opportunity to increase their stock of it. Inasmuch as for several decades they enjoyed a practical monopoly of the trade on the Kennebec, they never found difficulty in disposing of the wampum which they received from the natives nearer home.

It is a principle of finance that an entirely adequate currency must have both a value in use and a value in exchange. That is, the currency, of whatever sort it is, must be deemed of value or represent value of and in itself, and moreover it must possess the quality of being generally desirable among men. It must carry with it a distinct purchasing power independent of any particular sort of transaction. Until about the middle of the seventeenth century both these requirements were met by wampum. The exchangeable quality of this form of currency was due almost wholly to the extensiveness of the trade in furs, and especially in beaver. To the English settler strings and belts of beads possessed no intrinsic value. They were altogether lacking in that symbolism which rendered them precious to the Indian wholly aside from their monetary value.

But as long as the Englishman could exchange them in the inland regions for furs which met a ready market in Europe he was just as willing to employ this medium as any other. During the earlier part of the seventeenth century the supply of beaver never equalled the demand; and as one writer has put it, wampum was the magnet which drew the beaver out of the interior forests—the talisman which kept up the equilibrium of trade between two peoples, who otherwise had really very little in common.

So far as the colonists were concerned wampum was always an artificial currency. It could not be used at all outside of the country. In Europe the beads would have possessed only the value of curiosities. But happily the colonists had fur as a commodity with which to approach the European markets, and as long as the demand continued brisk they had no reason to regret that the shell money with which they dealt locally would not pass in the old world. Otherwise, of course, it would not have been possible to make such extensive use of it. But for the fur trade they must have been restricted almost entirely to barter in their dealings with the Indians and to an exchange of goods for native products which could be of immediate use only to themselves. They might, too, have been forced earlier than they finally were to the expedient of coining money of their own for domestic trade.

The early settlers of New England were possessed of but a very limited amount of the money of the realm, and such as they had was soon drawn

back to the mother country in exchange for commodities. Repeated legislation designed to prevent the exporting of coin failed absolutely. An early example of such legislation was the following ordinance of the Massachusetts Court of Assistants, March 6, 1632:

"It is ordered, that noe planter within the lymitts of this jurisdiccōn returneing for England, shall carry either money or beav^r with him wthout leave from the Gouv^r, (for the time being) under paine of forfectinge the money or beav^r soe intended to be transported."

Prior to 1650 the colonists sold but an insignificant quantity of produce in England, and for even that they did not receive coin, but rather such goods as they deemed themselves to be most in need of. It was not long, therefore, before they found themselves quite bereft of anything in the way of currency which they could use in their European trade, always excepting, of course, the beaver skins which were for several decades quite as good as money. The scarcity of coin threw the early colonists back upon two resources for transactions among themselves—the use of wampum and barter, or in case of taxes, payment in various sorts of produce.

These conditions were by no means new to the colonists, for in the mother country money was so scarce as hardly to be had at all by the common folk, and trade usually meant merely the exchange of commodities. There were certain things, like corn, meat and fish, which had a very decided value in the early settlements, and trade by means of them was subject at first to far less inconvenience than in the later and more complex civilization of the eighteenth century.

Just as in England so in New England rentals were frequently paid with a fat wether, or a hog, or a few bushels of apples. In 1631 corn was made a legal tender for all debts in the Massachusetts Bay Colony unless payment in money or in beaver had been stipulated in the contract. Musket balls at a farthing each were also made legal tender to the amount of a shilling.

From the early days of the colonies taxes might be paid in corn, pork, beef, hides, leather, cheese, tallow, beeswax, grain, dried fish, whalebone, live stock and lumber. This anomalous state of affairs led eventually to such peculiar systems as that under which the rates of Springfield in 1693 were collected in peas and those of Hingham in 1687 in milk pails. Of course the receiving of taxes in "country pay," as it was called, was open to serious objections, but colonial conditions did not admit of the establishing of such a system as the theorizers might consider ideal. When the rates were thus paid the authorities had to sell the produce if they could and discharge the obligations of the colony with the receipts, or failing this, they had to ask those whom the colony owed to accept hogs or maize or dried fish. Thus salaries of the public officers were often met with such commodities, even as in Virginia they were with tobacco. In at least one important respect the latter state was better off than New England, for she had one product which completely overshadowed all others, so that everybody of consequence had tobacco with which to trade, while in New England there was no single commodity which could

dominate and unify trading operations. The fur trade of New England was controlled by a few of the more enterprising settlers, and while one man had corn and no cattle another had cattle but no fish, and another fish but no beaver. Payment had therefore to be made in any one of a score of commodities.

Under this system the public treasury was a constant loser. The cattle might die, the grain rot, the meat spoil, even the milk pails might fall to pieces in the delay caused by the necessity of trying to find a market. If a market had been available the state would have been able to require taxes in money at first hand from the ratepayers, so that payment in kind was in itself an evidence that money could not easily be had for the products. Says an early writer:

"From the moment the taxpayer unloaded his 'specie' upon the constable until the treasurer actually had in his hand the money ultimately realized from the sale of it, there was nothing but a succession of deteriorations and losses."

In case of the forced payment of a debt under this system the value of the property to be taken in payment was generally estimated by a commission of three—one chosen by the debtor, one by the creditor, and the third by the marshal.

The colonists never came to regard wampum as anything more than a convenience for the prosecution of trade with the Indians. Nevertheless they were forced sometimes to use it in their dealings with each other and even in the payment of their taxes. But when so employed it was not regarded as any form of money, but, as the Rhode Island Colonial Records for 1662 say:

"It is but a commodity, and it is unreasonable that it should be forced upon any man."

The large measure in which the colonists found themselves under the necessity of using it *as* money, though still protesting that it was *not* money, gives conclusive evidence of the utter impossibility of a people of any advancement to live by mere barter. Even the Indians had passed that stage. Barter being inadequate, and coin being almost unknown, the colonists inevitably drew into use among themselves the medium of exchange which they had originally regarded as fit only to win beaver and food from the natives.

The anomalous conditions which prevailed in colonial finance rendered it a thankless task to keep the value of wampum in any fixed relation to European currency standards. Nevertheless the courts of assistants and general courts and legislative bodies of the various colonies made repeated and on the whole creditable attempts of the sort. The important part that it played in the life of the colonies is shown by the large amount of legislation upon the subject, some examples of which, drawn chiefly from the records of Massachusetts, are of interest. More wampum was used by the inhabitants of Massachusetts than all the other New England colonies combined. In 1637 the Court of Assistants ordered that it should pass at six a penny for any sum under twelve pence. That is, six beads (of the white variety) were worth a penny and as many as seventy-two might be offered at one time as legal tender in the payment of debts. In October, 1640, the same body ordered, that white wampumpege should pass at

four a penny and "bleue" at two a penny. The limit was still to be twelve pence unless the creditor was willing to take more. There is some doubt concerning the character of the blue beads, but they were evidently considered at this time, like the black, twice as valuable as the white. Indeed it may well be that black is really meant by the old chronicler's "bleue."

Thus far wampum was a legal tender in the payment of only very small debts. In June, 1641, the Court greatly enlarged the financial field of the Indian currency by ordering that it should

"passe curreant at 6 a peny for any sūme under 10l. for debts heereafter to bee made."

It will be noticed that the ratio of white beads to English pence was restored to six to one. But their value fluctuated greatly and this ratio was changed over and over again in subsequent times. The most perplexing phase of this was that it was not uniform in all the colonies. For example, in 1637, when the Massachusetts Court was declaring six white beads to be worth a penny, Connecticut was receiving them for taxes at the rate of four a penny. Between that time and 1640 Connecticut tried to bring her system into conformity with that of Massachusetts, and when, in the latter year, she adopted the rate of four a penny, Connecticut hastened to enact that "the late order concerning Wampū at sixe a penny shall be dissolved, and the former of fower a penny and two pence to be paid in the shilling shall be established." But hardly was this done before Massachusetts returned to the

rate of six a penny, and Connecticut abandoned the effort to keep up with her changes. The difficulties of trade between colonies were greatly enhanced by such failures to harmonize values—failures rendered quite inevitable by the nature of the currency and the rapid fluctuations in the quantity in circulation.

The Massachusetts law of 1641 making wampum legal tender for debts of as much as £10 was repealed in 1643. Owing to a blank left in the records we cannot tell the amount substituted for the £10, but we know that it was at least somewhat smaller. The change was probably prompted by the avidity with which unscrupulous traders forced large quantities as payment in trade when circumstances warranted the use of a more substantial currency.

The use of wampum in the northern colonies was at its height about 1640. At that time, despite the suspicions and the reluctance of acceptance of many, it was by far the nearest approach to a universal currency that the colonists had. It could be exchanged for merchandise, used in the payment of labor and court judgments, and given to the state in the discharge of taxes. Bequests were made in terms of it. An old English shilling found in a roadway at Flushing, Long Island, in 1647, was regarded locally as a great curiosity. Many of the younger generation had never seen such a coin.

But wampum currency in New England was soon to enter upon a long and steady decline. The first actual break with it came in 1643, when the Massachusetts General

Court forbade the receipt of it in the payment of taxes. The order seems not to have been obeyed at the time, but it was a straw showing which way the wind blew. Roger Williams tells us that at this time Indian money which had been valued at nine or ten shillings a fathom was worth barely five. There were many circumstances which conspired to depreciate it and eventually strip it of its character as currency. First may be mentioned the very familiar process known to students of finance as inflation. The quantity in circulation had increased so much by reason of the trade in beaver that when, about the middle of the century, the demand for the latter in Europe diminished, there was no other to take its place in keeping the wampum afloat. Moreover the thrifty Dutch at Hackensack and Albany introduced lathes in the manufacture of the beads, so that much greater quantities of it could be produced. The effects of this were of course to bring great profits temporarily to the Dutchmen, but ultimately to render wampum too common to maintain its value.

Another cause for the decline of wampum was the decrease of trade with the Indians. While between the years 1630 and 1640 the trade of the New England colonies was very largely with the natives, by 1650 it had come to be in a much greater measure with the other English colonies and with England. Simultaneously with the decline in the traffic in beaver the Indians were gradually crowded westward, where such trade as they continued to maintain was usurped by the French, and while the

settlers on the frontier continued to barter with the red men, especially the Iroquois, the Indian trade came to mean almost nothing in the commercial towns on the coast. As trade relations became more far reaching and complex, the use of wampum grew more and more impracticable. The shell money had never acquired any standing outside of America, and even in the southern colonies it was accepted only under extraordinary conditions. It would not buy sugar and rum in the West Indies, tobacco and fruits in Virginia, rice and indigo in the Carolinas, manufactured goods in England, or gold or silver anywhere for the establishing of a better currency.

Still another reason for the degradation of wampum was the widespread practice of counterfeiting. The distinctive marks of the beads were so few that it was always an easy matter for a creditor to allege that the wampum paid him was counterfeit and compel the debtor, however unjustly, to make another payment. Much trouble was experienced also by reason of the circulation of faulty beads, whose value was questionable on account of breakage and discoloration. The Indian, being "to the manner born," was generally able to detect such much more readily than the whites, the result being that the faulty wampum was kept mainly in the hands of the colonists. The Indian palmed it off on the undiscerning Englishman, and the latter found it quite impossible to get rid of it, except by in turn beguiling some of his neighbors.

In October, 1648, we find the Massachusetts Court of Assistants pass-

ing the following order relative to the integrity and exchange values of wampum:

"It is voted, for tryall untill the next Co^rte, that all passable or payable peage henceforth shall be intire, wthout breaches, both the black & white, wthout deforming spots, sutably strung in eight knowne p^ecels—the peny, 3^d, 12^d, 5^s, in white; the 2^d, 6^d, 2½^s, & 10^s, in black."

The first part of the foregoing ordinance represents but one of a great number of attempts made during this period to legislate bad wampum out of circulation. The rapid repetition of such orders proves their general failure in practice. The latter part of the order just quoted established a definite system of "small change," which was adopted entire by Connecticut the following year. The Connecticut order provided that the wampum be

"strunge, and in some measure strunge sutably, and not small and great, oncomely and disorderly mixt, as formerly it hath been."

But the use of wampum in the discharge of public obligations was being all the time discredited. On the second of May, 1649, the Massachusetts Court of Assistants passed the following:

"It is ordered, that it shall not be in the liberty of any towne or person to pay peage to the country rate, nor shall the Treasurer accept thereof, from time to time."

Wampum was still to "remayne passable," however, "from man to man." In 1650 it was voted by the same Court that the shell money should pass as legal tender for the payment of debts to the value of forty shillings (white at eight a penny, black at four), but that it should not be re-

ceived by the treasurer in payment of county rates. In 1661 this ordinance making it a legal tender for private transactions was repealed "on observation of much inconvenience of the lawe." By this time all the New England colonies were refusing to receive it for taxes and were removing from it the quality of legal tender.

The employment of wampum died out slowly. Even after it had lost its value for trade among the colonists themselves it continued to be used somewhat in such traffic with the Indians as continued to be maintained. For although Massachusetts began the coinage of shillings and sixpences in 1652, and a considerable amount of coin from the West Indies began about that time to be brought in, such money was too valuable to be used where wampum could yet be made to serve the purpose. Connecticut made a grant of "50 fathom of Wompom" in 1666. Rhode Island recognized it officially as late as 1670. In New York it was used until after the end of the century—as for instance in the payment of ferriage between New York City and Brooklyn. It was used in southern Connecticut as late as 1704; and in the backwoods regions of the northern and middle colonies well down into the eighteenth century. The decline in its use by the colonists betokened a general change in economic conditions. Instead of exporting beaver they now sent to England the products of their labor—grain, beef, lumber and other such commodities. Trade with the Indians was relegated to the frontiersmen and the older settlements took on a more advanced commercial

character, one with which the employment of wampum was not compatible. As the red man was gradually driven back, his money was repudiated, so that he was not allowed to leave permanently even this small remembrance in the land that was to know him no more.

It would be difficult to estimate the influence exerted by those little beads of clam and oyster shell in shaping the earlier history of the New England colonies. In times when the struggling settlers were quite bereft of any more substantial means of exchange they found in the currency of the natives an inestimable boon. Such a currency could hardly have been taken over as a permanent adop-

tion by the newcomers, but for half a century it was of excellent service, facilitating as it did not merely trade with the natives but all sorts of financial transactions by the colonists among themselves. A system of pure barter was impossible. The colonists for several decades had no money of their own, nor could they get any. Wampum provided the only practical solution of the problem. Civilization does not often find a custom or institution among savages which it can profitably adopt. But, as in the present case, it not infrequently finds itself driven into borrowing a temporary expedient with which to maintain itself along its frontier lines.



BLOSSOM,
DETAIL FROM FLORAL WEALTH

The Work of Bela L. Pratt, Sculptor

By

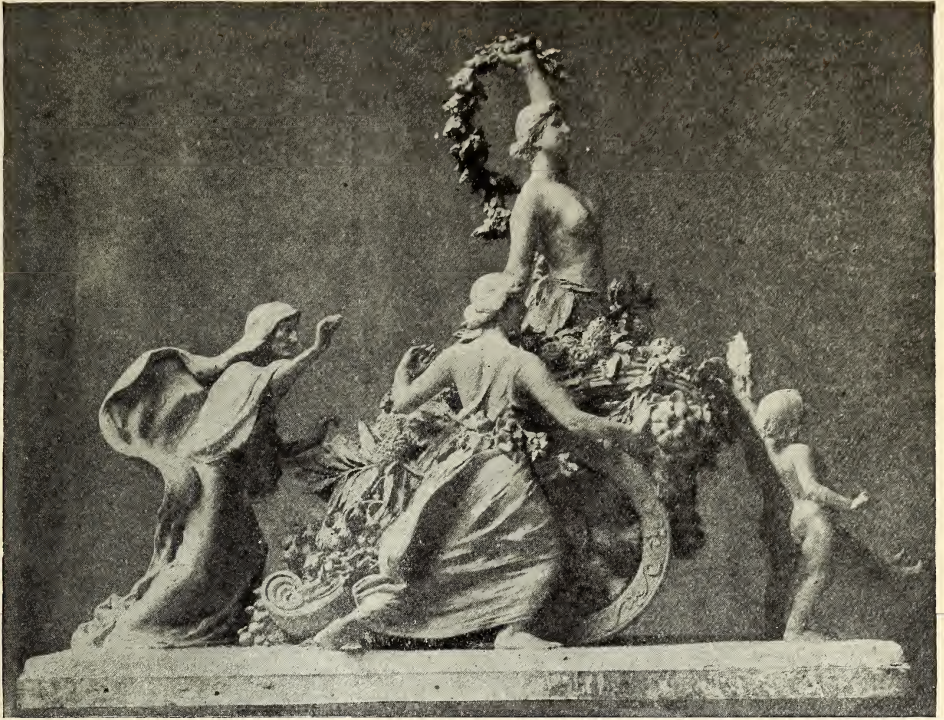
William Howe Downes



FRUITION,
DETAIL FROM FLORAL WEALTH

BELA L. PRATT was born at Norwich, Connecticut, December 11, 1867. His father was George Pratt, a lawyer, and his mother was Sarah Whittlesey Pratt; his ancestry was purely American in every branch for over two hundred years. While he was a child he began his artistic studies by drawing and modelling at home.

At the age of sixteen he entered the Yale School of Fine Arts, where he studied under Professors Niemeyer and Weir. In 1887 he entered the Art Students' League of New York, where his teachers were Augustus St. Gaudens, F. Edwin Elwell, William M. Chase and Kenyon Cox. During the three years he passed in this school he



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FLORAL WEALTH, BLOSSOM, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

also had the opportunity of working for Mr. St. Gaudens in his studio. In 1890 he went to Paris and continued his studies under Chapu and Falguière. He entered the *Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts* at the head of the class the same year. While in Paris he received three medals and two prizes. He returned to the United States in 1892; was appointed instructor in modeling in the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1893, and he still occupies that position. The list of his works for the past ten years, 1893 to 1903, will tell the story of his professional career up to date.

I am not inclined to fill in the

foregoing outlines, except to point out that they represent to the imagination a period of arduous and serious preparation under influences of the most stimulating and strenuous order. All the biographical facts of an artist's career that have any legitimate interest for the public are those which concern his works. Of his personal history—his descent, environment, development and education—it is pertinent to know such particulars only as may throw some light upon his ideals, purposes, character and disposition; but no conclusions drawn from such data have much weight unless they are confirmed by a study of what he has produced.



From a photograph loaned by the Boston Herald

BELA L. PRATT, AT WORK

The critical inferences derived from personal acquaintance with an artist may or may not be sound; anecdotes of his youthful exploits may or may not aid the reader to arrive at just ideas regarding his relative importance in the world of art; familiar reminiscences of his sayings and doings may or may not help us to form a just conception of what he stands for as an artist; but there can be no doubt that he must finally rest his claims on the intrinsic æsthetic worth of his works. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

In the decade since 1893 Mr. Pratt has found time and opportunity, in addition to his duties as a teacher, to produce about fifty sculptural works, including colossal groups, single figures, reliefs, etc., for public buildings; monuments, statues and portrait busts; portrait reliefs, medals, decorative tablets; bronze and marble ideal figures, and a long list of minor commissions. Ten years is not a long time in a busy life, and few American sculptors have more or better concrete results to show for this period. The exhibition of Mr. Pratt's sculptures held last December at the St. Botolph Club galleries was the first opportunity to sum it all up, and it was astonishing to observe the continuous power of production, the fertility of invention, and the high plane of plastic imagination and sentiment, which, in response to the varied and important demands made upon the artist, could have brought forth such an impressive and delightful collection of work.

The earliest of Mr. Pratt's public

commissions was that for the two colossal groups on the Water Gate of the great Peristyle at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago. Our American rebirth in

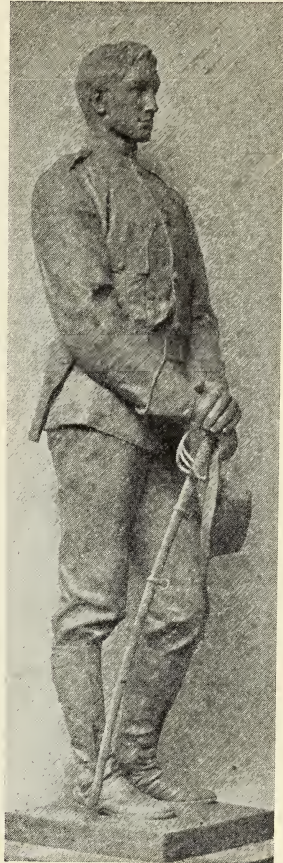


FIGURE FOR ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, N. H., TO BE ERRECTED IN HONOR OF THE 120 GRADUATES WHO FOUGHT IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

sculpture dates from that very recent time, and I still cherish the memory of the vast and noble Court of Honor as one of the loveliest landmarks of artistic exaltation in my experience. Who that saw it does not? Where, outside of our dreams of the golden age of Greece, did the sunlight ever bathe white

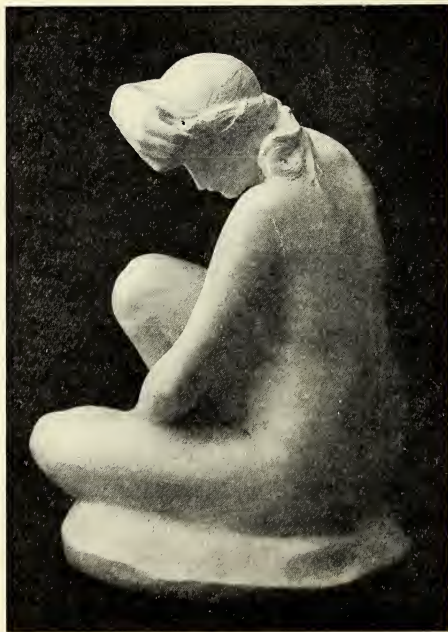


STUDY OF A YOUNG GIRL

colonnades, terraces, domes, basins, fountains, porticos and pediments with a sweeter, softer, more majestic glamour? How it comes back,—that first indescribable and unforgettable moment in the Court of Honor!

To have had a part in the making of that monumental composition was an honor for the artist and an auspicious beginning of a busy professional life. That the opportunity was well employed is evident from the stream of commissions which since 1893 has set in Mr. Pratt's direction, more particularly for architectural and decorative sculptures, which constitute the greater part of his work. Indeed, it became obvious at once that his talent for large decorative figures, both in the round and in relief, was exceptional, and it is to the prompt recognition of it on the part of architects that he has owed most of his subsequent opportunities to distinguish himself.

But, fortunately, along with the demand for this important class of work, there was also a sufficient realization of the artist's capabilities in the realm of smaller and more intimate statuary on a scale suited to indoor purposes, so that he was enabled to cultivate his versatility and maintain a desirable artistic balance between the extremes of large and small. One of his most charming productions in low relief portraiture dates from 1893—the medallion of the daughters of Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck. In this kind of relief work the artist could manifest the fine and subtle sentiment for the graceful, sweet movement of lines, and the delicate play of light and shadow, which distinguish so many of the bas-reliefs of the Italian Renaissance, and at the same

THE REFLECTION IN THE POOL,
STUDY FOR A FOUNTAIN

time successfully illustrate those attractive personal traits in childhood which (owing to their naturalness and absence of self-consciousness) are in all the graphic arts such congenial themes for portraiture. For this charming sort of family portraiture several of the American sculptors of the present day, notably Augustus St. Gaudens, have shown a special talent.

In 1894 Mr. Pratt made a life-size figure of "Our Lady of Sorrows" for a shrine at Auriesville, New York; two low relief portrait groups similar to that of the Shattuck children—those of Mrs. F. C. Shattuck and her daughter, and of the children of William Slater—and the medal presented by the alumni of Harvard University to President Eliot. Of the relief portraits there is little to say beyond what has been said already. Their delicacy and charm are in no wise tainted by excessive sentiment; for Mr. Pratt's instinct for reserve and sobriety seems everywhere true and thoroughgoing; and his sweetness is the genuine and natural sweetness of the fifteenth century workmen, or else that which fairly takes the place of it with us of a more sophisticated age, namely, a sacred respect for good work.

The Eliot medal was the first work of that class done by Mr. Pratt. Its most interesting part is the portrait of President Eliot, which is, in my opinion, one of the most satisfactory counterfeit presentments of this great man ever made. It has an air of almost classic serenity and poise, and admirably conforms to all that we



know of the individual. In the design of the medal we note the artist's intuitive balance, rhythm and



effective disposition of spaces, resulting in an impression of completeness and reposefulness. The placing and lettering of the Latin inscription and the subsidiary sym-

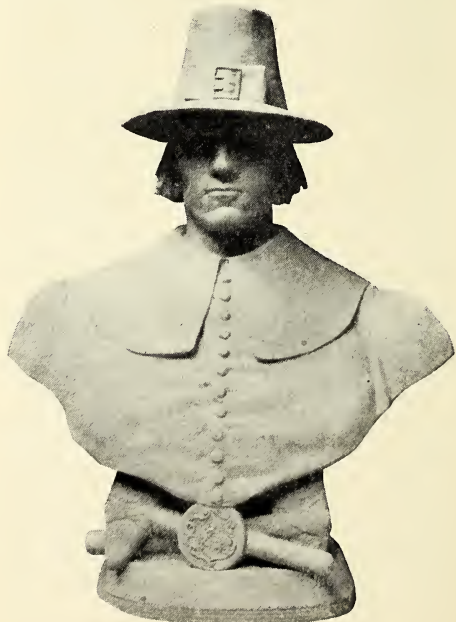


COL. HENRY LEE, FOR HARVARD UNIVERSITY

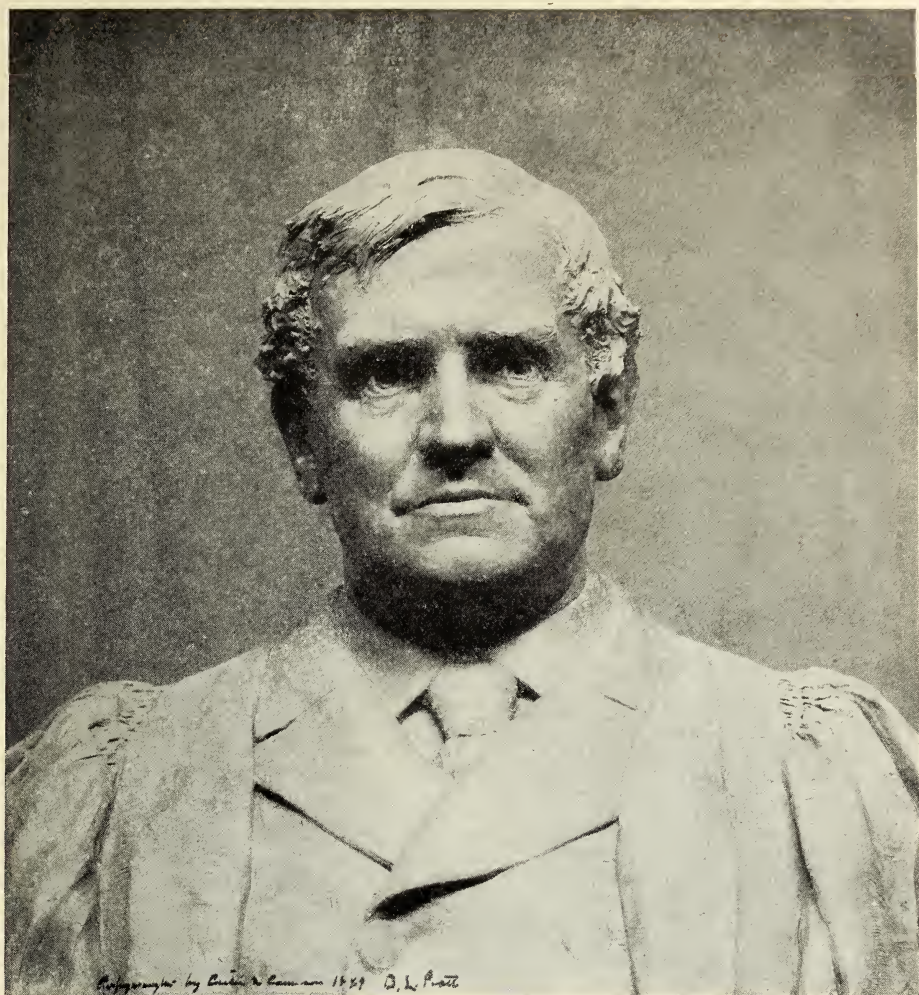
bolic ornament which enters into the design contribute as they should to this impression, and are organically related. This is easily one of the most artistic medals from the hand of an American artist. It is good all the way through, and none of the problems of this interesting and difficult art have been shirked or evaded.

In the year 1895 we find Mr. Pratt mainly occupied in the production of important commissions for the great building of the Library of Congress at Washington. His are the six seven-foot spandrel figures above the main entrance, and the colossal figure (twelve feet high) typifying Philosophy, which stands in the rotunda. The motives given him for the six spandrel figures were Sculpture, Painting, Literature, Science, etc. The sculptor who approaches this task at once finds himself confronted by inflexible limitations as to design, imposed by

the space to be filled and the constructional function of the arch on which it rests; we can therefore expect conformity to conditions and a qualified abnegation of originality as the prime qualities. But it is not, even bearing in mind these apparent handicaps, obligatory to wholly sink one's personality in conforming, since obedience to architectural law involves no real sacrifice of the plastic impulse. It is in meeting such exigencies that the artist displays the ingenuity and resourcefulness which might never be called out by freer opportunities; he stoops to conquer; and by indefatigable experiment learns for himself, what every predecessor has had to learn, just what bend of the arm means success in a spandrel, by reinforcing, supporting and carrying out the architectonic principle, adjusting his forms by a natural ne-



THE PURITAN, AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT



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BUST OF PHILLIPS BROOKS, FOR THE BROOKS HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

cessity to the space and surface allotted to him.

The work for the Library of Congress was continued in 1896, when Mr. Pratt modelled the series of four large high-relief medallions, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, for the pavilion. These reliefs are full of spirit, refinement and true decorative character. The same year gave birth to the bronze Vic-

tory for the United States battleship *Massachusetts*, the first decoration of the kind to be so placed, a portrait bust of Mr. Coffin, and a bust of Mr. Burnett for St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts. In 1897 the recumbent figure in marble of Dr. Coit, for the chapel of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, was made. This work was given an honorable mention at the Paris Salon of 1897.



DECORATIVE FIGURE, LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING,
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

"Orpheus Mourning Eurydice" was exhibited first in 1898 at the Paris Salon. This is a life-size figure in plaster, somewhat reminiscent of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Anatomically it manifests a firm grasp of fact and a good degree of skill in its expression; but in its conception it probably represents the mind of M. Falguière more closely than that of Mr. Pratt. It certainly has not the measure of

reserve which characterizes the American's work usually, and which, I think, is an instinctive expression of his own feeling for sobriety. The position of the head, the expression of the face, and the gesture of the right arm are somewhat strained, and the whole air of the figure is not only French but a little bit rococo,—a note which is quite alien to Mr. Pratt's own temperament. As a matter of fact it was made under the eyes of M. Falguière, and may be dismissed as an academic study of the nude. It would look highly picturesque in a garden, with a background of shrubbery.

In 1899 Mr. Pratt made the Brown memorial tablet for Cornell University and the bronze portrait bust of Bishop Brooks for Brooks House, Harvard University. The



ORPHEUS MOURNING EURYDICE

bust of Phillips Brooks will stand as the best representation of his massive and unique personality. In 1900 Mr. Pratt produced a portrait bust of Dr. Shattuck for St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire; the Avery memorial bust for Groton, Connecticut; a bronze group for the United States battleship *Kearsarge*, a decorative tablet for the United States battleship *Alabama*, and the marble study of a young girl now in the possession of Mrs. F. C. Shattuck. The last-named work was exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, New York, where it was awarded a second medal. This statuette, modelled with an admirable understanding and appreciation of the grace, vitality and naturalness of the youthful form, is a lovely vision of youth and



WINGED FIGURE FOR LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING,
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



DECORATIVE GROUP, LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING,
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

life. Accurate and veracious, strong and delicate, it is neither academic nor insipid, but has a marked individuality and a human quality of sensibility. The subtilty, firmness and flexibility of the modelling are altogether exceptional, and give evidence of a robust and mature talent.

The last two years have been of great fertility, and have witnessed the birth of the Yale bi-centennial medal in bronze, two groups for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, a group and three single figures for the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the Pan-American Exposition, another marble study of a young girl, the portrait bust of John E. Hudson, late president of the Bell Telephone Company; the relief portrait of Samuel Eliot for St. Paul's School, Concord, New



TABLET ON THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE"

Hampshire; the marble portrait bust of Colonel Henry Lee for Harvard University; the Butler monument for Lowell, Massachusetts; the relief portrait of the daughters of Herbert Sears; the medallion of John C. Ropes for Trinity Church, Boston; the relief of John C. Ropes for Memorial Hall, Cambridge; the Hemenway tablet for Wilmington, North Carolina, and the heroic figure of a soldier for St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, to be erected in honor of the one hundred and twenty St. Paul's boys who fought in the Spanish-American War.

The ideal figure of an American soldier just mentioned is one of the most interesting, virile and serious of Mr. Pratt's larger works. It is a composite type of the manly, ath-

letic, adventurous young soldier, precisely such a type of the American volunteer as might be supposed to come from the universities and higher schools of the country in response to the call of the nation in war time. The khaki uniform, sword, leggings, gloves and hat proclaim him an officer; and the pose indicates that he is not in active service, but, it may be, has just returned to the scene of his academic career after the close of hostilities. The figure stands well and firmly, at ease, and suggests rather the free individual initiative of the modern American soldier than the military rigidity and punctilio in bearing of the older school. The head is eminently handsome and thoroughly American; the expression of earnest and steady purpose is noble. There

is no trace of bravado, no mere military vanity, but a resolute, modest and businesslike air, as of one who appreciates the responsibilities and dangers of the service, meets them with a stout heart, and is animated by an unchangeable and lofty patriotism. Happy the country which can count upon the loyalty and devotion of such valiant and true-hearted sons. This is the thought that comes to mind as we look at this alert, boyish form.

How infinitely superior are monuments of this calibre to the count-

less mediocrities that do duty in the guise of soldiers' memorials in nearly every city and town of the land. How much better it would have been to wait until a generation of artists should arise to fitly commemorate the great deeds of their fathers. The time must come when it will be universally realized that it is doing scanty honor to brave men to erect paltry and pitiable monuments to them, but that the quality of the art in the memorial must match the quality of the heroism to which it is a testimony and of which it is a symbol.



RECUMBENT FIGURE OF DR. COIT, CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD

The Lost State of Franklin

By Will M. Clemens

UNDER the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains, in that section of the South lying between Knoxville, Tennessee and Asheville, North Carolina, there once existed the State of Franklin, now lost alike to history and romance. All that remains, in name at least, to remind one of the vanished commonwealth is the narrow, crooked-lined county of Sevier, in Eastern Tennessee.

The lost State of Franklin once formed, in area and population, an important part of the United States. It had its executive, legislative and judicial departments, exercised governmental functions, maintained a respectable militia, flourished apace, and then, after a varied experience, completely disappeared from the "sisterhood of States." From historians the State of Franklin has received scant attention, and to the majority of the present generation its identity with the State of Tennessee seems almost as mythical as that of Atlantis with the American continent.

Briefly the story of Franklin is this: A few thousand mountaineers, in a remote wilderness, infused with the principles which inspired the Revolution, banded together and formed a State government of their own. With John Sevier, an ideal frontiersman, as the hero, with local self-government as the animating

motive, with a variety of plots and counter-plots to lend picturesqueness of incident, with phases of comedy interspersed now and then with episodes truly tragic, the drama was acted out amid the scenery furnished by the mountain regions of Tennessee.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, what is now the State of Tennessee was an unorganized, sparsely settled territory. In 1776, its inhabitants, under the leadership of Captain John Sevier, petitioned the North Carolina legislature to be annexed to that State, in order to contribute their share toward national independence. As the expenses of the war bore heavily on "the old north State," her legislature was only too glad to divide the burden. The petition was granted, and what is now Tennessee formed part of North Carolina until the close of the Revolution. As it had now become a source of expense rather than of help, the North Carolina legislature in June, 1784, without consulting those most affected, ceded to the federal government the whole annexed territory under the name of the District of Washington, provided that the government should, within two years, signify its assent.

Then there arose rebellion, the settlers naturally objecting to such a wholesale disposition of them-

selves. The manner and conditions of the cession were repugnant, and the people felt that they had not only been trifled with, but subjected to two years of anarchy and disorder. Calling a convention in August, 1784, they formed the State of Franklin. The North Carolina legislature, realizing its error, hastened to undo its mistake and reannexed the "Washington district." The inhabitants of Franklin rejected offers for reconciliation, and Captain Sevier, though at first inclined to advise a return of allegiance to North Carolina, yielded to an overwhelming public sentiment and accepted the governorship of the new State. He was inaugurated at Watauga, March 1, 1785. Some sort of order was now established, at least for a time. A court was created, the militia was thoroughly reorganized and peace was effected with the Indians who had been carrying on a destructive warfare for a quarter of a century. Complications, however, arose which kept the young State of Franklin in a constant turmoil. Congress still asserted jurisdiction. A reaction, stimulated by disappointed office-seekers, ensued among those who had been most clamorous for the new State. Jealousy of Sevier's success animated his rivals, who henceforth sought to make his life a burden.

The population was divided into the Franklin and North Carolina factions. Elections were held and appointments made under the laws of both States. Two sets of officers claimed authority, each nullifying the acts of the other. One faction would steal the public records

from the other, only to be treated in like manner in turn. The courts were in a chaotic condition. Wills could not be proved, titles perfected, nor justice administered. No taxes were paid. Marriages performed by officials of one faction were not recognized by the other.

The determined young State, nevertheless, fought for its life. It exercised even federal power, and authorized the coinage of specie, though its chief medium of exchange continued to be the skins of wild animals. Finally, emissaries were sent to the North Carolina legislature to make overtures of peace. The address of Franklin's representative was a model of eloquence, fervid with the rhetoric of the Revolutionary era. But it fell upon unheeding ears. No recognition would be made of the rebellious State, though North Carolina had once cut her off without her consent.

The last session of the Franklin legislature met in September, 1787. That there was then no intention of surrendering is evident from one of the acts of the legislature, which has been preserved and which is interesting as an example of primitive financiering. The law is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His Excellency the Governor, *per annum*, 1,000 deer skins.

"His Honor the chief justice, 500 deer skins.

"The secretary to his Excellency the Governor, 500 raccoon skins.

"The treasurer of the state, 450 raccoon skins.

"Each county clerk, 300 beaver skins.
"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

"Member of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins.

"Justice's fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin.

"To constable, for serving a warrant, one mink skin.

"Enacted into a law the 18th day of October, 1787, under the great seal of the state."

In the mean while, Governor Caswell, of North Carolina, issued his proclamation declaring the government of Franklin illegal, stigmatizing its officers and adherents as rebels, and demanding surrender and acknowledgment of the authority of North Carolina.

The Franklinites refused, and it was only when forced by a superior number of troops that they yielded. The State ended its short-lived career with a sort of judicial farce. Sevier, of course, was arrested and prosecuted. During the proceedings an ardent Franklinite rushed

into the presence of the court and dramatically referred to the popular idol then on trial. In the uproar that followed Sevier walked out of the court-room and was not again molested. Years afterward he was elected first Governor of Tennessee.

The State of Franklin was obliterated, its territory forming part of North Carolina once more, until it was ceded to the federal government. On June 1, 1796, it was duly admitted to the Union.

The State of Tennessee, as it exists to-day, was therefore first known as the State of Franklin, with John Sevier as Governor from 1785 to 1788. For one brief year it was known as "The Territory South of the Ohio," and then in 1890 was officially designated as "The Territory of Tennessee," with William Blount, Governor from 1790 to 1796. In the last mentioned year the State of Tennessee was duly organized with John Sevier, Governor, from 1796 to 1801.

